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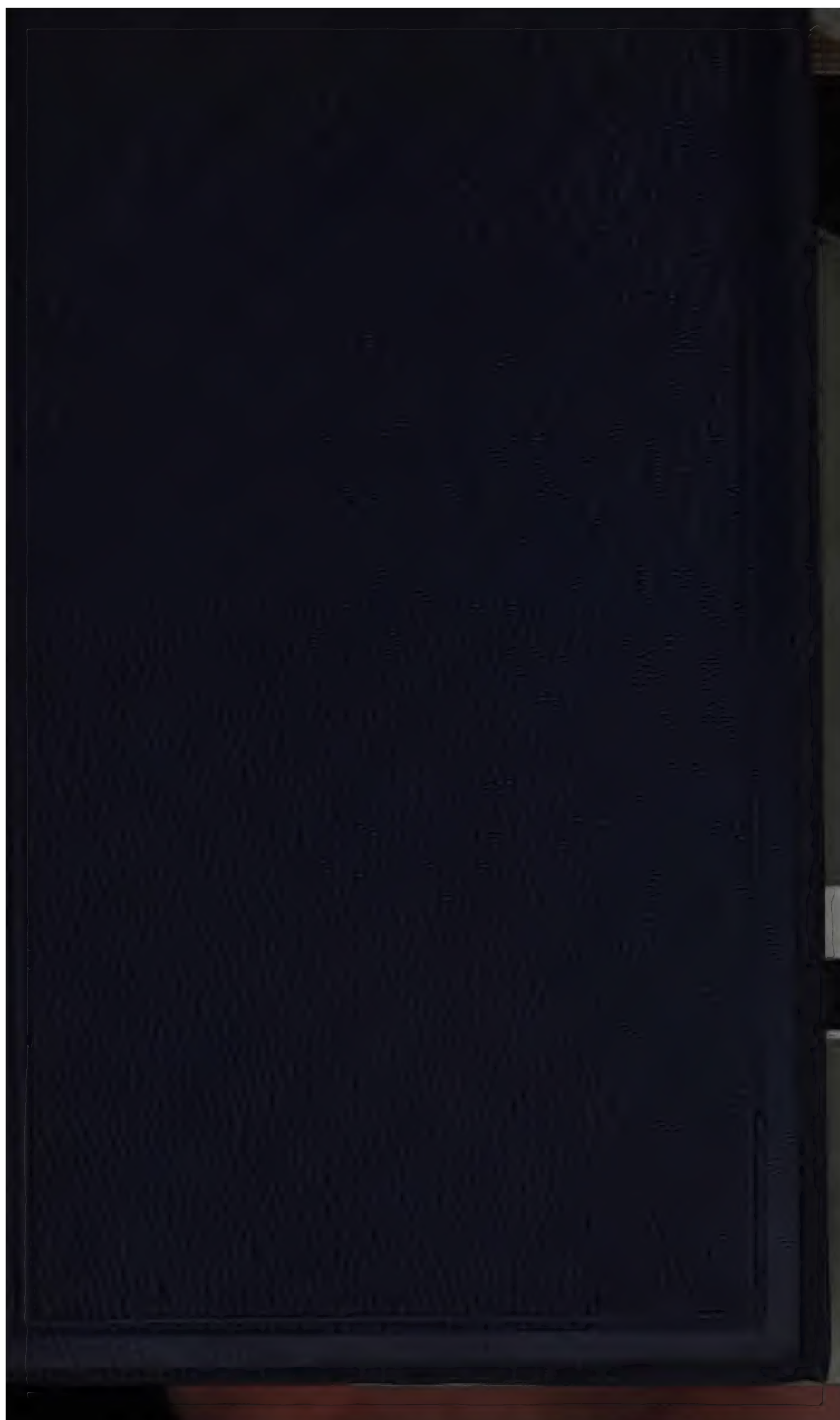
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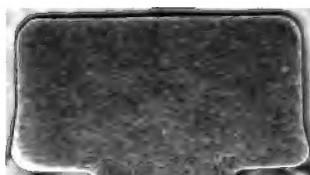
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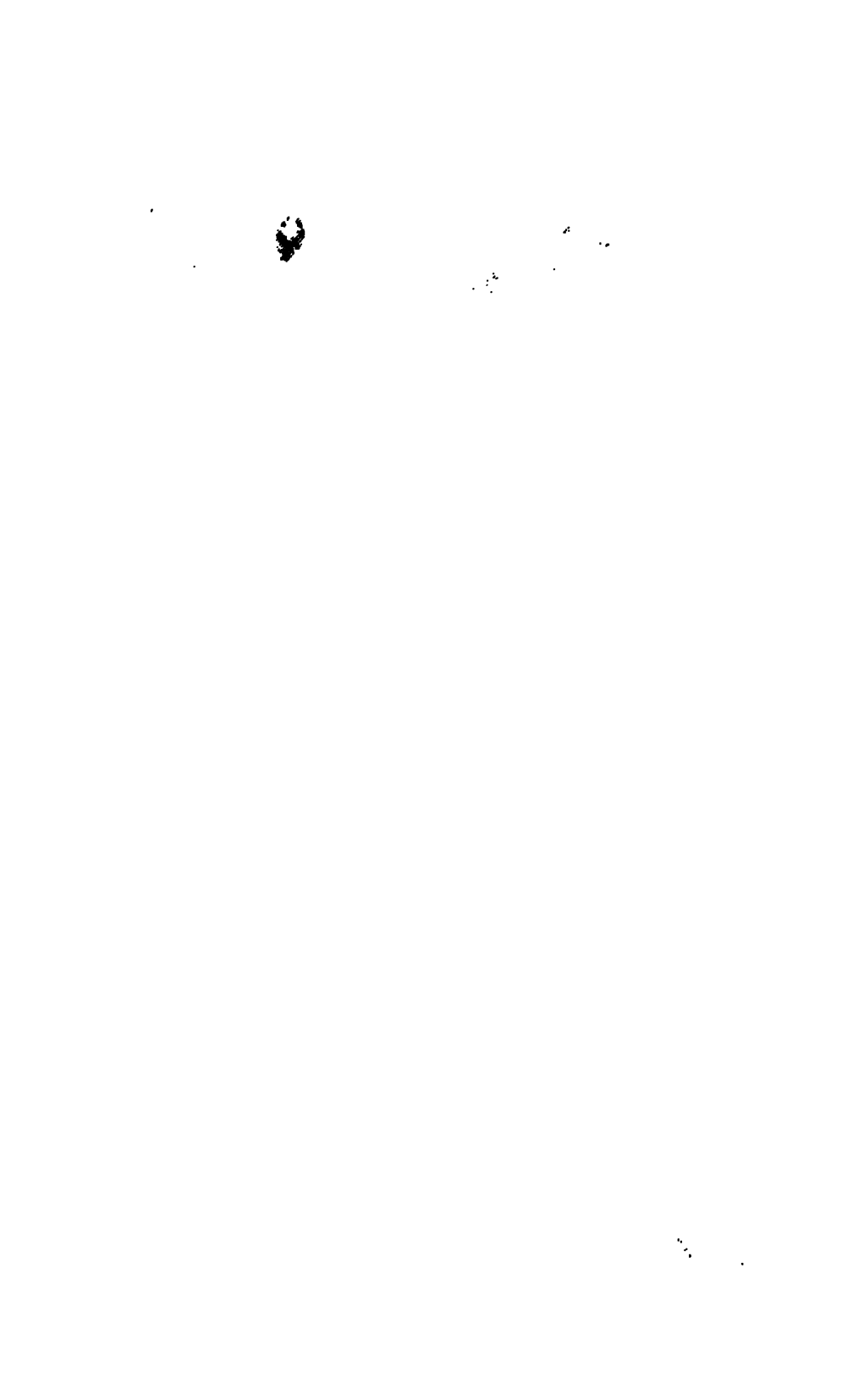
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SPECIMENS
OF THE
CHOICEST LYRICAL PRODUCTIONS
OF THE MOST CELEBRATED
GERMAN POETS.
FROM
KLOPSTOCK TO THE PRESENT TIME.

CONTAINING SELECTIONS

from

KLOPSTOK, SCHILLER, GOETHE, HÖLTY, BÜRGER, UHLAND, HEINE, MÄURER.
H. MARGGRAFF, PRUTZ, H. M. LEWIS THE FIRST, KING OF BAVARIA, RÜCKERT,
FREILIGRATH, SALIS, DINGELSTEDT, PLATEN, ANASTASIUS GRÜN,
ZEDLITZ.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY NOTES

TRANSLATED IN ENGLISH VERSE

by

MARY ANNE BURT.

Second Edition.



LONDON.

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR

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1856.

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Οὐχ αἰτὸς εἴη χ' ἂ τέχνα τεχνικός γε μάν.

Epicharm.

Zuric, printed by E. Kiesling, Nr. 579, Smith-street.

1870. 1. 1. 1. 1.

To
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS MATILDA,
GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT

This Work

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

by

Her obedient and humble Servant,

MARY ANNE BURT.

PREFACE.

In these Specimens, I offer to the Public, the fruits of several years' study, and research in the German Literature which is so rich and exhaustless in materials that, although I experienced no embarrassment to obtain subjects for my Collection, yet, I found it a responsible, and difficult task to make an appropriate choice.

Modern German Literature abounds with an infinite number of poetical inspirations which, how distinguished soever they may prove, by a Form, more or less brilliant, these effusions are, nevertheless, entirely deficient in true, poetical alloy, for, in our opinion, genuine Poetry consists not in the Form alone, something, more elevated and vivifying is required: the Form is but the aerial drapery whose graceful folds conceal just ideas, and noble sentiments. Byron thought

the Poet was that man who best understood how to love. In the following admirable strophe, Schiller teaches us the Poet's divine mission:

„Ihm gaben die Götter das reine Gemüth,
 Wo die Welt sich, die ewige, spiegelt,
 Er hat alles gesehen, was auf Erden geschieht,
 Und was uns die Zukunft versiegelt:
 Er sass in der Götter urältestem Rath,
 Und behorchte der Dinge geheimste Saat.“

But, most Poets are deficient in those qualifications which are indispensable in the high-priesthood of Nations.

We are led to imagine that, there are a great number of German Poets who have, too strictly, conformed to a precept which has been attributed to that celebrated, Diplomatist, the Prince de Talleyrand: „*Words have been bestowed on Man, for no purpose, save, to conceal his thoughts.*“ Such authors obtain not the smallest number of readers, for, as Goethe remarks in „Faust:“

„Die Meisten glauben, wenn sie Worte hören,
 Es müsse sich dabei doch auch was denken lassen.“

I feel not ambitious to obtain the suffrage of this class of the Public, and therefore I have only translated those Compositions which, sympathetically, speak

to the mind, and heart; the true Poet is keenly sensitive in both.

A German Scholar of eminent talent, who has equally distinguished himself in the literary world, by his pure and elegant style, and by his poetical, and philosophical works, has been my constant Guide in this responsible undertaking: I feel greatly indebted for his valuable and conscientious superintendence. To this Gentleman, and to other noble-minded and intellectual Individuals, I offer my tribute of gratitude, for the lively and generous interest they have taken in my Work.

Although, among the modern German Poets, there are a great many whose productions are worthy of immortality, yet, I cannot deny that, Schiller and Goethe have made the most profound impression on my imagination, and, for that reason, the Inspirations of those justly-celebrated Poets, will occupy the most prominent place in this Collection.

At no distant epoch, I shall publish a second Volume which will contain the Biography, and Selections from the most remarkable lyric Effusions of other Ger-

man Poets whom I consider worthy to be classed with those who appeared in the first Volume, therefore my Work will form a complete series of modern German Poetry.

Notwithstanding that the study of the German language is, now, become so extremely fashionable in England, as to be considered indispensable in a polite education, yet there are, comparatively, few persons who are sufficiently initiated to be enabled, scientifically, to comprehend the Soul of a language, so luxuriant, and varied in lyric productions, as the German; I therefore hope that, this Volume and the succeeding ones, may experience a favourable reception from many individuals who are interested in this sphere of literature, although circumstances may prevent those persons from being profoundly acquainted with a language which is, universally, acknowledged to contain difficulties, almost insurmountable to countless foreigners who desire to become sufficiently masters of that language, to be enabled to understand the German classic Authors.

ZÜRICH, June 30. 1855.

M. A. Burt.

FREDERICK GODFREY KLOPSTOCK.

The celebrated German Poet, Frederick Godfrey Klopstock, the author of the „*Messiah*“, was born the second of July 1724 at Quedlinburg, where his father was counsellor. He was a loyal, pious, and honourable man, with a mind of original turn. At a later period, he undertook the stewardship of Friedeburg, in the county of Mansfield. Here, under the superintendence of his excellent parents, and animated by the benign influence of a magnificent nature, Klopstock became a youth whose soul acquired fortitude, without any detriment to his corporeal frame, for he was endued with the strength, and courage of a young lion, and dangerous and athletic sports were his delight. Horsemanship, and the pleasures of the chase were his favourite amusements, and he was the most agile skaiter in the neighbourhood.

Possessed of extraordinary qualities, not a spoiled child, but the child of Nature, he returned, in the

thirteenth year of his age, with his father, to Quedlinburg, and, during several years, attended the college there, and afterwards, went to the college of Schulpforte, where so many men of brilliant talent have studied, and where also Klopstock, under the direction of the Rector Freitag, and Professor Stübel, received his education. The noble productions of Greece, and Rome fortified the pinions of his soul, purified his taste, and occasioned the young student to declare himself the ardent friend of the Muses, and, already, at the college of Schulpforte, was awakened in his soul the idea of becoming to the Germans, what Homer had been to the Greeks, and Virgil to the Romans.

At first, an intimate friend, the city-architect, appeared to him worthy to form the subject of a grand epic poem, however, his pious mind soon rose towards Him who holds the first rank in history, and who unites humanity to the Godhead — the *Messiah*. Animated by this grand idea, he went, in 1745, to the academy of Jena. Theology was to have been his profession, but this study was not congenial to his taste, his genius attracted, and retained him captive in the sublime sphere of poetry, and he lived, and worked in the sanctuary of the Muses. In the solitude of Jena he composed the first canto of the „*Messiah*“; the original form of this immortal work was somewhat

prosaic, because all the styles of versification, hitherto employed in German poetical compositions, did not appear to him to harmonize with the subject. In the mean time Klopstock felt ill at ease, at Jena; he required a sympathetic soul — a friend, and not finding one, after a six months' residence at Jena, he went to Leipsic, by the invitation of his friend Schmidt, of Langensalza, and inhabited the same apartment with him.

At Leipsic, he formed the acquaintance of the excellent Kühnert, Rothe, and Olde, sympathetic souls, and contracted with them the ties of the most noble and intimate friendship, and here the young Poet associated with that literary union which, at this epoch, under the direction of Schwabe, was composed of Gärtner, Schlegel, Gieseke, Zachariä, Rabner, Ebert, Gallert, and many others, of eminent talent, who were the ornament of Leipsic. In this city, in 1748, he publicly appeared, as a lyric poet, and, the same year were published in the „*Miscellany of Bremen*“ („*Bremischen Beiträgen*“), the first three cantos of the „*Messiah*“, in the sublime and sonorous metre of Homer, in hexameters, which had not, hitherto, been employed by the German poets.

As extraordinary as the composition, itself, was that sensation, produced in the sphere of literature, by this

masterpiece of Klopstock. Thousands of voices, amongst others, those of Gottsched and his followers, launched forth vituperous critiques, and pronounced anathemas against the author of the „*Messiah*“; but, to the enlightened, and reasonable, he was a subject of respectful admiration. Even Lessing and Bodmer paid him a just tribute of praise, and, by a considerable number of persons, he was regarded as a saint, and lauded as a prophet of the ancient times. There were many theologians who fulminated against the „*Messiah*“, which they regarded as a religious book, and, consequently, in one point of view, entirely false.

One day, a good and simple-minded pastor, from the country, came to Klopstock, in order to solicit that, he would not allow the fallen angel, Abaddon, to enter the kingdom of Heaven!

In the mean time Klopstock's friends were dispersed, and he found himself, at Leipsic, solitary and uncomfortable. He was impatient to quit that city, and, in 1748, he accepted an invitation to Langensalza, where he superintended the education of the children of an intimate friend, named Weisse. Here he hoped, with inexpressible ardour, to find the paradise of his life, for here resided the charming sister of Schmidt, named Fanny, whom he has immortalized, and, whose acquaintance he had formerly contracted, and whom he had

already learned to love. However, his hopes and aspirations were doomed never to be realized; he obtained, from the object of his adoration; profound respect, while a passion, the most pure, and the most violent, continually corroded his soul, and obscured, as with a melancholy and elegiac breath, his glowing mirror of life. Thus, to speak in the words of one of the best German critics, Klopstock expiated an unintentional error, by the loss of the loveliest flower of the soul, and he sought consolation, in vain.

While he was a prey to this painful state of mind, his fame spread widely round, and from the north, and south he received invitations, but he accepted that of Bodmer, to join him at his country-house near the Alps. Here, amid the magnificently grand scenery of Nature, in a land of liberty, and simplicity, he resided, amid a circle of congenial friends, in the enjoyment of health, and his accustomed gaiety of heart.

In 1750 Klopstock went to Zürich, and, in the pure air of Switzerland, he breathed more freely, his heart became fortified, his ideas chafed, for liberty, and his fatherland, and his soul still more devoted to the Muses.

In Switzerland the „*Messiah*“ found more admirers than in Germany, which is by no means surprising, as his friends made every effort to detain the Poet among

them, and to make his residence agreeable. Respect, even veneration, greeted him every where, and he who had been so deeply wounded in the neighbourhood of Fanny, now found himself happy, under the benign influence of a serene sky, and among the inhabitants of the Alps.

In the mean time the author of the „*Messiah*“ had been recommended, by the two Counts of Bernstorff, and Moltke, to Frederick the Fifth, of Denmark, and he received from this noble King, an invitation to Copenhagen, and a pension of 400 dollars, in order to enable him to reside, there and, without any responsible employment, terminate the „*Messiah*“. Klopstock, with gratitude, accepted the invitation, and, in 1754, again went to Copenhagen. He passed through Quedlinburg, where he pressed his parents to his heart, and received the benediction of his aged grand-mother who, in his youth, by her good example, and precepts, had exercised so great an influence on the religious tenor of his mind.

In Brunswick, a city through which his journey led him, resided many of his Leipsic friends, and the hastened, joyously, to greet them; one of these, the faithful Gieseke, directed his attention towards one of his most sincere admirers, a young lady of Hamburg, named Margareta Moller (Meta).

„You must grant this charming young lady the pleasure of a personal acquaintance“, remarked the friend to the friend, at the moment of departure, and he gave her address. Klopstock arrived in Hamburg, and accomplished the desire of Gieseke. He found a young lady, of captivating manners, full of sensibility, and possessed of great personal attractions. So deep was the impression produced on Klopstock's mind, that he internally resolved, at no distant period, to offer Margareta Moller his hand, in marriage. Meta's feeling was sympathetic; their hearts were united in the most tender love, and the Poet, from that period, celebrated Meta, under the name of Cidli:

„The earthly joys that slept awhile,
From slumber now awake, and smile.“

At Copenhagen, a brilliant and honourable reception awaited Klopstock, he was admitted to the court circle with marked respect; however, he preferred solitude, there he could muse on his beloved, and sing the „*Messiah*“.

In 1752, Klopstock followed the King Christian to Holstein, from thence he paid a visit to Meta. He returned the same year, with his noble patron, to Copenhagen, and remained there the following year, but in the spring of 1754 he again saw his Meta, and on the 10th of June the lovers were united. Klopstock

paints his happiness, which was sanctified by the ray of religion, in the following words, full of enthusiasm: „Now that Meta is mine own, I can appreciate all the value of a terrestrial life, and I thank the God of Heaven, who gave me sentiments to glorify him. The bliss of an earthly existence has been given me, the palm of victory is in my hand; I will sing unto thee songs of gratitude, oh, Jehovah!”

This flower of earthly happiness was too beautiful to be of long duration; after five years had rapidly passed away, that flower was blighted by death, at the time the happy couple flattered themselves that they should press to their heart a pledge of mutual love. Meta died in childbirth, the 25th of November 1759. The broken-hearted widower interred the remains of his Meta in the cemetery of Ottensen, a village not far from Hamburg. The sisters and friends of the departed planted a linden-tree on her tomb; that tree grew luxuriantly, and, at a later period, o’ershadowed the tomb of Klopstock. The poet had the following simple and touching inscription written over the resting-place of Meta:

„Seed sown by God, to ripen at the day of judgement.“

How painfully this bereavement touched each fibre of happiness in the life of our noble Poet, can only be appreciated by that small number of persons to whom

the Almighty has given a similar treasure to that, of which Klopstock had been deprived; but his moral force was, at that epoch, raised to so high a point, that he could, comparatively speaking prescribe to his grief those limits to which it might extend, without absorbing him entirely. From the heart of his noble friend, Bernstorf, and from the Muses, he extracted, anew, both peace, and gaiety.

In 1771 Bernstorf received his dismissal, as minister of state, but, with the title of counsellor to the legation which had been granted him previously, he still retained his salary, and permission to reside where he pleased. Klopstock accompanied him to his paternal estate, and the society he there found, still farther served to dissipate his grief.

In 1775 the celebrated Poet was in the most honourable manner, invited to Carlsruhe, by Frederick of Baden. He accepted the invitation. There, countless demonstrations of princely favour, and of public veneration awaited him. But his residence at Carlsruhe did not suit Klopstock, his heart impelled him to return to the north of Germany, and Frederick of Baden, generously put no restraint on his inclinations, though he would, willingly, have retained him. This Prince conferred on Klopstock the title of aulic counsellor, and granted him a pension for the remainder of his life. Free as

he felt to make a choice, where could he find a place, more congenial to his feelings than that spot on which had lived his beloved Meta, at whose side he hoped, one day, to repose! He hastened to Hamburg, decided to dwell there, during the remainder of his earthly career. He was highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens, whose glory he justly was. Klopstock received honour from those in whose heart throbbed true German sentiments, and devotion towards their fatherland; he was a subject of admiration to all strangers, who considered it a misfortune to have quitted Hamburg, without having seen the author of the „*Messiah*“.

The French Revolution which afterwards broke out, filled the heart of the venerable Poet who had ever been enthusiastic for liberty, with the sublimest aspirations, and many noble Germans partook his sentiments, and those hopes, for the happiness of humanity, which he entertained on the subject, and which found expression in odes, full of poetic fire. He sang:

„Thou era of felicity!
How blest am I to welcome thee!“

In gratitude for his sympathies, they who held the reins of government, in France, who were not, at that period, like a troop of tigers, recompensed him with the rights of a French citizen, and the national Institution named him, one of its members.

But in how short a time his hopes, respecting the French Revolution, were fated to be disappointed! How deeply the horrors of civil war afflictet him! What were his emotions, on hearing of those narratives with which the journals were filled! When he learned that, the unhappy King Lewis the Sixteenth had died by the hand of an executioner, his soul was stung with agony. Such was not the true liberty to which the genius of Klopstock had paid homage. Fired by religious indignation, he committed to the flames a great many poetical effusions which he had written, in celebration of the liberties of France, and many severe judgments emanated from his pen.

While sentiments and hopes, vague as dreams, respecting the destiny of France, agitated his breast, the solitary Poet sighed for an amiable companion, to soothe the evening of his life, and accompany him to that tomb which had become so dear to him. Madame de Winthem, once, a celebrated songstress, became a favourite associate, of Klopstock, since the death of her husband, and, in 1791 he was united to that lady, without however, being able to efface from his heart the image of his beloved Meta. Gently and happily, henceforward, glided the current of his noble life; elevated above the cares of the present, he awaited, patiently, and with resignation, the unknown hour which should unite his soul to that of Meta.

In the month of May, 1802, when the venerable Poet, who, under the weight of 80 years, was still robust, he went, with one of his friends, the prebendary Meier, to Ottensen, to be present, according to his custom, at a social meeting of companions who were in the habit of assembling once a month. His road led him near the linden-tree, planted on Meta's tomb. With a look of profound gravity, the noble old man turned his eye on the tree, magnificently clothed with the luxuriant verdure of spring, and he appeared to have a presentiment, that linden-tree would in a short time, o'ershadow his remains, as well as Meta's; how soon that presentiment was destined to be fulfilled!

After having remained half an hour with his friends, he was seized with an attack of apoplexy, and conveyed to his residence. After much suffering, he gradually recovered, and lived, during the joyous days of the autumn of that year, while his family still entertained hopes that his valuable life might, yet, be prolonged. But, alas! it was thy last year on earth, thou venerable Poet! Thy foot, every moment, drew nearer to the tomb; the death of the just awaited thee; that death whose ideal thou hadst, so often sung!

During the winter, he was attacked with an indisposition which produced severe corporeal anguish, and it was evident that Klopstock was rapidly approaching

the termination of his earthly career which had been so nobly run.

The following were his last words, which he pronounced, in a distinct tone, while his eye was illumed with an expression of benignant joy: „A mother may forget her sucking child, but I will never forget thee; behold! with my hand, have I written it. Yes, we are all marked by the hand of God!“ — His eye was gently closed in sleep, and on earth, the Poet awoke, no more. Klopstock expired March the 14th, 1803.

Klopstock's principal Works are:

THE DEATH OF ADAM, *a tragedy, in three acts.* 1757.

SOLOMON. 1764.

THE BATTLE OF HERMANN, *a dramatic composition.* 1769.

DAVID, *a tragedy.* 1772.

HERMANN AND THE PRINCES, *a heroic poem.* 1784.

THE DEATH OF HERMANN, *a heroic poem.* 1787.

THE MESSIAH. *This is justly considered to be Klopstock's masterpiece.*

TO EBERT.

(Ebert was a poet, held in great repute, in the time of Klopstock; he owes his fame, principally, to having translated into German, „*Young's Night Thoughts*.“ Few works have had more success, in Germany, than this,

The presentiment which forms the subject of the following poem, was fulfilled, in an extraordinary manner, for Klopstock not only outlived all the friends to whom he made allusion, but he survived Ebert, to whom the poem was addressed.)

Ebert! thoughts melancholy chill my soul,
And call me far from pleasure's sparkling bowl!
Thou vivifying juice that used to fire
My song! — no joyous theme dost thou inspire!
To weep, in solitude, must I depart;
Tears! — ye may soothe the anguish of my heart;
Wisely, by Heaven, were balmy tears bestowed,
As woe's companions, on life's tortuous road:
Unblest by these companions, could mankind
Support those ills, by Destiny, assigned?
Flow! — flow, ye tears! — The grief that I sustain
Corrodes my breast, and vibrates in each vein. —

Ebert! — bethink thee — when the sacred tomb
Has veiled our friends in Death's eternal gloom,
Yet, we survive, — dead all we loved below! —
Does not that thought, oh Ebert! — crush thee now?
That vacuum, as thy haggard eye surveys,
Say! — turns it not aside, with soul-less gaze? —
Ah! — thus I trembled, darkness veil'd mine eye,
When, penetrating dread futurity,
The harrowing thought, first, germed within my soul,
And, o'er me, thunderbolts appeared to roll!

As when a wanderer, long condemned to roam,
Hastes towards his fatherland, and cherished home,
When, barely, on his palpitating breast,
His daughter, son, and faithful wife are pressed,
Thou, — Thunder, strikest him! — He senseless lies,
And, ere he gives a benediction — dies,
While thou — who hast the tie domestic riven,
Dost bend thy way, triumphantly, towards Heaven!

I thus stand paralysed: — before mine eye
Extends a sombre, vapourous drapery;
I fain would onward move — I strive, in vain,
My knees, no more, my trembling form sustain,
Amid the solitary hours of night,
The shades of friends, departed, greet my sight,
And, 'mid night's silently mysterious gloom,
I view Immortals, rising from the tomb!

Ah! — when thine eye, my gentle Gieseke!
No longer smiles — no longer cheereth me;
When noble Radikin resigns his breath,
And, far from Cramer, sleeps the sleep of death;
When Gärtner dies; — when Rabner lives no more,
To speak of Socrates' immortal lore;
When mute the lyre, when silent is the tongue
Of Gellert, the harmonious son of song;
When liberal, social Rothè, now, our own,
Seeks Joy's companions, on realms unknown;
When Schlegel, from long exile, far away,
A welcome letter shall, no more, convey;
When, clasped in the embrace of Schmidt, mine eye
O'erflows, no more, with tears of sympathy;
When Hagedorn, in death, sleeps tranquilly,
Oh, my beloved Ebert! — what are we? —
We — doomed to bear terrestrial sorrows here,
Surviving all, we justly held, most dear!

Oh thought! why urge me thus? A time will come,
When thou, or I must slumber in the tomb.
If I, that isolated being prove,
And, should the gentle object of my love,
Who still will love me, on a distant shore, —
If she, beloved Ebert! be no more,
And I remain, a solitary one,
To mourn, and wander, on the earth, alone: —

Oh, thou eternal spirit! — formed to feel
The ecstasies that friendship's joys reveal;
Those days of vacuum, how wilt thou sustain,
While still affection chafes each mortal vein?
To thee, o'erwhelmed by Death's relentless blow,
Say! — will those days appear long nights of woe,
To melancholy, troubled dreams assigned? —
My Soul! — to torpor, wilt thou be resigned? —
Eternal spirit, pierced by sorrow's steel!
Thou mayst awake, thy misery to feel.
Ah! — when thou dost awaken, — from the tomb,
To thee, invoke *one* shade beloved, to come!

Ye tombs of friends revered who slumber! — why,
By distance separated, do ye lie?
Oh, wherefore not in flowery vales allied?
In fragrant bowers, why rest not, side by side? —
Conduct the dying man! With trembling knee,
I'll wander to each grave: a cypress-tree,
Affection's offering, for years to come,
I'll plant, at each beloved one's sacred tomb,
Not yet to give a shadow, they will be
My pledge of love to their posterity. —
'Neath midnight zephyrs, as their branches bend,
Shall I behold celestial forms descend,
Then heavenward will I raise my trembling eye,
O'erflowing with affection's tears — and die! —

Oh, hasten, and inter the dead beside
That sacred tomb, by which he wept, and died!
Corruption! — I, mortality resign;
Myself, and all my bitter tears are thine! —

Forbear thou sombre Thought! — Forbear to roll,
As thunderbolts, thy terrors o'er my soul! —
Thy terrors, fearful as eternity,
Or, as the final judgment — hide from me!
My Spirit! — thou art silent in my breast.
Oh, Thought! — here, let thy drooping pinion rest!

TO FANNY.

My Fanny! when, in death, I calmly sleep,
When pulverized this mortal form shall be,
And when this wearied eye shall cease to weep
O'er my lone, inauspicious destiny,

When it arrests at thee — Futurity!
When fame, the fruit of many a youthful tear,
And mine enthusiastic zeal for thee,
Messiah! — theme unto my soul most dear,

When, to oblivion, Fate that fame shall doom,
When 'tis remembered, but, by those above,
And when, in the inexorable tomb
Thou slumberest Fanny — object of my love,

When smiles, no more, thine eye's benignant ray,
When Death obscures its intellectual beam,
When thine alluring virtues fade away
From memory, as a fascinating dream, —

Virtues, worthier of fame, than deathless song; —
If one, more blest than I, thy love now claim,
Fanny! — to me may this proud thought belong,
Happier was he than I, yet, not of nobler name! —

For thee, a resurrection-day will come!
The resurrection-day awaiteth me;
Then no fierce storm of fate — no adverse doom,
Oh Nature! — severs minds, allied by thee!

In God's just balance, in another sphere,
Will Virtue, and terrestrial Bliss be found;
That which discordantly vibrated here,
Will echo there, with Heaven's harmonious sound.

When thou awakenest, in youthful bloom,
I'll haste to greet thee, in felicity;
I'll tarry not until a seraph come,
To lead me, oh, Immortal, unto thee!

Thy brother, to my bosom will be pressed,
My new-born joy will rapturous tears proclaim,
And, while of bliss celestial possessed,
Thee I'll embrace, and Fanny will I name!

To us will immortality belong!
Eternity! — thy mystic joys reveal;
Joys, inexpressible in minstrel's song, —
Unspeakable as griefs that now I feel. —

Oh, Life, haste on! — Yet, doubtless comes the day,
That calls us to the peaceful cypress-grove!
Till then, — hours, veiled and sombre — glide away,
Sacred to melancholy thoughts, and love!

HERMANN AND THUSNELDA.

(Hermann was a German warrior, highly celebrated for his bravery, and distinguished himself by his victories over the Romans, in the reign of Augustus. Hermann was slain in battle. Thusnelda was taken prisoner by the Romans, and died at Rome.)

With vesture soiled by dust, and Roman gore,
He cometh from the field of Victory!
So, captivating Hermann ne'er, before,
Seemed, in Thusnelda's eye!

Ungird thy sword! My heart with transport glows!
Give me the Eagle! Breathe! Chase care away!
Encircled by mine arms, enjoy repose,
After the desperate fray!

Here rest, and let me wipe thy feverish brow,
And thy flushed cheek, o'erspread by crimson gore!
My Hermann! as Thusnelda loves thee, now,
She never loved before!

Thou 'rt dearer far than when the forest spread
Those shades where, first, I was embraced by thee,
As Bride! Then saw I, hovering o'er thy head,
That Crown of Immortality

Which now is thine! To distant lands proclaim:
Augustus and his Gods quaff nectar now,
In fear! Immortalized art thou, by Fame,
Hermann, deathless art thou! —

„Why decorate my hair? Before us, dead,
There lies my Sire! If, to the battle-plain,
The proud Augustus had his army led,
Far more ensanguined had he lain!“ —

Oh, let me deck thy brow! Each glossy tress,
Beneath thy crown, in clustering waves, shall flow.
Siegmar is with the Gods! Thy tears suppress,
My Hermann! Follow him, and banish woe!

THE ROSY BAND.

In spring I found her, as she lay,
Within a shady bower reclined,
And rosy bands I round her twined.

I stood and gazed. Deep in my heart
I felt convinced, yet, knew not why,
One band allied our destiny,

I shook the fragrant rosy band,
And, as I gently whispering spoke,
The beauteous Slumberer awoke.

She gazed on me: that glance revealed,
Her destiny and mine were one,
And bliss Elysian was our own!

J. C. F. von SCHILLER.

Schiller, the most celebrated of the German poets, was born the 11th of November 1759 at Marbach, near Ludwigsburg, in Würtemberg. His father, John Caspar Schiller, was of humble extraction, the son of a baker, who held the office of bailiff, in the village of Bittenfeld. Caspar Schiller was a man of adventurous and romantic disposition, exemplary in manners, warmly attached to his family, of excellent abilities, and possessed of a strong and fervent sense of religion. He had held the rank of surgeon, in a Bavarian regiment.

In 1749 he married Elizabeth Dorothea Kodweiss, a respectable young woman of his own grade in life, though it has been asserted, by very good authority, that her more distant descent could be traced to the noble House of Kottwitz. Caspar Schiller had four children: Elizabeth, born 1757; John Christopher Frederick, born 1759; Dorothea Louisa, born 1761, and Nannette, born 1765.

Shortly after his marriage, Caspar Schiller resigned the medical profession; but at the breaking out of the Seven years' War, in 1757, he entered the Würtemberg army, as ensign and adjutant. When Frederick Schiller was six years of age, in 1765, his father, then risen to the rank of captain, was sent to Lorch, as recruiting officer.

Schiller received the first rudiments of his education, under the direction of his excellent mother who continually exercised the greatest influence over the mind, and disposition of her son. He committed to memory, at a very tender age, the pious and sublime inspirations of Luther, Paul Gerhard, Klopstock, Gellert &c. How many a man of genius has been indebted for his future celebrity, to the early training of an enlightened and virtuous mother!

At Lorch, in the paternal house, Schiller first pursued a regular course of studies, under the superintendence of the Reverend P. Moser, Clergyman of the parish. In „*The Robbers*“, he afterwards immortalized the virtues of his preceptor. From this gentleman Schiller received preliminary instructions in Greek, and Latin. The future Poet took great pleasure in lingering amid the antique, sombre, and melancholy vaults of the church, or by the graves of the illustrious Counts of Hohenstaufen. These religious and historical im-

pressions, produced on the soul of the child, probably, fostered that magical talent for Tragedy which genius had already implanted in his heart.

Charles, Grand Duke of Württemberg, in 1768 removed Schiller's father to Ludwigsburg; here the son was entered at the public School, established in that place, and as he had an ardent inclination to pursue the clerical profession, in addition to Latin, he studied the Greek, and Hebrew languages. At this period, for the first time, he beheld a theatre, the splendour of which harmonized with the luxurious taste of the Grand Duke. It is said that, the effect which this imposing spectacle had on the mind of the youth, was so powerful, that all his juvenile sports were tinged by this new world of imagery, and even until his fourteenth year, he amused himself by representing dramatical scenes, with images, formed of paper.

The father of Schiller had been promoted, by the Grand Duke, to the office of Inspector and Layer-out of the grounds of „*Solitude*“, one of his country residences, and was subsequently raised to the rank of Major. His son was placed, as boarder, in the house of the severe and pedantic Dr. Jahn who had, hitherto been his instructor at the Latin school, and whose violent and rigid disposition inspired a timidity in the character of Schiller.

In 1772 he had finished his studies at this school, and, by the desire of the Grand Duke who had promised his parents a more advantageous Establishment for their Frederick, than he could possibly obtain by the ecclesiastical profession, he was sent to the Military seminary at Solitude, established by the Duke a short time previously, where, the year following, he commenced the study of Jurisprudence. However, as, at the end of 1772, the academy was transferred to Stuttgart, he renounced Jurisprudence, and, by the advice of the Grand Duke and his father, he devoted himself to the science of Medicine. Nevertheless, a passion for poetry took possession of his mind, irresistibly, and he profited by each free moment, to cultivate his taste for poetry, literature, and history. Besides Klopstock, his favourite authors were Göethe, Gerstenberg, Haller, Lessing, and Wieland. Shakespeare, and other works which were not sanctioned by the rules of the Institution, were frequently taken from his possession, by the severe and methodical inspector. Subordination was the fundamental law of this celebrated Establishment; the cane, the sword, and the drum were the only external stimulants employed in the routine of studies. Already in 1774 Schiller had essayed his powers in several dramatic works; „*The Student of Nassau*“, and „*Cosmus of Medici*“; these and other com-

positions, having been, at a later period, cast aside by him, are now unknown. The sketch, and the completion of „*The Robbers*“ occupied him from 1778 till 1780, the year that he quitted the Academy. This work he has himself named, a monstrous production; but, it may be pleaded in excuse that, the residence of the author at the Military Establishment, and the monotonous constraint exercised there, hindered him from being acquainted with the world, and mankind.

In the presence of the Grand Duke, Schiller obtained highly flattering testimonials of approbation for a thesis, in Latin, on the following subject: „What affinity exists between animal, and intellectual nature?“ — In consequence of his successful treatment of this subject, he obtained his diploma, as physician, and as such, was attached to a grenadier regiment, at Stuttgart; at this period he had barely reached the twenty second year of his age.

The 13th of January 1782, the day appointed for the representation of his „*Robbers*“, which had already been published in 1781, Schiller, instigated by an uncontrollable desire to witness the performance, quitted his residence, without the permission of his superior officer, who had previously refused his consent, and the youthful Poet repaired to Mannheim. In an obscure corner of the crowded theatre, the author beheld the

living embodiment of his own thoughts, and passions. He saw himself raised at once into that mighty power — the mover of the hearts of men. He returned to Stuttgart, confirmed, for life, in the vocation his genius had adopted.

This visit to Mannheim remained happily undiscovered, however, it was attended with unfortunate results. In the third act of „*The Robbers*“, is the following expression: „*The canton of the Grisons is the Athens of modern Swindlers.*“ The objects of Schiller's satire published a complaint, in the „*Hamburg Correspondent*“, and, by a noted Grison, named Walter, who bore Schiller personal enmity, the affair was laid before the Grand Duke, who forbade Schiller, under the penalty of imprisonment in a fortress, to publish any works, not medical. A command so despotic, it was impossible for a man of Schiller's genius to obey, for already vast designs were opening to his intellectual ambition. May the 25th, 1782, he again went, without permission, to Mannheim, to witness the second representation of the far-famed „*Robbers*“, and, at his return, was put under fourteen days' arrest. A succession of circumstances, galling to his independent spirit, caused him to form the resolution, to fly from Stuttgart, and cast himself on the protection of the world.

September the 18th, 1782, accompanied by a young friend, a musician, named Streicher, he quitted Stutt-

gart, and arrived, as a fugitive, at Mannheim, and fearing lest he should be arrested, and delivered to his Sovereign, after having remained several days at Mannheim, he travelled with his friend through Darmstadt, Frankfort, Mayence, Nierstein, and Oggersheim; here, under the assumed name of Dr. Ritter, he remained a considerable time, and arranged „*Fiesco*“ for representation at the Mannheim theatre, and laid the plan of „*Louisa Miller*“, which he afterwards entitled „*Cabal and Love*.“ The Baron von Dalberg, superintendent of the theatre of the court of Mannheim, found alas! that „*Fiesco*“ could not be represented, notwithstanding the intervention of Iffland, and thus the Poet, in his indigence, found himself obliged to sell his manuscript for a trifling sum, in order to discharge his debts, and enable him to travel to Bauerbach, the residence of the Baroness von Wolzogen, whose sons had been educated at Stuttgart, contemporaneously with Schiller; the eldest, William, was afterwards among his most intimate friends; their mother, a widow, in rather straitened circumstances, had known, and admired the Poet, when at Stuttgart, and offered him an asylum at her house, and there Schiller resolved to take refuge.

Under the ruins of the ancient castle of Henneberg he finished his „*Louisa Miller*“, and laid the plan of

„*Don Carlos*“. Here he unexpectedly received an invitation from the Baron von Dalberg who made an apology for his former conduct, and earnestly prayed him to repair to Mannheim. The young Poet's works were produced on the stage; — the object of an ambition, modest as to temporal means, vast as to intellectual empire, was attained. He was appointed, with a fixed, though very limited income, Poet to the theatre at Mannheim, then, the first in Germany. On the evening of the 22nd July, 1783, he arrived at the town in which the foundation of his dramatic glory had been laid. January the 17th 1784 his „*Fiesco*“ was represented at the theatre, and the 9th of March following, „*Louisa Miller*“. These pieces augmented his reputation, although they were inferior to the first wild and romantic effusions of his youth, and exhibited traces of dependence on several schools of art. Since the beginning of January, he had been named member of the „*German Literary Society*“, established at Mannheim, and in February, the choice was confirmed. In March, 1785 he undertook a periodical named the „*Rhenish Thalia*“, from which he hoped to reap independence. In the announcement of this work, he speaks thus, of his own views and hopes: „I write, as a Citizen of the World who serves no Prince. Early in life I quitted my father-land, exchanging it for the great world, that I

only beheld at a distance, and through a glass. All my former connexions are dissolved. The Public has become my all, my study, my sovereign, and my confidant. To the Public alone, henceforth, I belong. Before this tribunal, and this tribunal only, I take my stand. Something of greatness hovers over me, for I resolve to be subject to no restraint, but the sentence of the world, and to appeal to no throne but the soul of Man!"

At this epoch he had the honour of-being presented to the Duke Charles Augustus of Saxe Weimar, the young and liberal friend of poetry and of poets, who was, at this time, on a visit at the court of the Landgrave of Darmstadt, and the Duke graciously permitted Schiller to read the first act of „*Don Carlos*“ in the august family-circle of the Landgrave. The Duke conferred on Schiller the dignity of Counsellor of the Duchy of Saxe Weimar, a nominal rank, but one, anxiously sought after by Germans. His relations with the Mannheim Theatre relaxed more and more, and the following spring, the Poet turned his back on a city, the superintendent of the theatre of which, had not only failed to fulfil his engagements, but had, in many respects, deceived him. One individual alone, Margareta Schwan, for whom he entertained a devoted affection, caused him to feel many a bitter pang for the resolution he

had taken. This is the lady whom, it is said, he celebrated, under the name of Laura, others affirm that his Laura was the widow of a captain; this object of his devotion was neither young nor pretty, but was attractive, good-humoured, and possessed of agreeable manners.

In the month of April Schiller went to Leipsic, to visit Körner the father of the poet who wrote the „*Lyre and the Sword*“, and shortly after, wrote to the father of Margareta Schwan, to demand his daughter's hand in marriage, but that gentleman, perhaps considering Schiller's position not sufficiently brilliant, declined granting the Poet's request. To dissipate his mind by change of scene, Schiller yielded to the invitation of some friends at Dresden, and, in the end of the summer, he repaired to that city, and was received, as an inmate, in the house of Körner, lately appointed Counsellor of Appeals, and recently married to a young lady, named Minna Stock. The renewal of ancient friendships had a benign influence on the intellectual and sensitive mind of Schiller. Among the numerous persons with whom he was acquainted, may be named as esteemed friends, Weisse, the editor of the „*Childrens' Friend*“, Oeser, the intimate friend, of Goethe, Hiller, composer of music, the professor Huber, poet of the theatre, and the bookseller Göschen, whose

country-villa, situated in the rural and solitary Gholis, he inhabited during several of the summer months, and there, among other poems, he composed the „*Song to Joy*.“ The latter part of the summer of 1735, Schiller accompanied his friend Körner, to Dresden. On the borders of the Elbe, near-Loeschwitz, in a beautiful valley, surrounded by vineyards, Körner possessed a charming country-villa; in this residence Schiller lived, in the family-circle of his friend. A pleasant summer-house was assigned to him, situated in the garden, and here he worked at „*Don Carlos*“, the first fruits of a mature knowledge of the world, and of a practical study of the poetic art; he gave a perfectly new form to that part of the drama which was already composed.

The plan of the comedy entitled „*The Misanthrope*“, which has remained of fragment; the „*History of the Revolt of the Netherlands*“, undertaken in consequence of studies on the character of Philip the Second; a volume entitled, „*Modern Revolutions and Conspiracies*“; the plan of a romance named the „*Ghost Seer*“; a large portion of his Lyrical Poems, and other works, were executed, and collected at Dresden.

In the salon of the celebrated actress Sophia Albrecht, Schiller was introduced to a young lady named Julia, the daughter of a widow whose husband had been an officer in the army. He afterwards met the

fair Julia at the „Redoute“, and was still more forcibly attracted by her charms. The mother who is reported to have been a woman of abandoned character, saw, in the admiration of so distinguished a Poet, the means of widening Julia's already lucrative notoriety. Schiller was accordingly lured into an intimacy, which occasioned the most serious anxiety to his friends, who advised him to quit Dresden for some time. Indeed he seems to have become aware of the artifice practised upon him, and after many a struggle between reason and passion, he resolved to quit the object of his infatuation.

In 1787 Schiller went to Weimar, where Wieland received him with enthusiasm; he also made the acquaintance of Herder, Einsiedel, Böttiger and many other men of eminence. Some time later, at Rudolstadt, he was introduced to Goethe who was returning from an excursion in Italy. In the mean time „*Don Carlos*“ was published at Leipzig, in 1787, and was represented at Mannheim. The „*Gods of Greece*“, „*The Artists*“, and other poems appeared in the „*German Mercury*“.

In May 1788 Schiller went to reside at Volkstätt, near Rudolstadt, in the neighbourhood of some highly esteemed friends to whom he had been introduced by William von Wolzogen. Among these was a Madame

von Lengefeld, whose daughter Charlotte, then in her twenty-first year, had made an indelible impression on the heart of Schiller.

Among many of his plans for the future, that of obtaining a position, as Professor of History, was destined soon to be accomplished. The departure of Eichhorn, from the University of Jena to that of Göttingen, still farther accelerated the possibility of this affair. In the month of April, 1789, Schiller obtained his diploma as Dr. of Philosophy at Jena, where he soon reckoned, among his friends, von Humboldt, Paulus, Schütz, Hufeland, and Reinhold. Through the patronage of protectors, enjoying extensive influence, in the month of May, he was summoned to take the chair of Historical Professor at the University of Jena. He commenced, under the most brilliant auspices, his important functions; the Duke of Gotha granted him a salary, and, the beginning of the following year, conferred on him the title of Counsellor of the Court, (Hofrath).

The 20th February, 1790, at the church of Weni-genjena, was solemnized the marriage of F. Schiller, and Charlotte von Lengefeld. With the exception of the narrowness of pecuniary circumstances, perhaps no marriage was ever formed, under happier omens. The age of the parties was that, in which affection is less ro-

mantic, but more durable. Schiller was about thirty one, and the object of his choice, nearly four-and-twenty years of age. The characters of bride, and bridegroom were in perfect harmony, and Schiller was now ripely formed for that home, and those domestic pleasures for which he so long had sighed. With a depth of feeling, natural to those who love solitude, which is the nurse of intellectual occupations, he now combined that knowledge which is the fruit of intercourse with the world. All misanthropic predilections were banished from his mind which now appeared to expand, as in a new and joyous state of existence.

While he was absorbed, more and more, in the depths of the philosophy of Kant, and at that period when, in 1790 he was occupied in publishing his „*Historical Memoirs*“, and the „*History of the thirty years' War*“, a work in which he was, comparatively, forced by necessity, to familiarize himself with all the circumstances and details of Wallenstein's life, he was attacked by a severe disorder of the chest, from which, though he recovered slowly, the seeds of consumption remained behind. He was obliged, during some time, to abandon his functions and literary occupations, in order to recruit his health which had been impaired by his frequent efforts, and by labour, too fatiguing. A report of Schiller's death had even been promulgated,

and had reached the court of Denmark, at a time when a noble and princely circle of friends were on the point of repairing to Hellebeck, near Copenhagen, in order, amid the enchanting scenery there, to hold a festival in his honor, and sing, in chorus, his „*Hymn to Joy*“; but this melancholy intelligence gave to the assemblage the air of a funereal solemnity.

Through the intermediation of the Danish Poet, Baggesen, the Count Ernest von Schimmelmann, and the Prince and Princess von Holstein Augustenburg, the enthusiastic admirers of Schiller's genius, he obtained, from the King of Denmark, an annual pension of a thousand crowns for three years; an act of munificence that was the more acceptable, as his physicians urged the necessity of perfect repose.

After his recovery, he commenced his occupations with new vigour, and with too much enthusiasm. In the summer of 1793, Schiller went to visit the friends of his youth, in Suabia, where he passed several months, partly in Heilbronn, and partly in Ludwigsburg, and he returned, joyously, to Jena, after having, at Stuttgart, formed the plan of a periodical entitled „*Die Horen*“; in consequence of this, he cemented a still more intimate friendship with Goethe who contributed to the work, of which the first number was issued in January, 1795, and was continued till the year 1807;

in September, the same year, appeared the „*Musen-almanach*“; the collection, from the year 1797 to 1801, was published by Cotta. In 1796 the „*Xenien*“ were published. While thus actively occupied, he had the misfortune to lose his youngest sister, Nannette, a beautiful and interesting girl, and shortly after, his father died, from the effects of a lingering malady. He felt, poignantly, these bereavements, yet he bore them as a philosopher, and a christian.

In 1797 appeared his „*Ballads and Romances*“, a production worthy of the deepest admiration, not only for the varied subjects the work contains, but for the profound ideas of those subjects. At Weimar, October 19th, 1798, the „*Camp of Wallenstein*“ was represented; January 30th, 1799, the „*Piccolomini*“; and, in April the „*Death of Wallenstein*“. This tragedy is equally distinguished by the noble simplicity of language, as by the fidelity of the characters therein contained; at this period also he published his celebrated „*Lay of the Bell*.“

After the consultation of his physicians, who were of opinion that the mountain-air of Jena was injurious to his health, he went to inhabit Weimar, in the autumn of 1799. By the Parisian Convention, he was honored by the rights of a French citizen, and, in 1802, through the unsolicited influence of the Duke of Weimar, he

received, from the Emperor Leopold of Austria, a patent of nobility.

At Weimar, Schiller created the chefs-d'oeuvres of the latter period of his existence, the first period represents him to the world, as a man of exalted genius, and a poet, the second period, as a poet, and historian, as may be observed in his later works, for example; „*Mary Stuart*“, represented in July, 1800; and the „*Maid of Orleans*“; introduced on the stage at Leipsic, in 1801, in the absence of the Poet: in these pieces the imagination of Schiller takes a flight, more romantic and free. „*William Tell*“, a master-piece of historical poetry, which finished his dramatic career, was represented in March, 1804, and a short time later, in the presence of the Poet, at Berlin.

Fragments alone remain of his last productions, „*Demetrius*“ and „*Warbeck*“. In his translations, and imitations, he has exhibited extraordinary talent, as may be verified in a piece composed in the antique style, entitled, „*The Bride of Messina*“, which was represented in July, 1803, at Lauchstädt, and Schiller has been yet more successful in those works he has borrowed from the Italian, French, and English literature, in order to transplant them on the German soil. „*Macbeth*“, as it has been translated in German, by Schiller, is far superior to the version of Augustus William Schlegel,

which has been so highly extolled by critics possessed of little taste; Schiller has translated Shakespeare, like a man of genius; Schlegel, like a man of talent. One of his last translations was Racine's „*Phadre*“, and one of his latest lyrical compositions, that simple, yet beautiful legend, the „*Hunter of the Alps*“.

Schiller had returned, in a suffering condition, from Jena, whither, in July, 1804, he had repaired, by the solicitation of his wife, in order to consult his ancient family physician. He seemed progressively, to gain strength, and his family and friends entertained the most sanguine hopes of his recovery.

The career of this immortal Poet was drawing near to a close. Schiller was attacked with his last illness, the 28th of April, 1805. Goethe, who was then recovering from a dangerous malady, had called at Schiller's house, and found him on the point of repairing to the theatre. These noble friends parted on the threshold of Schiller's door. At the close of the performance, he was seized by a feverish attack, and a young friend, named Henry Voss, accompanied him home.

The following day, alarming symptoms appeared which confined him to his bed, from which he never more arose. His sufferings were very severe, but he bore all with christian resignation. Thoughts of eter-

nity seemed constantly to occupy his mind and, even in his sleep, the expressions that escaped his lips bore witness of the theme which occupied his soul. Once, when awakening from a profound slumber, and while a smile illumined his intellectual countenance, he made use of this memorable expression: „Now Life is so clear! So much is made clear and plain!“

On the morning of the 8th of May, he awoke composedly, and requested to see his youngest child, when his little daughter was brought, he took the infant's hand in his own, and gazed at her, with a look of unutterable affection and sorrow; he wept bitterly, kissed the child with paternal emotion, and requested her to be removed from the chamber.

Towards evening, his sister-in-law asked him how he felt; he replied: „Better and better; calmer and calmer.“ He expressed an anxious desire, once more to behold the setting-sun. He was conveyed to another apartment, and he gazed with serenity at the western sky: — this was Schiller's farewell look on Nature!

On the 9th of May, 1805, the angel of death transported to a land of eternal liberty, that immortal Poet who had ever distinguished himself, so enthusiastically, in the sacred cause of science, liberty, justice, and religion.

Schiller was interred on the night of the 13th May, followed by a cortège of fourteen persons, two of whom were literary men, six artists, and six other individuals of respectable station. The heavens were veiled by heavy clouds, yet, the nightingales warbled melodiously. As the funereal train moved slowly on, the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard, rapidly approaching; a gentleman, closely enveloped in a travelling-cloak, dismounted, and followed the procession. The rider proved to be William of Wolzogen; he had heard the fatal intelligence, at Naumburg, and hastened to pay his last tribute of respect to the remains of his illustrious friend. A few minutes before Schiller was consigned to the tomb, the wind suddenly dispersed the night-mists, and the moon-beams shone, with unclouded glory, on the coffin of the immortal Poet, and when the melancholy ceremony was concluded, the Heavens were again o'ershadowed by sombre clouds.

The relics of Schiller were deposited in an abandoned vault of the cemetery of St. Jaques, in which were already eleven other coffins, and remained there till the year 1824, the epoch when Lewis the First, King of Bavaria, went to Weimar, where, although he remained but two hours, yet, he was anxious to profit by this short interval, to visit the tomb of Schiller, for whom, from his earliest youth, he had ever enter-

tained the most profound veneration, and he was an enthusiastic admirer of his works. To obtain his object, he addressed himself to a chamberlain of the Grand-ducal-court. How great was his astonishment when, on descending to the above mentioned vault, he discovered the coffins, piled, one on the other, and in ruins! Nought indicated the narrow resting-place of him whom he sought, with the fervent heart of a poet, and of an ardent royal protector. He testified more indignation than surprise, and, from that moment, took the proper measures to procure, from the Grand-ducal Family, at least, a honourable tomb for the noble Poet who had been so unworthily treated by his contemporaries, by fortune, and by his country. The King of Bavaria obtained his request: the relics of Schiller were deposited in the vault of the Grand-ducal family, at Weimar.

Honor to that King who, after having been the most liberal protector of all the men of talent of his time, causes respect to be paid to those remains, once, animated by the divine breath of a Genius whose name will live as long as Germany exists, and who will ever be one of the greatest glories of his country!

Schiller died in very indigent circumstances, leaving his wife, and three children, two sons and a daughter, in the most profound distress. Henry Voss, son of the

celebrated Philologist, and the translator of Homer, published, three years, ago, in the „*Review of Europe*“, details, respecting this circumstance, which are sufficient to pierce every feeling heart. Henry Voss, and other friends, gave Madame Schiller the moderate sum of three thalers and a half, to purchase the last habitation, — a coffin, for Schiller! Neither the Grand duke of Saxe Weimar, the professed patron of literary men, at that epoch, nor Goethe, the fortune-favoured friend of the deceased, opened their purses, to succour the family, or to testify their respect for the memory of the illustrious Dead.

Works.

Schiller's complete works appeared in one volume, at Stuttgart and Tübingen, in 1840. Another edition in 10 volumes was published in 1845.

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR.

When first the lark's melodious strain
Has hailed the renovated year,
Mid shepherds, on a lonely plain,
A Nymph mysterious doth appear.

She is not of the shepherd-race,
The Maiden's lineage none can tell,
And ever vanished is her trace,
Whene'er she gently breathes; „Farewell“!

When the Nymph greets the joyous eye,
Each heart is vivified, and gay,
Yet, her mild, sacred dignity
Doth chase unhallowed thoughts away.

She brings rich fruit and blooming flowers,
Matured beneath more genial skies,
Where choicer blessings Nature showers,
And paints each work with lovelier dyes.

Ripe fruit, and chaplets are bestowed,
And all partake her fostering care;
Gay youth, and age, by winter bowed,
Reap treasures from the Stranger fair.

Although she welcomes, to her bowers,
Each guest who thitherward may rove;
She gives her most luxuriant flowers
Unto Fidelity and Love.

THE LAMENT OF CERES.

(Ceres, Goddess of agriculture, was the daughter of Saturn and Cybele. To this Goddess were dedicated many celebrated temples, and death was the punishment awarded to those who disturbed the mysterious rites, therein celebrated.

Proserpine was the daughter of Jupiter and Ceres. When, in company with Cyane, she was gathering flowers, in a meadow of Sicily, she was forcibly conveyed away.

Ceres, her mother, traversed the earth, by night, and by day, in search of her daughter, and, during her melancholy pilgrimage, she gave instructions, in agriculture, to the inhabitants of those countries through which she passed.

Ceres was informed by Arethusa, that Pluto had carried away her child. She descended to the infernal regions, where she discovered Proserpine who refused to return. Finding that her remonstrances were in vain, Ceres appealed to Jupiter, who decided that Proserpine should live six months of the year with Pluto, her husband, and the remaining six with Ceres.)

Doth sacred Spring appear again?

Is earth adorned in youth's array?

How verdant hill, and sunny plain,

And winter's barrier melts away!

On yonder murmuring river blue,
Smiles Jupiter, from cloudless skies,
Young buds, and flowers, begemmed with dew,
Are fanned by fragrant zephyrs' sighs.
As birds melodiously sing,
An Oread from the mountain wild,
Exclaims; „Thy flowerets welcome spring,
Yet, where, oh, Ceres, is thy Child?“ —

Alas! how many a wearying day
I've sought her, on earth's farthest shore!
Titan! illumed by thy pure ray,
I've roamed, yet, vainly I explore,
My heart bereaved finds no repose,
Mine ear, no welcome tidings greet,
The sun whose light can all disclose,
Revealeth not my Child's retreat.
Oh Jupiter! — dwells she with thee?
Stern Pluto's heart doth she enchain? —
O'er Orcus, in captivity,
Hath she been steered to his domain.

Who, to that melancholy strand,
Will be my envoy of despair?
The boat e'er saileth from the land,
Yet, Shadows, only enter there.

Ah! veiled from Joy's celestial eye,
Is yonder wild, umbrageous sphere,
And o'er Styx' wave, vitality
Hath never, yet, presumed to steer!
Thither lead countless pathways wild,
Yet, none conducts to glowing day;
The tears of mine afflicted Child,
Who, to her Mother, will convey?

A mother, born of Pyrrha's race,
When Life's frail taper doth expire,
May rush, to meet her child's embrace,
From the tomb's bright funereal fire!
To those around th' Olympian throne,
Is veiled the melancholy strand:
Why do Immortals feel, alone,
Oh Destiny! thy rigid hand?
Chase me to realms, of endless night!
Disown a Goddess' rights, in me!
From thrones illumed by Heaven's pure light,
Hath sprung a parent's misery.

Oh! as a shadow would I glide
To the mysterious domain
Of Pluto! — there his captive Bride,
In friendless majesty, doth reign!

My Daughter's eye, bedew'd with tears,
Now seeks, in vain, Heaven's golden light,
Her spirit roves to distant spheres,
Yet, Ceres never greets her sight. —
Till cherished by her Mother's love, —
Till breast to breast united be,
Compassion's influence will move
Chill Orcus unto sympathy! —

Hope visionary! sorrow vain!
The sacred chariot of day
One changeless course will e'er maintain,
Thus uniformly Jove doth sway.
From yon umbrageous, silent shore,
Olympian Jove averts his eye;
Once doomed Styx' region to explore,
My Child is lost eternally! —
Lost — till Aurora's golden rays
On the dark wave of Orcus glow,
Or Iris joyously displays,
In Hell, her variegated bow! —

Hath Ceres no memento cherished,
The tribute of affection's hand,
Her guarantee of love unperished,
While wanderer on a distant strand? —

Do not eternal bonds of love
 A Child's and Mother's heart combine? —
Do not the Dead, and Living, prove
 The bliss of sympathy divine?
For ever, art thou lost to me? —
 No! — language have th' Immortals given;
When intercourse I hold with thee,
 I still shall feel the joys of Heaven!

When Spring's fair children droop, and die,
 When blighted by keen Boreas' breath,
Flowers wither 'neath a frigid sky,
 And trees assume the garb of death;
A treasure of Vertumnus' horn,
 His most esteemed, his richest prize,
Seeds of luxuriant, golden corn,
 To Styx I then will sacrifice.
In earth my offering shall lie,
 Awhile, near Proserpina's heart;
My melancholy history
 Of love, and anguish to impart!

Led by the Hours, in circling dance,
 When Spring leads forth her beauteous train,
And 'neath Sol's vivifying glance,
 Nature awakes from death again;

Germ, perished long, to mortal eye,
Will pierce the torpid breast of earth,
And flowerets sweet, of brilliant dye,
Will spring, luxuriantly, to birth;
As heavenward their petals grow,
The root descends to realms of night,
And daily nutriment will flow
From gloomy Styx, and ether bright.

From joyous Life, and frigid Death,
Deriving their vitality,
These Envoys fair, with perfumed breath,
From Styx, will solace bear to me!
Though captive now, in labyrinths drear
Of Pluto's cheerless realm profound,
When spring-flowers odorous appear,
Her voice, in zephyr's tones, will sound,
And whisper: „Far from golden day,
Love still thy daughter's bosom warms,
And, in that land where shadows stray,
A mother's name has deathless charms.“ —

With rapture shall I welcome you,
Sweet Children of the youthful year!
Ye shall inhale nectareous dew,
When, decked in beauty, you appear!

With tints of Iris' heavenly bow,
My fragrant Offspring I'll adorn;
Their colours will surpass the glow
Of fair Aurora's blush of morn! —
When Spring celestial smiles around,
Each tender breast my joy will feel:
And Autumn, with pale chaplet crowned,
My love, and anguish will reveal.

THE DANCE.

„Behold! — yon beings form a graceful chain,
Their sylph-like footsteps barely touch the ground
Do shadows flit o'er yonder moon-lit plain?
Do elves, and fairies dance to music's sound?

„Like mist that balmy zephyrs waft through air,
Or boat that glides across the silvery spray,
The movements of etherial dancers there,
Conform to melody's celestial sway.“

„I see a hardy, joyous pair advance,
A track is opened mid the circling throng;
Closed is the path amid th' exciting dance,
A magic hand appears to guide them on.“

„They vanish mid a complicated band,
And, in the tangled group, disorder reigns;
Now clasped — now disunited is each hand;
Lo! Order, with new charm, her law maintains.“

„No! — an harmonious confusion aways;
The chain is now dissolved — allied again!
Mid ever varying movement, each obeys,
Instinctively, what Order's laws ordain.“

„Oh, say! — by what internal impulse move
Yon sylph-like beings? — Who their course assigned?
All, fired by joy's heart-thrilling feeling, rove,
Yet each, unerringly, his place doth find.“ —

Know thou, that godlike Melody is there;
Her influence directs the joyous dance,
Her rein, as that of Nemesis, severe,
Restraineth pleasure's rash exuberance.

By thee, unheeded is Earth's harmony,
Whose song, and music ever vibrate round?
Are those mysterious tones unheard by thee, —
Tones, that in sacred Nature's *All* resound?

Led in th' eternal dance of Harmony,
In circling mazes, suns, and planets shine.
In yon gay dance, her influence dost thou see,
Yet, in thine actions, scorn her laws divine?

MYSTERY.

Her silence hath no whisper broken,
Too many listeners are nigh;
By timid glances have I spoken,
How eloquent her gentle eye!
Welcome, ye calm, sequestered bowers!
Thou beech, thy foliage extend,
And, mid green labyrinths, decked with flowers,
The lovers, from the world, defend!

Day's busy and unceasing clamour,
In distant murmurs, vibrates round;
At intervals, the woodman's hammer
Echoes, with unharmonious sound.
How many have received, from Heaven,
A doom, laborious and severe!
Yet, unsought bliss is often given
To man, from the Olympian sphere.

From a cold, heartless world veil ever
The bliss that faithful love bestows;
Unsympathetic minds feel never
Delight that for another glows.
The world forbids that Joy should bless thee,
Oh, take her captive, as thy prey;
In solitude may she caress thee,
Ere Envy bears the prize away!

Joy, with a step aerial, walketh,
She loves night's placid, moon-lit ray,
And whereso-e'er the traitor stalketh,
With fairy step, she glides away. —
Flow rapidly, thou guardian river!
By thee, encircled may we be,
And, may thy threatening waves, for ever,
Preserve the lovers' sanctuary!

THE FAVOURITES OF THE GODS.

(The first portion of this composition was inscribed on Goethe's statue, at Weimar.

In this poem, Schiller develops a favourite idea that, whatever is really sublime and beautiful comes, freely, from Heaven, and he vindicates the apparent partiality of the Gods, in bestowing on some, genius and beauty, without labour, by demonstrating that, such gifts contribute, in an extraordinary degree, to the delight of those to whom genius, and beauty are denied.)

Thrice happy is the mortal, doomed to prove,
From early infancy, th' Olympians' love;
That man on whom hath Venus fondly smiled,
And cradled, as a cherished foster-child,
Whose lip is touched by Hermes' wand divine,
Around whose brow Joves' wreath of power doth twine,
And, in whose eye, enkindleth the glow
That Phoebus' rays celestial bestow!
To him is traced, by Jupiter's decree,
A glorious course — a god-like destiny,
For lo! before the battle is begun,
Victory's triumphant laurels have been won,

Long ere experienced in care, and strife,
That man has traversed o'er the stage of life,
And ere he undertakes an arduous race,
With fascinating beauty, smiles the Grace!

How noble is the man — how truly great,
Who, by the wand of Virtue, conquers Fate;
Whose soul doth every obstacle defy, —
That man creates himself a destiny!
Yet, not to courage, Happiness is given,
'Tis a mysterious boon that flows from Heaven,
And that which the Olympians retain,
Terrestrial perseverance ne'er may gain.
From mean pursuits thy Will may thee defend,
The Beauteous, and Sublime, from Heaven descend,
And precious as the object of thy love,
Are those delights that greet us from above.
In Jupiter's and Cupid's wide domain,
With what despotic sway doth Favour reign!

As man, th' Immortals sympathies reveal,
For blooming youth, propensities they feel;
Youth, graced with tresses, waving mid the wind,
Will favour, with th' Olympians, ever find.
How often, to the blind, have they revealed
Deep mysteries, to philosophers, concealed!

For those of child-like mind their flowerets grow,
And, in a simple vase, their treasures flow.
How oft they stand, unhopèd-for, at our side;
How oft they counteract the schemes of pride!
With power omnipotent they rule the soul,
And nought, terrestrial, can their will control.

The Father of the Gods, and men, great Jove,
Sends to the mortal, worthy of his love,
His eagle that, with rapid pinion bright,
The Favourite bears to a celestial height.
Jove wills who, mid the sublunary throng,
Shall be a monarch, or a son of song,
And, with propitious hand, doth Jove assign,
Around whose brow the laurel-wreath shall twine.
Apollo who the Pythian serpent slew,
To the Gods' Favourite, stands revealed to view;
Cupid, the subtle heart-subduer smiles,
And, with bewitching dreams, his soul beguiles;
Neptune commands the billows wild to sleep,
And Caesar's vessels navigate the deep;
Jove's Favourite, impetuous dolphins greet,
And the tamed lion crouches at his feet!

Grieve not that, to the Fortune-favoured, Heaven,
A triumph, easily achieved, has given!

Envy not him whom Venus beareth far
From peril, mid the thunderbolts of war!
How enviable he who thus doth prove
The object of her care, and jealous love!
How desolate the mortal, from whose sight
The Goddess veils her vivifying light!
Achilles' laurels not less brightly glowed,
Though sombre Vulcan sword, and shield bestowed,
And, was not all Olympus deeply moved,
In favour of a Chief, th' Immortals loved?
To give him fame, the bravest warriors died,
And their shades wandered near the Stygian tide.

Envy not Beauty, if, devoid of care,
Venus hath formed her, as the lily, fair;
Be not aggrieved; survey her brilliancy,
To contemplate her charms, is bliss to thee!
No merit of thine own wins this delight,
And, meritless, she captivates thy sight.
The gift of song comes from the heavenly sphere,
The tones melodious, rapturous to thine ear,
The Minstrel learns of the celestial Nine,
And thou'rt enchanted by his notes divine.
While the Olympians fire his tuneful soul,
The Minstrel holds o'er thee, a God's control;
In the celestial gift doth he rejoice,
While thou, with ecstasy, dost hear his voice.

On the World's active stage doth Justice stand,
Her scales the Goddess holdeth in her hand,
And with a rigid eye, hath she assigned
The various gifts, allotted to mankind.
Joy's rosy flush, the Gods impart, alone,
Without a miracle, is bliss unknown.
Joys e'er, from Heaven, mysteriously flow,
All happiness th' Olympians bestow.
That which is human — all, in every clime,
From stage, to stage, beneath the hand of time,
Must germ, bud, blossom — ripen 'neath the eye,
Till slowly it attains maturity.

The Blissful and the Beautiful, to thee,
Develope not their charms, progressively;
Ripe, from eternity, their glories shine,
In full luxuriance, peerless and divine! —
Each Venus, to our sphere terrestrial given,
Is, as the first, a miracle of Heaven; —
A mystic birth! — The Goddess greets our eye,
From the vast ocean of Infinity! —
Equipped with arms, and with refulgent shield,
The first Minerva was, to earth, revealed;
Thus Jove's ideas, in perfection bright,
Are, by the Thunderer, revealed to light.



JOHN WOLFGANG von GOETHE.

This celebrated Poet was the son of Dr. John Caspar Goethe, who was a solicitor and, at the same time, Imperial counsellor; his son was born at Frankfurt on the Maine, August the 28th, 1749. He was trained under the most favourable auspices. After having, at the public school of his native city, exhibited many indications of a head extremely original, and extraordinary, and, after having made rapid progress in different languages, in music, drawing, engraving on copper &c. &c., he received a most careful education, under the superintendence of his highly respected father, who initiated him in the study of jurisprudence, and, in order to devote himself seriously to this pursuit, he went, in 1765, to the university of Leipsic, where he remained till 1768. At this period Gottsched taught at Leipsic, but Ernesti and Gellert attracted particularly his attention. In a short time Goethe followed no re-

gular system of study. Here he laid the foundation of that Art in which he so pre-eminently distinguished himself, at a future period, and which was the source of the greatest happiness of his existence. The study of jurisprudence soon became a secondary affair. Professor Oeser, who had already exercised considerable influence over Winkelmann, obtained a similar ascendancy over the mind of Goethe, and directed his attention to the history of the arts.

A malady which he had contracted by inhaling poisonous mineral vapours, while engaged in making experiments, in engraving, occasioned his return, in 1768, to the paternal house. In 1770, by the desire of his father, he went to Strasburg, in order to enter himself as student of jurisprudence. A circumstance which had important results to Goethe, was the acquaintance he here formed with Herder, and the intimate friendship which resulted. Herder initiated him into the superior studies of the Italian school of art, which exhibited to him Poetry, in her sublime relations with Nature, nations, and the world; this led him to the great source of the impulsion of Nature, and of instinctive inspiration, which thus gave the first incitement to that intellectual, revolutionary movement, among that circle of friends, united at Strasburg, to which, besides Goethe, belonged Lenz, Lersé, Wagner and

Stilling. Goethe who was the centre of that movement, has termed this era, after a drama of Klinger, „*Sturm und Drangperiode*“ (The period of storm and impulsions.) It is remarkable that, during his residence at Strasburg, a city on the frontier of France, he acquired neither French habits, nor sympathies. Shakespeare, who was denominated by this circle, „*The only Poet*“ had prepared Goethe for a view of the world, and for intellectual enjoyments, more elevated and more free, and as true as they were poetical, and finally, the English Poet had subjugated Goethe's mind, and had obtained an influence which augmented, day by day.

After his promotion, as Doctor of Laws, the 16th of August, 1771, the residence of Goethe, in Alsace, was but of short duration; he passed through Frankfort, where he first saw his future brother-in-law, John George Schlosser, who introduced him to a literary circle at Darmstadt, and, in that circle, he made the acquaintance of the satirical writer, Merk. From Frankfort he went to Wetzlar, in order to familiarize himself with the practise of jurisconsult, in the superior tribunal of the empire. After his return to his native city, he attracted the attention of all Germany by two works; „*Götz von Berlichingen*“, published in 1773, and „*The Sorrows of Werther*“ which appeared in 1774. The glory, that he acquired by these productions, con-

nected with the circumstance, that he had written against Wieland (the author of an unfavourable critique on „*Clavigo*“ published by Goethe in 1774), a satirical pamphlet, entitled: „*Gods, Heroes, and Wieland*“, awakened in the soul of the hereditary Prince, Charles Augustus of Weimar, and his brother Constantin, the desire to become acquainted with Goethe, and, by the intermediation of M. de Knebel, he was presented to the young Princes, and produced so favourable an impression, that, immediately after his accession, to the dukedom, he gave Goethe an invitation to Weimar, and he arrived the 1st of November, 1775. From this period dates his influence over the intellectual pursuits of that noble Prince, who, the following year, appointed Goethe, secretary of the legation, with a seat, and vote, in the secret council, and he ultimately became prime minister.

In 1779, the Grand Duke took a journey through Switzerland, and was accompanied by Goethe, who had before, visited that country, in 1773, with the Counts de Stolberg, and M. de Haugwitz, who, afterwards, became minister of state, in Prussia. When Goethe returned, he devoted himself, entirely, to the different branches of state affairs, and was elevated to the dignity of president of the Prince's supreme court of judicature, and obtained a patent of nobility.

In 1786 he realized his long cherished project, of undertaking a journey through Italy, and, in that country, he finished, in 1787, his „*Iphigenia*“, and in 1788 terminated „*Egmont*“, and made the sketch of „*Torquato Tasso*“ which may be considered a picture of his own life, and June the 1st, 1788, on his return through Rudolstadt, he was introduced to Schiller, towards whom, at first, he felt no particular sympathy, on account of their different views, and the diversity of their intellectual occupations. Meeting, by chance, in returning from the assembly of naturalists, at Jena, caused a stricter intimacy, and gave an impulsion to their friendship.

After a second journey in Italy, Goethe undertook, in May 1791, the direction of the newly-erected court-theatre, in Weimar, and brought that institution to so high a state of artistic perfection, that it exercised an influence, hitherto unknown, on the taste of Weimar and the rest of Germany. Weimar, at this epoch, was superior to all other royal residences, and to the other German cities, on account of the men of brilliant talent, who resided there. In that city Wieland's muse was first propitious; Musäus, Bode, Bertuch and others joined his circle; Goethe, Herder, and, at a later period, Schiller, were members of that society; von Knebel, Einsiedel, Siegmund de Seckendorf, and Böttiger re-

sided there; Madame de Wolzogen, and Amelia d'Imhof also distinguished themselves above other women of that period.

The artistic labours of Goethe were interrupted, during the expedition in Champagne, whither, in 1792, he accompanied his Prince, and, amid the turmoils of war, he composed his „*Theory on Colours*“. The spectacle of the fugitives of France, or rather the history of the evangelical emigrants, afforded him the groundwork for that charming poem, „*Hermann and Dorothea*“. At limited intervals emanated from the pen of the immortal Scholar and Poet, the most important works that German art and science can produce, namely: in 1796, „*The Years of Apprenticeship of William Meister*“; in 1805, „*Winkelmann and his Times*“; „*Faust*“, the most pure and genial of the national poems, first published in 1790, with the continuation in 1806. The above-mentioned works may be said to terminate the true poetical career of Goethe. He also wrote in 1807, „*Ideas on organic Formations*“; in 1809, „*The elective Affinities*“; in 1711, „*Extracts from my Life*“; in 1816, „*Art and Antiquity*“; in 1819, „*The Western-Eastern Divan*“; in 1821, „*The Years of Wanderings of William Meister*“, and many other works.

As early as the year 1797, the Grand Duke had an agreeable and commodious house built for him, and

here, in October, 1806, while surrounded by the dangers of warfare, he contracted a marriage with the sister of the librarian Vulpius, and Goethe then abandoned his functions, as statesman. Some time afterwards he relinquished the directorship of the theatre, when the „*Dog of Aubrey*“ was to have been represented. This was the only unharmonious circumstance which had occurred, during his joyous artistic life, but this event made no alteration in those enviable connexions which subsisted between him and the Grand Duke who, in 1815, elevated Goethe to the rank of first minister of state.

Goethe lost his wife in June, 1816; his only son, Walther von Goethe who had been elected prime minister, died in 1830. In the decline of his life, when deprived by death, of the Guardian of his genius, the Grand Duke, Goethe entirely abandoned state affairs, and resided, alternatively, at Jena, Weimar and Dornburg, being, in the full splendour of his glory, a venerable monument of a vanished, brilliant age. He had the happiness to live, and behold his grand-sons playing around his knees, and he was the witness of a new literary era. He was uninterruptedly occupied in scientific pursuits, and while thus employed, he was attacked by an indisposition, and even during the time he lay in a state of unconsciousness, he unceasingly,

with his right hand, made signs in the air, like a person in the act of writing. March the 22nd, 1832, this celebrated Poet died a gentle death which truly harmonized with his happy and joyous life. The second part of „*Faust*“ was published in 1833.

There are details respecting Goethe and his contemporaries, in his work, entitled, „*Extracts from my Life*“, or „*Poetry and Truth*“, and also in the „*Life of Goethe*“, by Dr. Henry Döring, in the supplementary volumes of his complete works.

Works.

The newly-arranged edition of the „*Works of Goethe*“, which had been, for the first time, published in 1827, appeared, in 1840, in 40 Volumes, at Stuttgart and Tübingen. In 1841, C. Boas, at Leipsic, published 3 Volumes, serving as a supplement to his complete works. At Düsseldorf, in 1846, was published, by Henry Viehoff, in „*Goethe's Lyric Poems with Notes*“ a collection of pieces, hitherto unknown.

DEDICATION.

Awakened is the morn; that cheering glow
Dispelleth balmy slumber from mine eye,
I quit my cot, and toward the mountain-brow,
With spirit buoyant, hasten joyously;
As, 'neath each footstep, trembling dew-drops flow
O'er spring-flowers, decked with many a brilliant dye;
Young day her scenes enchanting doth reveal;
All breathes new life, and life renewed I feel.

I climb the mountain. Misty clouds ascend
From the calm river's undulating bed:
Those clouds, in changing shapes fantastic, blend,
And now, like pinions, they around me spread:
A drapery dark and nebulous doth rend
The landscape from my gaze: dense gloom is shed,
And lone, 'mid solemn twilight, do I move,
While near, impenetrable vapours rove.

The sun has pierced the mist: rays cheer mine eye,
The rays dissolve, — awakened now again,
Here gently vanished their refulgency,
There gild they mountain, forest, wood, and plain.
I pant the sun to welcome as, on high
First rise his beams toward ether's blue domain:
Doubtful th' aerial conflict. As I gaze,
Lo! I am dazzled by Heaven's brilliant rays.

Emboldened now, by heart-felt, pure delight,
I contemplate the scene enchanting, near,
Yet, how bewildered mine enfeebled sight,
By tints luxuriant, mingling in the air! —
Lo! — borne on matin clouds, serenely bright,
I see a female Form, divinely fair;
I ne'er, before, survey'd such peerless grace,
She views me, and arrests 'mid realms of space. —

„Know'st thou me not!“ she saith, in gentle tone,
In which fidelity, and love entwine;
„Thou knowest not from whom has ever flown
Life's purest balm, for countless wounds of thine? —
Thou know'st me well! My spirit and thine own,
In sympathy, eternally combine;
When thou wast yet a child, I've witnessed thee,
With tearful aspirations, sigh for me!“ —

„Yes!“ — I exclaim, and towards the earth incline,
„Thy guardian influence, long, have I confessed;
'Mid passion's reign tumultuous, balm of thine
Has calmed fierce conflict, in my youthful breast.
At mid-day, by thy pinion divine,
How oft my feverish brow has been refreshed!
By thee, life's richest treasures have been won,
And bliss will I receive from thee, alone!“

„I name thee not! — 'Tis true that, thousands boast,
They know thee well; each claims thee as *his* own;
Yet, they who vaunt they contemplate thee most,
Turn, dazzled, from the lustre of thy throne.
I roved, in error, once, 'mid Pleasure's host,
Since thee I prize, are my companions gone;
Alone, must I enjoy felicity,
And veil that light which emanates from thee.“ —

She saith: — „how needful — how discreet, in thee,
Thy sentiments, so little, to unveil!
From gross delusion, barely art thou free,
And childhood's foibles, barely, canst conceal,
When thou assum'st, a Demi-god, to be,
And, in man's duty, no delight dost feel!
Thee — different to others do we find?
Know thyself! — live, in peace, with all mankind!“

„Ah!“ — I exclaim, — „I pardon crave of thee;

In vain, unto my sight, shall light appear?

A sacred inclination chaffeth me,

Thy gifts do I appreciate, and revere!

Entombed, no longer, shall my *Talent* be,

That Treasure I amass, shall others share!

To find the road — oh, why such zeal display,

If I guide not my brethren, on their way?“ —

That sacred Being contemplates me, now,

With a compassionating, guardian eye,

And, in its eloquent, indulgent glow,

My merits and my foibles I descry.

A vivifying smile illumines her brow;

In my soul thrills renewed felicity,

And an internal confidence is mine,

While, in the presence, of that Form divine. —

Th' aerial Visitant extends her hand, —

The mist, and morning clouds that hover near,

Obeys her signal, and each vapourous band,

Gently dissolving, vanishes, in air! —

Mine eye roves o'er the valley, as I stand,

And contemplate, entranced, Heaven's azure sphere.

Around that Form a snow-white *Veil* is twined,

That waves, in folds, amid the balmy wind. —

„I know thee well; — thy foibles have I known,

Thy germs of merit are revealed to me!“ —

(Memory will ever dwell upon her tone,)

Receive a *Treasure*, destined, long, for thee.

He who with soul collected, this doth own,

Above all mortals, tastes felicity; —

This *Veil of Poesy*, by *Truth*, is given,

Woven by the mists of morn, and rays of Heaven.“

„If thou, or friends of thine, should feel oppressed,

At noon, spread forth his *Veil*, 'mid sultry air,

And eve's refreshing zephyr cools thy breast,

Sweet flowerets waft balsamic odours near,

Each care terrestrial is lulled to rest,

And, to a bed of clouds, is changed thy bier,

Life's waves tumultuous swiftly glide away,

More brilliant 'is thy night — more calm thy day.“ —

Haste! hither haste, my friends! if, on your way,

Life's burden prove still more and more severe,

Or, if kind Fortune golden stores display,

And deck your path with fruit, and garlands fair;

United, let us welcome opening day,

And let us, joyously run life's career!

If, o'er our tomb, our children's tears should flow,

Oh, may our Works of Love delight bestow!

SONGS.

Late vibrate tones I heard in youthful days,
From joy and grief the minstrel forms his lays.

APOLOGY.

Mysterious will often prove
Th'effusions of a Poet's brain!
My scattered poems to obtain,
From house to house I now must rove.

Those scenes, which far, far distant lie,
On Life's e'er fluctuating strand,
Here, in th'indulgent Reader's hand,
Within his mansion, greet his eye.

Be not discouraged, persevere,
The volume finish, Reader kind!
Since, in the world, caprice we find,
Here contradictions will appear.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.

The Poets love not mute to be,
They cherish sociability,
 Censure and flattery they devour!
We love not to confess, in prose,
But secretly, beneath the rose,
 Within the Muses' peaceful bower.

Mine errors, wanderings, tendencies,
My sufferings, and my sympathies,
 As wreaths, and chaplets, greet thee here;
Age, infancy, and youthful grace,
In Song, have their allotted place,
 And all, in Nature's tints, appear.

THE NEW AMADIS.

In boyhood's early, sunny day,
A lonesome child was I,
And years passed rapidly away,
In strict captivity.

Thou, golden-pinioned Fantasy,
Didst, then, extend thy hand,
And, like king Pipin I, by thee,
Was led from land to land!

Bright crystal mansions I behold, —
As clouds they disappear:
Lo! now am I a hero bold,
And dragons feel my spear!

A Princess fair, as captive mourns;
My sword hath set her free;
Now, to her palace she returns,
There joys are stored for me.

I pledge unto that beauteous one,
Love's everlasting vow:
What bliss luxuriant is our own,
Love's sun-beams round us glow! —

Alas! doth a magician's wand
My Charmer bear away?
To find her, in th'encharmed land,
What guide directs me? — say!

STIRBT DER FUCHS, SO GILT DER BALG.

„Stirbt der Fuchs, so gilt der Balg“, signifies literally: *When the fox dies, the skin is of value*. This is a game of Forfeits which is frequently played by the children of Germany. In France this game is termed: „*Le petit Pierre brûle encore*.“ The players sit in a circle, and a lighted match is rapidly passed from the hand of one to the other. That person in whose hand the flame expires, pays a forfeit.)

As, 'neath an arbour's shade, at noon,
 We, joyous children, lay,
 Sly Cupid his appearance made,
 And wished, at „Fox“ to play.

As each doth sit, and, at his side
 The nymph he holds most dear,
 Young Cupid blows the taper out,
 And cries: „*The torch is here!*“

Th' enkindled torch by Cupid given,
 Is seized with child-like haste,
 And oh, with what rapidity,
 From hand to hand is passed!

With smiles and raillery I receive,
From Dorilis, the brand,
The taper barely do I touch,
When lo! it burns my hand.

The flame increasing rapidly,
O'er eye, breast, face is spread,
And thence arising swift, on high,
It blazes o'er my head!

I strive to quench the vivid flame;
How vain each effort tried!
Instead of dying, lo! the *Fox*,
In me, is vivified:

THE WOOD-ROSE.

Exhaling vernal fragrance, grows,
Within a wood, a budding rose,

Bright as Aurora's glowing skies:
A Child perceives the Floweret fair,
And running, with delighted air,

He saith, with accent of surprise:
„Sweet rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud red,
Bright rose-bud of the wood!“

The Child exclaims, in joyous mood:
„I'll pluck thee, Rose-bud of the wood!“

The Flower, indignantly, replies:
„Presumptuous little one, beware!
For an avenging thorn I bear,
To vindicate mine injuries!“

Oh, rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud red,
Bright rose-bud of the wood! —

The volatile, unthinking Child
Gathers the beauteous Rose-bud wild,
 But soon he feels a poignant smart:
How vain his agonizing cry!
How long he feels the agony,
 Inflicted by thy tiny dart,
Oh, rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud red,
Sweet Rose-bud of the wood!

BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.

Tell me, oh, Theresa fair!
Why that supercilious air,
 When thou hadst unloosed the band?
While the 'kerchief veiled thine eye,
Ah, with what avidity
 Didst thou grasp me by the hand!

Yes! so warmly was I pressed,
That I sank upon thy breast,
 Willing captive unto thee.
When the 'kerchief was removed,
Ah! Theresa, the beloved
 Darted freezing looks on me!

Groping, here and there, I roved,
Laughing-stock of all I proved,
 All my limbs in jeopardy.
If I fail to gain thy love,
Blindfold would I ever rove,
 As, when prisoner made, by thee!

CHRISTINA.

In sombre mood how oft am I,
 And sadness chills each vein;
Yet, when Christina dear is nigh,
 How bright is all again!
I see her here — I see her there,
 Yet 'tis a mystery
Profound, — why my Christina fair
 Thus fascinateth me.

Whenever, upon mine, doth rest
 Her dark, expressive eye,
Ah, from this palpitating breast,
 My spirit seems to fly!
Such cheeks, with tint of rose-bud dyed,
 Before were never seen,
Say! who could e'er be satisfied
 To gaze on Christine's mien?

When, 'through the giddy waltz, we move, —
When clasped unto my heart,
Th'enthusiastic bliss I prove,
No words can e'er impart.
As, on mine arm, amid the ring,
Christina doth recline,
Not for the treasures of a king
My joys would I resign!

And when her captivating eye —
Is fixed on mine alone,
And when I kiss her tenderly,
What transport is mine own!
I feel each vein and fibre swell
With thrilling ecstasy!
So weak am I, so strong, ill, well,
Christina, when by thee! —

Ye days, pass rapidly away!
Swiftly the time will glide,
When cometh that auspicious day
That thou 'wilt be my bride. —
Methought Christina was my wife,
Mid dreams, and troubled rest;
Oh, may I terminate this strife,
Or die upon her breast!

THE PRUDE.

One vernal morn, devoid of care,
 A gay, young Shepherd-maiden sang,
The wild notes of the Songstress fair,
 'Mid hill and valley sweetly rang:
So la la! le ralla!

By proffered lambs, with fleeces white,
 Would Thyrcis, fain, the Nymph decoy;
She ponders, — then with footstep light,
 Away she trips, and sings with joy:
So la la! le ralla!

One offers ribbons, bright and gay,
 One swain his heart would have resigned,
From lamb, silk, heart, she turns away,
 Laughs, and, with independent mind,
Sings still: la la! le ralla!

THE CONVERT.

Amid the forest-wilds I strayed,
At sunny eventide, alone,
And, on his flute, as Damon played,
The rocks responded to the tone:
So la la! le ralla!

He drew me, gently, to his side,
Damon embraced me tenderly.
„Oh, play another air!“ I cried;
The youth complied: how good was he! —
So la la! le ralla! —

Departed is my peace of mind,
Tranquillity is ever flown;
Vibrations endless do I find
Of one melodious, thrilling tone:
So la la! le ralla!

LOUIS HENRY CHRISTIAN HÖLTY.

Louis Henry Christian Hölty was born the 21st December 1748 near Hannover, at Mariensee, where his father, a native of Hildesheim, was Pastor. Hölty displayed, even from his infancy, an ardent thirst for study, and was possessed of a generous and amiable disposition: these qualities, at a more advanced period, were fully developed, and he obtained the esteem of all to whom he was known. He received the benefit of a careful education, in the paternal house, and, to his mother, a most exemplary woman, he is indebted for that purity of soul of which his poetry is the mirror. Death early deprived him of this gentle guardian, and the day after his mother's demise, Hölty was attacked with the small-pox, of a most virulent kind, and, during two years, great fears were entertained that he would lose his sight, through the effects of that malady. He gradually recovered, but his face which had, hitherto, been so remarkable for its beauty,

was greatly disfigured, and grief destroyed for ever the serenity of his finely formed features.

After his re-establishment, Hölty applied himself entirely to scientific pursuits, and his father who directed his studies, found abundant stores of mental occupation for his son, who devoted himself, with the greatest assiduity, to the study of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and other sciences, and so great was his zeal, that he abandoned many pleasures, natural to his age, barely allowed himself time for his meals, or for recreation, in the open air, and severity only could induce him to quit his books: he seldom retired to rest till Nature became quite exhausted, and rarely slept till two in the morning. From his pocket-money, he secretly purchased oil, and, from a turnip, he fabricated a lamp which afforded him light for his midnight studies, and when by chance, this apparatus was discovered, and confiscated by his watchful father, he kept vigil during the night, and repeated those lessons he had previously acquired. In order to prevent slumber too prolonged; with a string, he tied his arm to a stone which, being placed on a stool at his bed-side, fell with the slightest movement, and thus awakened him.

Notwithstanding this rigid application, Hölty was ever alive to the beauties of Nature, and to the delights of social intercourse; this sentiment was nourished

in the intellectual circle of his father's friends, and in the serene tranquillity of rural life. From his infancy the youth exhibited a strong predilection for all which was calculated to inspire terror. He experienced great delight in rambling, by crepusculum, or by moon-light, in the most dreary places of the neighbourhood, and he was frequently seen wandering, like a spectre at midnight, among the tombs of the cemetery. When his father remonstrated with him respecting his nocturnal promenades, he listened to the exhortation with smiles, avoided the error during some time, and, by his captivating manners, and submission, he obtained forgiveness. Hölty was characteristically negligent of his dress, he rarely appeared, even in the auditory of Göttingen, except in a frock-coat, covered with dust.

Hölty remained in the paternal house till he was sixteen, at that age he was more advanced in the sciences than most young persons who frequent the universities; but his father was of opinion that, without the most profound knowledge of the ancients, there is no possibility of acquiring true erudition, and therefore he resolved to send his son, for some time, to the Lyceum of Celle. Here, in the house of his uncle, the Councillor of the chancery, M. Gossel, Hölty remained three years, and by his amiable manners, his extensive knowledge, and his application, he obtained the love,

and respect of all who surrounded him. At Michaelmas 1768 he returned to Mariensee, and at Easter the following year, he went to the University at Göttingen.

Here, by the desire of his father, he conscientiously applied to theological pursuits, with the intention of devoting himself to the church. At the same time, with the greatest assiduity, he studied the art of poetry, and, in order to comprehend those authors who are considered models, he made himself master of the ancient and modern languages.

Hölty's father had resolved that his son should remain three years at Göttingen; two had passed away at the period he became acquainted with Bürger, Miller, and afterwards with the two counts de Stolberg, Voß, Hahn, Boje, Leisewitz and Cramer, and with all those young men of genius who founded that alliance of poets which was termed the „*Göttinger Dichterbund*“, an association which exercised so great, and so benign an influence over the developement of German national literature. Hölty was one of its most active members.

In the mean time Hölty's father had resolved his son should quit the University, in order to decide on a profession. This was a source of bitter regret to the young Poet, who could not endure the thought of abandoning so many intellectual joys, but so recently found. In another point of view, Göttingen had be-

come a very attractive residence. Like Petrarch, Hölty had a Laura, a young lady, possessed of great beauty, and of a highly cultivated mind. The idol of his affection was ignorant how deep an impression she had made on a heart of which she was, in secret, an object of the most profound adoration. Hölty entreated for permission to remain some time longer at Göttingen, and the indulgent father consented to prolong his stay at the University six months longer. During this time Hölty obtained a stipend, and a gratuitous table-d'hôte. He had also, at the philological Seminary, an employment which was unfortunately, far from being profitable, and he gained, by private instruction, that which he moreover required, to furnish the means of subsistence, and other incidental expenses. Thus he relieved his father who was not wealthy, from the responsibility of his maintenance, and Hölty also gained permission to lengthen his sojourn in Göttingen, and his father ultimately consented to his remaining there as long as he thought proper; however, with his contracted means, he found himself, frequently, in embarrassed circumstances.

In April 1774 he wrote thus to a friend: „In order to alleviate the position of my father, I had decided on giving instructions in the English and Greek languages. I devoted five hours, daily, to this employment, but I have not received payment from the half of my

pupils, the other part have quitted Göttingen, or show no inclination to remunerate me. I am now in debt, and must have recourse to my father's purse."

At Michaelmas 1744 Miller went to Leipzic, and Hölty accompanied him thither; the following extract from his journal is very characteristic. „From Nordheim to Rosla, the residence of the Count de Stolberg, we travelled in an open carriage, beneath a serene and star-lit Heaven. At Rosla we were packed in the above-mentioned yellow carriage.

This is a vehicle covered with yellow cloth, and accommodates eight persons, two before, two behind, and two on either side. My place afforded me an opportunity to gaze, from the window, on a magnificent Nature. We passed through Eisleben where Luther was born, but as it was, unfortunately, night, we could neither take a survey of the town, nor see Luther's house, but here we were joined by a military officer, who proved a most agreeable travelling-companion. We dined with him at Merseburg, and we regaled ourselves, most satisfactorily with the beer of Merseburg. Klopstock has dignified this beer with the name of the „*King of Malt-liquor*“. It is the true Einherium oleum. I sincerely believe that Odin and his companions drank Merseburg-ale in Walhalla. We quaffed so liberally of this beverage of the Gods, that our cheeks were

as ruddy as those of the poet Uz when he composed his celebrated „*Ode to the Divinity*.“

Between Merseburg and Leipsic we took coffee at an hôtel, before which was a phaeton, containing two charming young ladies: one of whom who was extremely beautiful, made an indelible impression on my heart. I placed myself at the door, and as she occasionally passed to and fro, I gazed on her, as one who is enchanted. Once, that lovely being approached me so near that, she inadvertently touched me with her arm. How agitated were my feelings when I saw her depart! I rejoice to think that my heart is still so sensitive. Through the influence of love, what a Heaven is created on Earth! He is an angel who enters that Paradise; — he is an exile who finds not admission there. Notwithstanding my dishevelled hair, perchance she might have deigned to smile on me, had she known that the celebrated „*Traumbilderdichter*“ stood before her.“ Hölty's friends were in the habit of naming him: „The Poet of the dreams of Fantasy.“

After Hölty's return from Leipsic, he was attacked with a violent cough, and pains in his side, and although at an earlier period, a sufferer from that complaint, yet, he now appeared to treat the symptoms with indifference. One morning his friend Voss who remarked that he spit blood, earnestly entreated him

to have medical advice, but Hölty replied, laughing that, this circumstance was nothing extraordinary, and was of no consequence, however, as other friends continually urged the same subject, he finally consented, and accompanied Voss to a physician who conscientiously, yet cautiously gave his opinion, and Hölty's penetrating mind became fully awakened to the truth that, the youthful Poet had long been the prey of consumption! On their return homewards, Hölty gave vent to the feelings of his agitated soul, in a flood of unrepressed tears which fell on the bosom of his sympathetic and sorrowing friend.

Voss, in his edition of Hölty's poems, thus remarks: „I never saw Hölty weep before, and never since, except on the occasion of his father's death. One morning, on his entering my apartment, I said: „Hölty, how do you feel?“ He replied: „Well, but my father is dead!“ Here his voice was interrupted by tears that flowed copiously over his pale cheeks.

This shock aggravated that grief which already preyed on his soul, and, by the advice of his friends, he resolved to repair to the country, in order to submit to a regular course of medical treatment, under the celebrated Dr. Zimmermann. In the spring of 1775 he went to Mariensee, and remained in the house of his step-mother and sisters whose tender care, united to

the regular, peaceful, and joyous life he led in that delightful neighbourhood, had so salutary an effect on his constitution, that he again entertained hopes of a speedy recovery. On the 25th May he thus wrote to Voss: „During the last few weeks, my health has visibly improved; I can breathe more freely, and without feeling pain: the beautiful month of May has flown away so rapidly! During the morning, I wander in the garden, or in the neighbouring wood. Sometimes I recline on the grass, and read the „*Messiah*,“ or study Shakespeare. Here I have not even thought of translations, I must however set to work, if I intend to earn a sufficient sum for the Hamburg journey.“

In proportion as his hopes of recovery augmented, Hölty's ardour for study increased, and he composed, and translated uninterruptedly, and with an assiduity, far superior to his strength. With the products of his economy he undertook little excursions to distant friends. He remained a week at Wansbeck, in the house of Voss. Here Hölty experienced all those joys which result from friendship, and the society of persons of congenial mind. In the autumn of 1775, Hölty again repaired to Hanover, in order, once more to profit by the medical treatment of Dr. Zimmermann. But, in the winter, his strength suddenly appeared to forsake him, and hope fluctuated day by day. A circumstance that

still increased Hölty's mental anxiety was that, in order to defray his expenses, he was compelled to undertake translations from the English, and this occupation exhausted his already enfeebled corporeal powers. Notwithstanding this, he retained his natural cheerfulness of disposition, and, when suffering least from his malady, Hölty composed with his wonted vivacity, and with his accustomed plenitude of imagination.

In the month of May 1776, a few months prior to his decease, Hölty thus wrote to Voss: „If you have sufficient space in the „*Göttinger Musenalmanach*,“ I will convey some poems which are partly in my imagination, and partly vanished thence. During a long interval I composed nothing. These are meagre and unpoetical times, and may very justly be compared to Pharaoh's lean kine, or to myself. I am obliged to devote the morning-hours to translations; after dinner I am attacked with a severe head-ache, and inflammation of the eyes; these, and other painful symptoms, prevent my applying to any serious occupation till five in the evening. I have a great inclination to undertake the proposed journey to Lübeck. I must hasten to another spot, or I shall grow mouldy. Write me soon, I shall certainly, for the future, write very frequently to you.“ —

The noble Voss who, in the preface of the first

edition of Höltz's Poems, published some extracts from the young poet's letters, thus remarked: „My estimable and beloved friend! this was the last letter I ever received from thee. Höltz died at Hanover, September the 1st. 1779.“

Thus early terminated the earthly career of one who will take his place among the immortal Poets of Germany. Höltz's exterior was far from being attractive; he was pale as a statue; when in company with his friends, he was usually reserved and careless. To vulgar eyes, he appeared the image of simplicity. Nothing developed that Poet who sang in strains so impassioned of love, and of the beauties of Nature, except the heartfelt smile which, in his happier moments, illumed his blue, intellectual eye. In the society of strangers he was frequently very taciturn, and seldom uttered an expression, unless the conversation took an interesting turn, but on such occasions, he conversed with so much vivacity that, he riveted the attention of his auditors, as this burst of eloquence was unexpected. He was known, and respected by all in the neighbourhood who considered Höltz a very distinguished, yet a most extraordinary person. When, in his frock-coat he promenaded, listlessly, in the street, he was frequently accosted by strangers, who invited him to the hôtel. He never refused, but followed his new acquaintance,

to the parlour, emptied the glass of his entertainer, and a mute farewell salutation was the only recompense that the inquisitive host could obtain from his celebrated Guest! This apathy must have appeared the more strange, because Hölty possessed great curiosity: he was an acute observer of all that transpired in the literary world, and no observation on his own productions, or on those of his friends, ever escaped him.

Among the German lyric Poets, Hölty will ever maintain a honourable place, but he excels mostly in idyls and in elegies, many of the latter are admirable compositions, and were written a short time previous to his dissolution, while his mind entertained a strong presentiment that he was rapidly hastening towards the tomb. Though suffering from an enfeebled body, and with a mind oppressed by care and anxiety, his effusions are the mirror of a pure and elevated soul, enthusiastic, sensitive and noble. Hölty's poems are not distinguished by Schiller's brilliancy of imagination, nor by the eagle-flight of Klopstock, yet, they delight by their graceful form, their naïvety and their genuine and truthful delineation of Nature.

The first edition of Hölty's poems was published by a person named Gessler, a man without taste or talents. Count F. L. de Stolberg, and J. H. Voss, soon afterwards published another, a correct edition,

entitled: „*Poems by Lewis Henry Christian Hölty*;" edited by his friends, Leopold Frederick Stolberg, and John Henry Voss. Hamburg 1783. This edition also contains Hölty's biography.

Works.

THE CONNAISSEUR, a weekly publication by Town; translated from the English. Leipsic. 1775.

HURD'S MORAL AND POLITICAL DIALOGUES; translated from the English: two volumes. Leipsic. 1775.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY; translated from the English: one volume. Leipsic. 1776. After Hölty's death, this Work was terminated by another individual.

ADELSTAN AND ROSA.

A B A L L A D.

When May, luxuriant month, began,
And all was fair and bright,
From kingly halls roved Adelstan,
A youthful, high-born knight. —
From courts where fashion's circle breathe,
From balls he wanders far,
And, for a shepherd's flowery wreath,
Resigns his golden star.

The vale, with verdant carpet spread,
And clover-spangled field,
Bestow a more luxuriant bed,
Than regal mansions yield.
He roves mid scenes that, day by day,
Still more his soul entrance,
And mingles with that circle gay,
Where shepherdesses dance.

He views, within a calm retreat,
 The hamlet's loveliest Flower:
 How ardently his heart doth beat,
 Subdued by beauty's power!
 Why marvel? — Love inflames each breast;
 Fair Rosa is eighteen;
 Of art is Adelstan possessed,
 And captivating mien.

By tears, and many an artful wile,
 The beauteous, village-maid,
 A stranger to deceit and guile,
 Is, by the Knight, betrayed. —
 The zephyr of the grove, no more,
 He panteth to inhale; —
 He sits not in the sloe-tree bower
 With Rosa of the vale.

Tired of wood, hamlet, waterfall,
 He mounts his Arab steed;
 Towards joys, within his marble hall,
 He hastes, with breathless speed.
 From ball to ball the Knight doth stray,
 Heedless he lately roved,
 Listening to Philomela's lay,
 With Rosa, the beloved! —

Rosa, from' neath a hazel-bough,
Sees Knight and horse depart;
Her cheek turns pale as winter's snow,
How palpitates her heart!
„My Adelstan, abandon me!“ —
He views, but hears her not;
His hat he waves, and rapidly
Departeth from the spot. —

The Mourner, on her crook reclined,
Grasps her neck-ribbon bright;
She gazes wildly: — swift as wind
Is vanished the gay Knight.
In keen despair, her feverish brow
Is, on the verdure, pressed,
And tears of bitter anguish flow
On Rosa's gentle breast.

No dance — no song delights her more, —
No rosy east — calm west;
The village seems, with gloom, veiled o'er,
Each bower a viper's nest.
A melancholy cricket flies,
And chirps before her door;
The night-owl screams! — Fair Rosa dies,
The hamlet's loveliest Flower! —

The death-bell tolls with heavy tone,
 The coffin, now, they bring,
A sacristan moves slowly on,
 And mournfully doth sing.
The pastor prayeth for the dead,
 Flown from this vale of woe,
A sermon, by the priest, is read,
 While many a tear doth flow.

A cross, with golden chaplet, crowned,
 Is placed an Rosa's grave,
Mists, from the verdant hills around,
 With tears her pillow lave.
Mysterious, melancholy night
 Glides where affection weeps,
Yet, Luna's sympathising light
 Doth glow where Rosa sleeps. —

On couch, with silken curtains bright,
 Where gold profusely gleams,
On downy pillow sleeps the Knight,
 Oppressed by harrowing dreams.
He starts, with fear's expression loud,
 A lurid glare is spread; —
Enveloped in funereal shroud,
 A Maid glides near his bed!

Rosa! — poor child! — that guileless one,
 Blighted by falsehood's breath;
The roses, from her cheek, are gone,
 Plucked by the hand of Death!
She touches him, with finger cold,
 As, towards the Knight's wild gaze,
Her vest sepulchral doth she hold,
 And winding-sheet displays! —

As faithless Adelstan doth lie,
 Convulsed by nameless fears,
She gazes thrice, with hollow eye,
 Then, weeping, disappears: —
Yet, e'er when midnight-hour doth come,
 There, by the moon's pale ray,
She waves her garment of the tomb,
 And vanishes away! —

The Knight, by torturing thought oppressed,
 In secret, hides his woe,
Pale, melancholy is his guest,
 He seems a spectre now!
With dagger armed, he wildly flies,
 With palpitating breath,
To that lone tomb where Rosa lies,
 The beauteous prey of Death;

He staggers — falls. — Pierced is his heart,
On Rosa's mansion lone;
A demon cries: — „*Depart!* — *Depart!*“
Adelstan's soul is flown.
To that false heart, th'avenging steel,
A fatal wound has given!
His eyes that torturing fear reveal,
Are wildly fixed towards Heaven. —

His relics, in the church-yard lie,
The peasant, wandering lone,
Signeth the cross and hastily,
Departeth, shuddering, on! —
Till midnight, when the cock doth crow, —
With dagger in his breast,
Roves Adelstan, the prey of woe,
As many can attest!

THE OLD PEASANT'S ADVICE

TO HIS SON.

In Virtue's path life's journey run,
 'Till halting at the tomb,
Ne'er mayst thou be induced, my son,
 From God's high-way to roam!
Then, in green fields, near rivers clear,
 Thy pilgrimage will be;
Then, void of shuddering, or fear,
 Death wilt thou calmly see.

Thy scythe, thy plough, each daily task
 How light will all appear!
Thou'lt sing, beside thy water-flask,
 As though rich wine were there.
All, to the wicked is severe,
 Whate'er his time employ;
The devil guides, through regions drear,
 And leaves him, void of joy.

On him smiles neither cheerful spring,
Nor field of yellow grain;
Fraud e'er impels him on the wing,
Base lucre to obtain.
To him wind, tree, and bower seem
The harbingers of gloom;
He finds, beyond life's troubled dream,
No peace within the tomb.

For when pale wandering spirits roam,
Transformed in a black hound,
Near to his late terrestrial home,
At midnight is he found!
The spinners, gliding stealthily,
With spinning-wheel on arm,
Fly, trembling, like an aspen-tree,
With heart-thrilling alarm.

Spinners, as wheels turn round and round,
The fearful history tell,
And ardently they wish him bound
Within the vaults of Hell.
Old Hans a child of Satan proved,
Yes, 'till his dying-day!
His neighbour's land-mark he removed,
And stole his land away.

Now, as a man of fire, he moves,
 Ploughing that neighbour's land,
And measuring, up and down, he roves,
 With fiery cord in hand.
He burns with a demoniac light,
 Beside the flaming plough;
He poughs, and burns the live-long night,
 'Till rays of morning glow!

The Justice who deceived the poor,
 Killed stags, robbed those in need,
Hunts with black hounds, through wood and moor;
 On Satan's fiery steed.
On knotty staff, he's now a bear,
 With shaggy fur! — He howls;
Sometimes a goat doth he appear,
 And through the village prowls!

The Priest who once the dance condemned,
 Yet, practised usury, —
A spectre, at the shrine, doth bend,
 At midnight hour, his knee.
He thumps the pulpit; echoes fly
 Thence toward the vault of Heaven!
He counts that money, greedily,
 Which Penitence has given.

The Lordling who the widow lone,
Once basely dispossessed,
In coach, impelled by sigh and groan,
Will ride to Satan's feast.
Sulphureous garments, vividly
On fire, will round him wind,
A devil will his coachman be,
And imps will stand behind. —

In Virtue's path life's journey run,
Till halting at the tomb;
Ne'er mayst thou be induced, my son,
From God's high-way to roam!
Then children's children, on thy tomb,
Sweet flowers of Spring will rear,
Those flowers luxuriantly will bloom,
Bedewed by memory's tear.

ELEGY

ON A

COUNTRY-MAIDEN.

Alas! what solemn, melancholy sound

Re-echoes from yon ancient, moss-crowned dome?

Bride, father, mother, children weep around

The grave-digger, as he prepares a tomb.

In Death's funereal, mournful drapery,

A garland circling her flaxen hair,

A mother's lifeless treasure there doth lie,

The hamlet's Ornament is slumbering there!

Her young companions stand around her bier,

The village-dance is banished from each mind;

On Rosa's coffin flows affection's tear,

While, for Death's chaplet, beauteous flowers are twined.

Rosa! in virtue, who could thee excel?

Who, of the tears of love, could worthier be?

Heaven's inmates that in realms celestial dwell,

Possess not more unsullied purity.

Lo! angel-like doth Rosa greet our view,
In rural vesture, at her narrow door:
Her gems were blossoms, glittering with dew,
The modest violet, and the meadow-flower,
Her fan was the balsamic zephyr's wing,
The arbour a luxuriant roof bestowed,
Her mirror was the pure, translucent spring
That, gently murmuring, near her cottage flowed. —

Sweet modesty, like silvery moon-beams fair,
Flushes her cheek, and sparkles in her eye,
Yet, Innocence, child of a better sphere,
Her guardian-angel, ever hovers nigh.
What ardent glances of the village youth,
In secret, toward the beauteous maiden roved!
And the fair shepherdess, the child of truth,
To one doth plight the solemn vows of love!

To William! — Beneath the beech-tree's shade,
At evening, in the sunny days of Spring,
How many a blooming youth, and village-maid
Assemble, jocundly to dance, and sing!
Fair Rosa gives her William ribbons bright,
At harvest-time, to deck her lover's hat,
And, smiling talks, with innocent delight,
As, on the sheaf, they joyously are sat.

As Rosa binds the corn that William mows,
How oft, on his, her gentle glance doth rest,
"Till evening's tint, on the horizon glows,
And twilight's misty veil obscures the West!
Rosa is William's treasure of the earth,
The fairy of his dreams, his bliss by day:
Could seraphs that, from Heaven, derive their birth,
Love, with more purity of heart than they? —

Ah, William! William! the death-bells toll,
The hymn funereal echoes on the ear,
Pale mourners weep, as anguish rends each soul,
And lo! the flowery crown of Death is there!
William leans o'er the grave. Farewell to all
His earthly joy! — From Rosa's grave he moves,
And wipes the gushing, sacred tears that fall
Over the resting-place of her he loves. —

Slumber in peace! Oh slumber, beauteous one;
Until the solemn resurrection-day!
At evening, Philomela, may thy tone
Chant an harmonious funereal lay!
O'er variegated flowers, on Rosa's tomb,
Breathe, thou melodious zephyr of the West!
High on that venerable, moss-crowned dome,
Ye gentle turtle-doves — construct your nest!

A WINTER-SONG.

Rich wines, flow, flow!
Keen North winds blow,
 To rest doth Phoebus sink:
The shaggy bear
Frowns night-blasts near,
 Drink, brethren, let us drink!

The wood-fire bright
Spreads cheerful light,
 Lo! sparks, in volumes, fly;
The noble Rhine
Provides us wine:
 Quaff, brethren, joyously!

The banquet gay
Drives frost away,
 And ushers blooming Spring:
Joy's magic hours
Are crowned with flowers,
 While feathered warblers sing.

Songs echo round,
Harps sweetly sound,
 We rove through valleys fair,
A virgin-train
Glide o'er the plain,
 And grapes luxuriant bear.

Rush wildly forth,
Blasts from the North,
 O'er valleys decked with snow!
Yet, gently pass
That sparkling glass,
 Whence purple juices flow!

Paint, brown and blue
The haughty shrew,
 With supercilious air!
Yet, Boreas keen,
Shun Hermeline
 Who veils her bosom fair!

THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S SONG.

Thou spade, dig on! dig on!
The golden store I've won,
 Oh spade, I owe to thee!
The rich become my prey,
The poor their tribute pay,
 All homage yield to me! —

This Skull, once proud and high,
Returned no courtesy,
 By whomsoe'er addressed.
This haggard Skeleton,
Whose lip and cheek are gone,
 Once, wealth and rank possessed!

This Head where ringlets flow, —
Not many years ago,
 Graced an angelic form;
Before her daily bowed
A brilliant, flattering crowd,
 With adoration warm! —

My spade, dig on! dig on!
Each treasure I have won,
 Oh spade, I owe to thee!
The poor a tribute pay,
The rich become my prey;
 All homage yield to me!

GENIUS.

Dost thou demand: „Should I believe the School-men's
treasured lore,

That lore which their disciples prize, like oracles
divine?

Will Science only guide my feet, where Peace hath
hid her store?

Do Happiness, and Justice kneel, at System's fra-
gile shrine?“

„Nature! — shall I thy voice mistrust? — that voice,
like tones of Heaven?

That Law must I forswear, by thee, inscribed upon
my breast,

Ere, on th'immortal Document, the *School* their seal
had graven

And, on my free-born spirit, had that formal
seal impressed?“

„Oh answer! Thou didst penetrate that sombre, dread
abode;

Uninjured, say! didst thou escape from Death's
mysterious sphere?

Thou who, in dreary sepulchres, with mummies, oft hast
trod,

Know'st, if from subterranean tombs, the Balm of
Life flows there!“

„That road, obscured by clouds of night, with terror
fills my mind;

Yet, thitherward, I fain would rove, Justice, and
Truth to find!“ —

The glories of the Golden-age, my friend, are known
to thee,

That Age, the theme of Poets', songs, and deathless
minstrelsy.

Then deigned th'Olympians to reside among the sons
of earth,

Then Innocence, within the breast of man, was
wont to dwell,

Implanted by that Sovereign Power which gave the
planets birth,

And vivified the hidden germ, within the egg's
frail shell.

Man's soul obeyed instinctively that calm, harmonious
power,
Whose laws impelled him, silently, towards Truth's
divine abode,
And as the dial's circling wand, doth trace the fleet-
ing hour,
Thus man, by laws unerring, sought th'eternal
Source of Good! —

No sceptic then perverted Truth, and, not amid the
tombs,
Found man that vivifying law, unveiled to every
eye;
Each heart possessed th'eternal Code, from which
all wisdom comes,
Yet, none could penetrate the source, involved in
mystery.

The Golden-age is passed away! Anarchy's envoys
rove,
Destroyed is sacred Nature's peace, and vanished
is her rest;
No longer are the thoughts of man, the Oracles of
Jove,
The whisperings of the Deity, no more, inspire
his breast.

In the heart's deep recess, alone, that voice divine is
found:

Responses, unto Innocence, will ever, thence, be
given;

That Sage who lists with guileless heart, again, will
hear the sound,

And, to th'Enquirer, will respond Nature's pure
tones of Heaven! —

Didst thou, young student, never from thy Guardian-
angel fly?

Is sacred conscience still, thy soul's instinctive,
cherished guest?

Doth Truth's celestial, glowing ray, still sparkle in
thine eye,

And echoes her melodious voice, within thy child-
like breast?

Doth not tumultuous Doubt disturb thy calm, contented
mind?

Eternally, as now, will Doubt, within thy spirit
lie?

Will fierce-conflicting sentiments ne'er strive, a judge,
to find?

Will not the pride of Science taint thy heart's
deep purity? —

If it be thus, my youthful friend; live thou, in virtue
strong,

Yield not to Science' rigid code: her laws can
teach thee nought,
Science may learn of thee! Despotie laws that rule
the throng

Tumultuous — ne'er were penned for thee! Thy
statute is — *Free Thought!*

For generations, yet unborn, will Codes be formed by
thee;

Fruits, ripened 'neath thy fostering hand will future
ages prize;

The inspirations of thy soul, omnipotent will be,

While thou'rt unconscious of the God that, in thy
bosom, lies!

Unconscious of thy seal of Power! — Thou, modestly
wilt glide

Amidst a world thou hast subdued, for — Genius is
thy Guide!



GODFRED AUGUSTUS BÜRGER.

Bürger's life was, with very few exceptions, nought, save a melancholy tragedy. Few mortals have drained a more bitter cup of existence than this justly-celebrated Poet.

Godfred Augustus Bürger was born at Wolmerswende, near Halberstadt, the 1st of January 1748. His father was a minister of the church. Notwithstanding he possessed an excellent memory, the youth failed in good-will for study. In the tenth year of his age he found great difficulty in reading and writing fluently, and when twelve years old, he could not decline the word *mensa*. Punishment availed nothing with this idle and pensive boy. Instead of learning, he was accustomed to wander whole days, and very frequently, till an advanced hour of the night, in the most solitary labyrinths of the neighbouring forest, and he delighted in abandoning himself to the enjoyment of romantic sentiments, calculated to inspire terror

The poetical tenor of his mind was, at that period, conspicuously developed in his first juvenile Essays in the poetic art.

In 1760 he went to reside with his grand-father, at Aschersleben, in order to prosecute his studies at the Lyceum of that city. Here he made but slow progress in the sciences, yet, his taste for poetry became more confirmed. The raillery and insult of his school-fellows were usually rewarded with keen epigrams, by which he frequently excited the most bitter feeling of his companions. Once, by a similar composition, respecting an enormous perruque, worn by a proud student of the first class in the college, he had made that individual a subject of universal ridicule, and the public retribution was so severe that, in 1762, his grand-father removed him to the College of Halle.

Here the Poet became the intimate friend of Götingk, and Bürger's natural talents were fostered, and directed towards a noble sphere of action. The romantic, indolent boy appeared suddenly metamorphosed into a youth, greedy for knowledge, full of genial and joyous life, with an inexpressible goodness of heart, and a susceptibility of mind which aspired to all that was praise-worthy. At the same time he was very satirical, and endowed with many qualifications which formed a strong contradiction. At Halle, there was no

want of subjects for epigrams, and Bürger, on this account was continually embroiled in contentions and enmity.

Bürger exchanged the College of Halle for the University of the same place. Since his father's death, Bürger became entirely dependent on his grand-father who desired that the youth should devote himself to theological pursuits, but this was so foreign to his inclinations that he applied only through form, and consequently, made but slow progress. His favourite studies were those writers whose works are considered the models of poetry. With the most enthusiastic industry, he read the best ancient and modern authors, and extended his knowledge of German literature. He found, in the privy-counsellor Klotz a patron and a friend; he introduced Bürger to other individuals, of congenial mind who formed a society. Here, whatever mental advantages he might have acquired, Bürger's moral character was not improved. His conduct became, daily more and more irregular, and this report having reached his grand-father, he, indignantly, recalled him from Halle.

The grand-son had sufficient influence over the old gentleman, to obtain permission to abandon theological pursuits, and devote himself to jurisprudence, at Göttingen. Bürger frequented the Georgia Augusta at Easter, 1768.

The first six months Bürger led a regular life, and studied his pandects, but in a short time he returned to those follies he had practised at Halle, and became the prey of temptation, and the associate of wild companions. When his grand-father was acquainted with these circumstances, he withdrew his protection, and left the young Poet to his fate. — Bürger, deeply in debt, and upbraided by his conscience, was nearly driven to despair. His better genius however gained the victory; — he rushed from the arms of Vice, and exchanged his nocturnal orgies, for those intellectual delights of the soul, which recompensed the fatherless Student for his midnight toil. By private instruction he obtained his livelihood, and felt proud of his justly-earned independence. With a determined perseverance, he devoted his peaceful hours to the cultivation of his mental powers, and again studied the ancient and modern poets.

At this period was formed among the students at Göttingen, that poetical association which created a new epoch in German literature, and which may justly be denominated the Golden-age. The „*Göttinger Dichterbund*“ included in its Members, Voss, Hölty, Miller, Sprengel, Boje, the two counts of Stolberg, Leisewitz, Cramer, Bürger etc. The above were the most celebrated Members of the „*Göttinger Dichterbund*“.

The chief aim of this society was, to accomplish that which the immortal Klopstock had begun, namely, to free the Genius of the German language and taste, from the chains of servile imitators. With union of sentiment, the members studied, deeply and critically, the best models, among the Roman, Grecian, British, Italian and Spanish poets. That which Lessing, Herder and Gerstenberg had, with enthusiasm and perspicuity, written respecting Shakespeare, assisted these noble youths, to understand the greatest of all poets. Shakespeare was the Genius to whom they unanimously paid their voluntary homage. Their own compositions were subject to the most profound and severe criticism, which, in a short time, contributed to inspire each individual to give to his effusions the greatest degree of polish.

The power and influence of the „*Göttinger Dichterbund*“ was victorious, when the old school, with the weapons of charlatanism, and pharisaic pedantry, attacked the Association; a furious combat ensued, between the powers of mental darkness, and the powers of intellectual light, but, the members of the „*Göttinger Dichterbund*“ were crowned by nobly-gained laurels.

Bürger, in a great measure is, indebted to this society, for his high attainments, and for his fame, as a poet. The severe yet profound critiques, especially from the part of Boje, which awaited all his effusions,

were to him, an ever-goadng spur which excited him to give his productions more rotundity, and a higher degree of grace and harmony.

In 1772, Boje, who was minister of state in the service of the King of Denmark, obtained for Bürger, through the intervention of the counts of Uslar, an employment in the administration of justice, in Altengleichen, in the principality of Walenberg.

When Bürger's grand-father heard of his reformation, he became reconciled, paid his debts, and advanced the requisite security on his grand-son's installment in office. Unfortunately, this money fell into the hands of a swindler who retained it several years, and ultimately, nearly all was lost. This circumstance was the foundation of Bürger's ruin, and allured him into a variety of troubles, from which, Death alone relieved him.

Bürger's residence in the country visibly fostered his poetical talents. In Altengleichen he wrote „*Leonora*“, his master-piece: this composition won the admiration of the whole literary world. Never was any production of the German genius received, with more satisfaction than that poem.

In 1774 Bürger married the eldest daughter of the neighbouring Hanoverian employé, Leonhardt of Niedeck, and, with this union, begins the fearful tragedy of his life. In forming a matrimonial alliance, his chief aim



had been to obtain a prudent housewife, and he had elected, a partner, without love.

He had but just made the propositions, when he beheld, for the first time, Augusta Niedeck, then in her fourteenth year, the beautiful sister of his betrothed, and whom, since, he celebrated under the name of Molly. A passion, the most profound, was awakened in either heart. Instigated perchance, by a romantic, or by a justifiable sense of honor, regardless of the upbraidings of his conscience, Bürger led to the hymenial altar, a woman for whom he had never felt the sentiment of love, accompanied by her fascinating sister whom he secretly adored!

Henceforth the Furies appeared to hover around the existence of these three ill-fated beings, and to prepare for them, the most inexpressible and cruel sufferings. The passion of the two lovers daily increased, and each effort they made, to suppress its influence, only augmented its invincible force. Too soon the wife learned the fatal secret, and too soon that secret was known to the world! Favoured by circumstances, calumny, with a viperous tongue, invented histories the most ungenerous, and stigmatized this liaison of the unfortunate pair, as a crime against morality. His most intimate and faithful friends defended him, in vain; they could not deny the existence of a mutual

love, and, in the eyes of the multitude who are too corrupt to consider such liaisons, otherwise than under the most sensual forms, this avowal was almost considered equivalent to a confession of adultery!

But the voices which exclaimed: „Crucify them! Crucify them!“ have long been silent! With the most profound compassion Charity will read the confessions of Bürger, in his poems. In his „*Elegy*“ we penetrate, with terror, in the abyss of this tragical liaison, and reflect on that tissue of inauspicious circumstances which had poisoned his cup of life.

In 1780 as a means of ameliorating his pecuniary circumstances, Bürger resolved on turning his attention to husbandry, and rented a farm at Appenroda. Neither the Poet nor his wife had much practical knowledge of economy. Both saw themselves, in a short time, disappointed in their expectations, and the comfort they had hoped to experience in their new avocation, was soon changed into disgust. After the expiration of two years, Bürger abandoned the farm: in this undertaking he had lost nearly all his wife's fortune, and found himself in a condition, more ruinous than ever! This was not his only misfortune: by the denunciation of that swindler who had deprived him of the bail, given on a previous occasion, by his grand-father, Bürger was accused, by the Hanoverian government, of having

executed his functions in a negligent and unfaithful manner. Bürger justified himself from this imputation, but, he who had been so deeply wounded in public estimation, abandoned his employment, in 1784.

At this period, he was released from that matrimonial tie which he had, so rashly, and so imprudently contracted. Death separated him from his wife. Broken-hearted by misfortune, he stood beside the grave of one who had, with noble courage, and renunciation, supported, during ten years, a yoke, which must have proved galling to a woman who faithfully and deeply loved.

The rays of a more auspicious star now appeared to dawn on the Poet. He repaired to Göttingen, in order there, to devote his leisure, entirely, to literary pursuits. The editorship of the „*Almanac of the Muses*“ („*Musen Almanach*“) and private instruction on the Aesthetics of the German style gave him a sufficient, but at the same time, a straitened income, and, as he considered his pecuniary revenue fixed, he contracted a matrimonial alliance with his beloved Augusta Niedeck who had been, irresistibly, the idol of his imagination, and who had unfortunately, been also the source of so much anguish of soul to Bürger.

The Poet was soon awakened from his dream of connubial felicity. Barely were their domestic arrangements at Göttingen completed, when Fate who had,

during ten years, separated them, blasted for ever the terrestrial happiness of Bürger. His youthful and beautiful wife died in the twenty-fourth year of her age, a short time after having given birth to a daughter. —

It was impossible for any mortal to feel, more poignantly, a blow so cruel. With the loss of his Augusta, all Bürger's mental courage appeared annihilated, and his corporeal powers seemed paralysed. After having been plunged, during several months, in apathetic grief, he made an effort to arouse from despondency; applied, anew, to study and to literary employments, entered, with avidity into Kant's philosophy, but his physical strength, shattered by bitter suffering, and accumulated misfortunes, yielded. „The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak.“ He was stricken and blighted, and, from that period, wandered slowly, like a phantom, towards his tomb. —

In 1787 the philosophical faculty at Göttingen, on the occasion of the celebration of their 50th anniversary, granted Bürger the diploma of Doctor, and two years later, he obtained the place of Professor extraordinary, (*Professor extraordinarius*) without emolument. These hopes of a better patrimony gave Bürger the first impulsion to a long-cherished, yet secret feeling of his breast, that of educating, beneath his own roof, his three motherless children who had been

placed at a distance, under the protection of relatives. Alone, he found his incapacity to accomplish his object, and he felt the necessity of providing for the orphans, a maternal guardian. The thought, so long indulged, silently, in his heart, was now ripened into a resolution, that of endeavoring to find a lady, worthy to become his wife, and who would, at the same time, act as an affectionate mother, to his three children.

Reinhard, Bürger's biographer, relates that, precisely at this epoch, a poem was sent to Bürger, from Stuttgart, by a young lady who, from the style of her composition, seemed to possess a highly cultivated understanding, and, at the same time, a honourable and feeling heart. She professed that, the enthusiastic admiration with which she had been inspired, by reading „*Bürger's Poems*,“ had occasioned her to form the resolution of offering the author her hand, fortune and heart! Bürger regarded this communication, as the effusion of a romantic and impassioned fancy, and the epistle became a subject of amusement to himself and friends. As other letters followed, which left on the minds of the readers, a still more exalted idea of the writer, and the naivety, grace, and purity which animated each sentence, betrayed a female soul, of no ordinary cast, Bürger, and many of his best friends thought the circumstance demanded, at least, a serious

consideration. Bürger returned a poetical answer; this occasioned a personal acquaintance, which finally terminated in the matrimonial alliance of the Poet with the Swabian Maiden, in 1790.

Bürger's hopes of happiness, founded on events so extraordinary, were alas! doomed to be disappointed. At the expiration of two years, passed in domestic misery, the hand of Justice freed him from a bond which was become insupportable!

Henceforth no friendly ray of hope and consolation illumined the desolate Poet on his journey towards the dreary tomb. — Bowed to the earth in body, and in mind, abandoned by nearly all his former associates, self-confidence, at length forsook him, and he was accustomed to remain, during many months, shut up, a close prisoner in his melancholy little study, exhausting the last efforts of his intellectual and noble soul in translations from different languages; — an employment, miserably remunerated, but, to this occupation he submitted, in order to find the scanty means of prolonging his wearied existence! — Such was the position of the favourite Poet of the German nation!

Bürger had not yet drained the last bitter dregs from the empoisoned cup of human life. *This* was reserved in a critique of the highly-talented Schiller who endeavoured to wrest from a brother-poet, laurels

that had been so gloriously won. In this respect, Schiller acted with injustice, and little in harmony with that generosity and delicacy of sentiment that characterized Schiller's disposition. This critique appeared in 1791, in the „*Literary Gazette of Jena*.“ („*Jenaer Literaturzeitung*“ 1791.) Bürger's violent and keen reply demonstrated publicly, how profoundly he felt this unexpected and cruel blow, and how deeply his literary fame was wounded!

From this period, the hour of his dissolution visibly approached. Bürger's malady became a rapid consumption, and Penury hovered o'er the bed of the dying Poet! Under those heart-rending circumstances, an unsolicited sum of money, bestowed by the Hanoverian government, prevented Want from approaching the death-bed of the immortal Bürger who expired the 8th July, 1794. —

Bürger's character, though worthy of admiration, was not faultless. Even at the age of maturity, he had not conquered a volatile and juvenile carelessness of action, but these faults were counterbalanced by numberless good qualities. To unshaken energy of mind, he united a generous heart which beat, enthusiastically, in the cause of humanity, and for all that was noble.

Although continually the prey of dissimulation, he had an unshaken faith in those who surrounded him,

and a breach of confidence deeply wounded him. Bürger was modest in estimating his own talents, silent in the convivial circle, and retiring, rather than presumptuous. The cunning and volubility of the worldling were despised by Bürger, yet, he was an agreeable companion, and never offended by his frankness. To his friends he was justly dear, on account of his sympathetic heart, and he was ever ready to administer to the misfortunes of others. Towards his children he proved a most affectionate father, and Bürger was indefatigable in forwarding the interests of his family, though the means he employed were not always the most prudent.

Horn very judiciously remarks thus: „The best critique which can be made on Bürger's Poems, is that which his own nation has pronounced, namely, that, most Germans have learned his poems by heart.“ — As a writer of romances, he is unsurpassed, even by Schiller. Bürger's subjects are never insipid, they are chosen with judgment, and display vivacity, plenitude of thought, and originality. His songs appear the pure vibrations of his breast. It has been justly remarked, by many authors of eminence that, if Bürger had written „*Leonore*“ only, this composition would have given him immortality.

Bürgers principal Works are:

POEMS. Göttingen, 1778. 2nd edition 1789. 3rd, 1846.

DISSERTATION ON THE METHOD OF LEARNING THE GERMAN LANGUAGE, and the art of writing in the Universities. Göttingen 1787.

ODE ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GEORGIA AUGUSTA. September 1787.

THE YOUTHFUL YEARS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, written by himself, for the instruction of his son. Translated from the English. Berlin, 1792.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. Published by E. v. Reinhard. 2 volumes, Göttingen, 1797.

BÜRGER'S COMPLETE WORKS. Published by C. v. Reinhard. 4 volumes. Göttingen, 1796. New edition, 8 volumes, 1829.

BÜRGER'S COMPLETE WORKS. ONE volume. Published by W. A. Bohtz. Göttingen, 1835.

THE WIVES OF WEINSBURG.

(The subject of the following poem is not a fabrication of the Poet's imagination, but delineates an authentic event recorded in the History of Germany.)

Weinsburg, a city, long renowned,
Know'st thou where it doth lie?
There many wives, and maids are found,
Of worth and piety.
Whene'er allied in Hymen's chain,
A Weinsburg-wife may I obtain! —

Conrad hostilities declared
'Gainst Weinsburg, famed so far;
The Emperor thitherward repaired,
With all the pomp of war;
Battalions were encamped around,
Troops, horse, and foot, marched o'er the ground. —

As the besieged their town defend,
From war's destructive flame,
A herold doth the Emperor send,
This message to proclaim:
„Whene'er I pass yon walls, I swear,
No rebel shall the gallows spare!“ —

Ah! — when this proclamation dread,
The herold doth repeat;
In Weinsburg lamentations spread,
Echoing from street to street.
How dear is bread, midst din of war,
Yet, good advice is dearer far! —

The trembling monks exclaim, while roll
Warm torrents from their eye:
„Oh Lord! have mercy on my soul,
Alas! we soon must die;
Already, on my throat, I feel
The Emperor's avenging steel!“ —

From deepest fathoms of despair,
When wisdom — prayers are vain,
How oft, from arts of woman fair,
Deliverance we obtain!
Priest's guile, and woman's subtlety, —
To these, oh, — what compared may be!

A youthful and enamoured bride
 Who pledged her nuptial-vow,
But yeisterday, (you may deride,)
 Sage counsel would bestow, —
Counsel on which might all rely,
Could she but speak, at liberty. —

Beneath the moon's auspicious ray,
 Th' Ambassadors fair,
Toward Conrad's camp direct their way,
 And crave for mercy there:
They plead so gently — plead so kind,
Yet, ah! — this boon, alone they find:

„The Women all have egress free! —
 With what they prize the best,
They may depart, at liberty,
 The sword awaits the rest!“ —
O'erwhelmed by this announcement dire,
The Deputation fair retire. —

When morn's first blush illumines the sky,
 Lo! — Weinsburg's gates unfold,
And, with emotions of surprise,
 The Wives do all behold,
Each, with her Husband in a sack,
True as I'm living! — pickaback. —

Mid Conrad's knights, are murmurs heard,
Against the artifice; —
„Sacred should be a monarch's word.“
The Emperor Conrad cries;
„Bravo! Bravo!“ doth he exclaim,
„God grant our wives may do the same!“ —

The Weinsburgers have pardon found,
A banquet they prepare;
Flute, violin, and trumpet sound,
What heart-felt joy is there! —
Joy felt, alike, by great and small! —
Broom-seller — burgomaster — all! —

Weinsburg — by chroniclers renowned,
Know'st thou where it doth lie?
There, wives, and beauteous maids are found,
Of worth, and piety. —
Whene'er I tie th' hymenial knot,
I'll choose my Wife, from that famed spot!

COUNT CHARLES OF EICHENHORST

and

Gertrude de Hochburg.

A BALLAD.

„Page! saddle me the Danish steed!

Hence — hence must I depart,
And, from this castle ride, with speed,
To find repose of heart!“ —

Thus cries Sir Charles — stranger to rest,
Presentiment o'erclouds his breast;
He feels like one who, in fierce strife,
Has robbed a deadly foe of life! —

He gallops off; — sparks, glittering fly,
Beneath his courser's feet;
Lo! Gertrude's maid, advancing nigh,
The Chevalier doth greet.
She seemeth like a phantom light,
Beguiling his astonished sight;
Immoveably doth he remain,
And fever-flushes chafe each vein.

„May God, for thee, Sir Charles, prepare
Peace and felicity!
A farewell-message do I bear,
From Gertrude unto thee.
Thou ne'er wilt claim fair Gertrude's hand!
Count Blunt from Pomerania's land,
The promise of her sire hath won,
And Gertrude, soon, will be his own!“ —

What passions glow in Charles' breast! —
„In castle-dungeon lone,
Where toads and serpents form their nest,
The caitiff shall be thrown!
No peaceful sleep will close mine eyes,
Till, in his heart, my weapon lies, —
Till that presumptuous heart I've torn,
And spurned, with deep indignant scorn.“ —

Heart-broken, to her chamber lone,
Repairs th'affianced Bride,
For death she prays with sigh and moan,
And, there her tears doth hide. —
May God who views her anguish wild,
Console that gentle, sorrowing child!
His eye surveys the rankling dart:
God, consolation can impart. —

She cries: — „I soon, through keen despair,
Shall yield, the prey of death.
Haste! my last salutation bear,
Ere I resign my breath!
Say, that from Gertrude thou dost bring
A farewell-gift — this golden ring,
And a memento from the hand
Of Gertrude — an embroidered band.“ —

Like ocean's roar, when billows rise,
The maiden's tones resound:
Each star seems wandering 'mid the skies,
And mountains whirl around.
As leaves driven on by winter's wind,
Thus roves, tumultuously his mind,
And keen despair usurps control
O'er Charles' agitated soul. —

„God recompense thee, faithful maid!
I, thee can never pay,
For that memento, now conveyed,
God will, a future day,
A hundred fold! — Swift as a dart,
Courageous maiden! — hence depart!
If thousand-fold her chains should be,
I'll set the beauteous captive free!“

„Haste! gallop with rapidity!

I vow, I will not fail,

From giants' hand, to set her free, —

Yes, giants, clad in mail!

Tell Gertrude that, at twelve, to-night,

Cheered by the stars' auspicious light,

Beneath her window, I'll await,

If weal, or woe should be my fate.“

„Haste! haste thee!“ — Swift, at his command.

, Doth Gertrude's maid depart.

Upon his brow Charles clasps his hand,

How palpitates his heart!

Now right — now left, his steed he turns,

His cheek with fever-flushes burns,

What thoughts conflicting chafe his mind,

Ere a decision he can find! —

Loud echoes the Knight's silver horn,

From tower, and balcony,

And swift o'er mount, vale, field of corn,

And wood, his vassals fly.

To each assembling swift around,

Charles whispers a mysterious sound: —

„Be vigilant, my trusty band!

„List to my bugle! — Be at hand!“ —

When hill and vale are mantled o'er
By sombre shades of night, \\
And, one by one, from Hochburg's tower,
The lamps withdraw their light,
When each is lulled to peaceful rest,
Save Gertrude who, with throbbing breast,
And feverish thoughts that wildly rove,
Muses on Charles, her earliest love, —

List! list! a gently-murmuring tone
Salutes the mourner's ear:
„My Gertrude! my beloved one,
Thy faithful Knight is near,
And thy deliverer will be!
Time presses; oh, depart with me!
Securely is the ladder placed,
Hence, on my charger, let us haste!“ —

„Ah my beloved Charles; no! no!
If hence I haste, with thee,
Far more profound will be my woe;
Dishonoured shall I be!
Yet, dearest treasure of my heart,
One farewell kiss before we part,
On earth, for ever! Soon my breath
Shall I resign, and welcome death!“ —

Gertrude! to mine integrity

A world mayst thou confide.

My child! thy honour trust to me,

Mine own affianced Bride!

My mother's mansion shall be thine:

Until we stand at Hymen's shrine;

Oh haste! Auspicious is night's gloom,

To God and me resign thy doom!" —

„A haughty baron is my sire,

Proud of his dignity,

I tremble now before his ire,

Forbear! — This ne'er can be.

Revenge would chafe him, night and day,

Until thy life becomes his prey, —

Until thy heart, in bitter scorn,

Before his daughter's eye is torn!" —

„Nought shall I fear, when, at my side,

My Gertrude have I placed;

Then East and West will open wide: —

Beloved, why linger? — Haste!

List! list! — What moves in yon dark spot? —

Depart oh Gertrude! Tarry not,

The night hath ears; soon dawns the day;

Descend! — we're lost! — Oh, haste away!" —

With hesitation doth she stand, —
Each breath her soul alarms. —
The Knight hath grasped her snow-white hand;
Gertrude is in his arms! —
While folded to his panting breast,
How ardently is she caressed!
And Heaven's benignant stars, above,
Witness their vows of deathless love. —

Quickly is placed, th'affianced Bride
On Charles' Polish steed:
As lightning Charles is at her side,
And forth he darts, with speed,
As on the wind's swift pinion borne! —
O'er his steed's saddle hangs the horn,
The whip and spur he now applies,
And, in the rear, soon Hochburg lies. —

How sensitive is midnight's ear,
To each minutest tone!
A traitoress is listening near,
To whom each sound hath flown.
Th'insidious duenna keen,
Of sordid mind, and spirit mean,
Arises, nimbly, from her bed,
And echo's voice the news hath spread. —

„Awake, illustrious Baron! wake!
Depart, without delay!
Thy daughter's honour is at stake,
Now, now she hastes away,
With Charles of Eichenhorst, by night,
The forest-shades protect their flight;
Oh, tarry not Sir Knight! — Haste on!
The fugitive may, yet be won.“ —

„Forth to the rescue! — Swift repair;
Rise, noble Count! arise!“
Soon as the message greets his ear,
Thus Gertrude's father cries:
„My son, from Pomerania's land,
Arouse thee, sword and lance in hand!
From thee is stolen thy promised Bride;
Re-capture her! — As lightning ride!“ —

Mid twilight's gloom the lovers fly;
List! — near are tones profound, —
Hark! — horses are advancing nigh,
From Hochburg comes the sound.
The Pomeranian's rapid steed
Bears on the Count, with breathless speed,
And 'neath fair Gertrude's trembling glance,
Glistens the hated rival's lance! —

„Robber of honour! halt thee here,
With thine unworthy prey!
Thee will I teach, with sword, and spear,
To steal a Bride away!
Halt fugitive coquette! await!
My vengeance will I satiate;
Thy guilty paramour and thee,
I doom to death, and infamy!“ —

„List! — clown from Pomerania's land; —
Thou liest! — Here, I vow,
On thee, with sword, and lance, in hand,
A lesson I'll bestow!
Gertrude! the courser be thy care,
Dismount Sir Rustic, from thy mare;
More polished manners learn! attend!
Instructions I'll impart! descend!“ —

How poignant Gertrude's keen despair!
She views, by morn's first light,
Bright sabres glistening in the air,
Clashing 'mid deadly fight.
On polished armour, weapons sound,
Awakening caverned echoes round,
And, o'er the rival enemies,
What circling clouds of dust arise!

Like tempest's breath, Sir Charles' steel
Has pierced his hated foe!

Ah, what unbounded joy doth feel
The ardent lover now!

Yet, ere the Knight remounts his steed,
List! List! advancing, at full speed,
The Baron's rear-guard now appear; —
Behold! the vassal-train is near! —

Trara! Trara! through wood, and glade,
Charles' silver horn doth sound;
Like phantoms from their ambuscade,
His vassals flock around. —

„Halt Baron, halt! — A word with thee!
See'st thou yon gallant company,
Assembled? — ready, at my word,
For death, or life, to draw the sword.“

„Illustrious Baron list! that thou
Mayst have no cause to mourn.
Thy child and I, love's sacred vow,
Long, mutually, have sworn.
Oh! wilt thou sever heart from heart? —
Shall Gertrude's — prey to sorrow's dart,
Cry to the world, and God, Sir Knight? —
If this avails not, let us fight!“

„Reply not! — lest thy heart upbraid;
God hears the vow I swear:
To Gertrude, all respect I've paid,
Deny me not my prayer!
Father! — bestow thy daughter's hand;
Heaven gave me gold, high birth, and land;
Dishonour sullies not my name, —
I'm not unknown in deeds of fame.“ —

Pale as a statue — mute with woe,
Stands Gertrude near her sire;
Her veins, with fever-flushes glow,
How dread paternal ire!
Ah! what conflicting pangs she feels,
As, near that Sire, the suppliant kneels!
Though gushing tears bedim her eye,
His wrath she fain would pacify. —

„Father!“ she cries, with accents wild,
„As thou wouldst pardoned be,
By God, — oh, pardon thus thy child; —
Compassion show to me!
Compelled, unwillingly, to roam
From the beloved, maternal home:
To one I scorned, could I have given
Love's hallowed vow? — Forbid it Heaven!“ —

„How oft hast thou, when on thy knee,
Thine arm around me twined,
Thy heart's best treasure naming me,
Thy staff in life's decline!
My father, think of days gone by!
Blight not thy child's felicity!
Forgiveness, if my sire denies,
My life will be the sacrifice!“ —

No sentence doth the Baron speak,
How palpitates his breast,
As his deep-furrowed, time-browned cheek
Upon his hand doth rest!
Grief clouds the father's heart and eye,
Yet, pride that reigns internally,
Forbids that Nature's tears reveal
All that his knightly soul doth feel. —

O'er vengeance has the father's breast
Obtained a victory:
Those tears the Baron long suppressed,
Gush from his haughty eye. —
From earth he lifts his prostrate child,
The tempest of his feelings wild,
In weeping, doth a channel find,
And tender passions calm his mind. —

„My children! — me may God forgive,

As now I pardon you!

My benediction oh, receive!

Affection we renew.“

Advancing to the Count: — „My son,

May God approve this union!

My daughter I resign to thee;

Happy may this alliance be!“

„I give thee Gertrude willingly,

Henceforth am I thy sire;

Forgive — forget all enmity!

Oblivion to ire!

Thy father, mine inveterate foe,

O'erwhelmed me, once, in bitter woe;

Though animosity be flown,

The sire, I hated, in the son!“

„Thy sire's injustice now repair,

Towards Gertrude, and to me;

That life's „good measure“ I may share,

And owe my bliss to thee!

May God who contemplates us now!

Shower benedictions on love's vow!

Exchange my children, ring, hand, heart,

Rancour! — from memory, oh, depart!“

THE EMPEROR AND THE ABBOT.

I'll a history relate that you'll comical find,
Once an Emperor lived, of a humourous mind;
There once lived an Abbot; — how stately his mien!
Yet, his shepherd was far — yes, by far more keen.

Both in heat and in cold, hard the life that was led
By the Emperor! How oft, was war's field-camp his bed;
Oft, no water he gained for his brown bread, and meat,
And oftener he suffered frost, hunger, and heat!

Better far knew the Priest, of his limbs to take care,
To provide dainty food, and down bed to prepare;
As the moon's when full, were the cheeks of the man;
His rubicund waist no three persons could span! —

An affray with the Abbot the Emperor desires,
And he thitherward hastes, with knights, warriors, and
squires.

'Mid the noon-tide heat of a hot summer's day,
Behold! near the abbey, the Priest they survey. —

„At a moment propitious the Abbot we meet!“ —
With satirical tone, thus the Priest doth he greet:
„How, thou servant of God, do times, with thee fare?
Ah! thou thriveest not ill, on fasting and prayer!“

„Yet, how tiresome, methinks, is the life thou dost live!
Thou'lt be grateful if thee, some employment, I give.
Fame reports thee, born with perception, so clear,
That, as groweth the grass — that Growth canst thou hear!“

„In thy full rosy cheek, Father! — strength does not lack,
So, three Nuts, as a pastime, I'll give thee to crack.
In three months, I command thee to clearly expound,
By thine erudition, these Questions profound.“ —

„First; — when throned, and with splendour imperial
crowned,
As my ministers stand, in subjection, around,
Most learned of Prelates! — I'll have thee express
Minutely, my worth; — not a mite, more or less.“

„The second Enigma I'll have thee unravel: —
How long, round the world, will it take me to travel
On horse-back? — The question is pastime to thee;
More or less, not a trice, thine answer shall be.“

„Thou shalt thirdly, oh, phoenix of Abbots, declare,
On what subject I ponder, — yes, true to a hair
Shalt thou say, what I muse on, internally,
Though my thoughts, the reverse of the Truth shall be.“

„Listen! if, to those Questions thou fail to reply,
Thou no longer art Chief of this monastery;
On an ass shalt thou travel, far o'er the land,
In lieu of a bridle, the tail in thy hand!“ —

The gay Emperor, joyously gallops away,
How harrowing the Abbot's distress, and dismay!
Never culprit at Justice' tribunal severe,
Feels greater anxiety, anguish, and fear. —

He consults with collegians, one, two, and three,
And with one, two, three four of the faculty;
Though emoluments liberal are willingly given,
Yet, the Nut's hard shell, by no doctor, is riven! —

While oppressed by research, and discouragement's prey,
Minutes swell into hours; — days, weeks, months pass away.
As the third month, at length, circles swiftly nigh,
Grey and yellow, each object seems to his eye. —

Now the Werther, pale, care-worn, with sunk, hollow cheek,
Doth the forest's umbrageous labyrinths seek.
On a rock, seldom traversed by human feet,
The Abbot, his shepherd, Hans Bender, doth greet. —

„Oh, Sir Abbot!“ cries Bender, „what troubles thee so?
Like a ghost, more and more, every day dost thou grow.
Maria and Joseph! — Oh Father! impart
Thy bitter affliction! What grieveth thy heart?“ —

„Ah, worthy Hans Bender,“ to fate I'm resigned.
The Emperor, to vex, and bewilder my mind,
Three Nuts, on my teeth, has given me to crack,
But, to break them — e'en Beelzebub strength would lack!“

„First: — when throned, and in splendour imperial crowned,
While his ministers stand, in subjection around,
The Monarch, imperiously bids me express,
His worth; — not a mite either more or less,“

„The second Enigma he bids me unravel:
How long, round the world, will it take him to travel,
On horse-back? — He thinks this is pastime to me:
Not a trice, more or less, must the answer be!“

„I, unfortunate Abbot, must thirdly declare,
On what subject he ponders, — yes! true to a hair,
Must I tell — what thought is concealed in his breast,
Though 'tis distant from truth, as the East from the West!“

„If, to these deep conundrums, I fail to reply,
I, no longer am Chief of yon monastery:
On an ass must I travel, far o'er the land,
In the place of a bridle, the tail in my hand!“ —

„What, no more!“ doth Hans Bender exclaim, with a smile,
„Lend thy Nuts to thy faithful old shepherd, awhile,
Let thy cross, hood, and mantle to me be resigned,
And I vow; in a trice, the answers to find!“

„Though, of Latin, and Greek, not a tittle I know,
Yet, sound common-sense, Nature failed not to bestow:
What, for gold, you Philosophers ne'er obtained,
In my youth, from my excellent mother, I gained.“ —

Like a goat bounds the Abbot, so nimble and gay,
He the shepherd with cross, capuch, cap doth array,
And with stately mien, and devotional air,
Doth Hans to the Emperor's palace repair. —

While the Emperor, with dazzling splendour is crowned,
And his courtiers submissive their Monarch surround,
He exclaimeth: „Sir Abbot, calculate right,
And proclaim my value — yes, true to a mite!“

„For thrice ten silver coins was our Saviour betrayed;
Sire! whatever thy vanity, station, or grade,
Less than Christ's is thy value, — this, all will confess:
Twenty-nine art thou worth — not a mite more or less.“

„Brave!“ the Monarch exclaims, „thy reply may impart
Useful maxims, to lessen the pride of my heart;
Yet, ah! by my sceptre imperial, I vow,
Myself I esteemed not of value so low!“

„Now, thou Flower of Abbots! I'll have thee unravel,
How long, round the world, will it take me, to travel,
On horse-back? — The question is sport unto thee:
More, or less, not an instant, thine answer shall be!“ —

„If thy courser thou mount Sire, when riseth the sun, —
If, his faithful companion, thou journeyest on,
I'll venture my crozier, capuch — nay, more,
That in twice twelve hours will the journey be o'er!“ —

„A pre-eminent sophist!“ the Emperor cries.
„In the words *if* and *when*, what deep mystery lies!
What rare qualifications these words enfold!
If and *when* change, verily, stubble to gold!“

„Now, of question the third, unveil clearly the sense,
Or I vow, on an ass, will I banish thee hence!
I've a thought that is false: — thou most sapient of men,
My reflexion reveal, but discard, *if* and „*when*.“ —

„Of St. Gall, Sire, the Abbot thou thinkest am I.“ —
„That's not far from the truth,“ doth the Emperor reply. —
„Forgive me, my Sovereign, thy thoughts are untrue;
Hans Bender his shepherd, in me dost thou view!“

„Sirrah! thou not the Abbot!“ the Emperor cries,
With incredulous accent, and look of surprise;
„Not the Chief of the Monastery! — Here I vow, —
That Abbey, on thee, I'm resolved to bestow!“

„The ring and the baton I'll place in thy hand:
On an ass, the late Abbot shall trot o'er the land,
Till the sense of *quid Juris* be thoroughly known;
Let none wish to gather before he hath sown!“ —

„Forgive me, Oh Emperor!“ That ne’er will succeed,
For thy servant can neither write, reckon, nor read!
Of Latin, I not e’en a syllable know:

„Hans never can gather where Hans failed to sow!“ —

„At this circumstance, Bender, how much do I grieve!
Yet, some token of favour thou still must receive.
Amusement I’ve reaped from thy humorous vein;
The fruits of my gratitude thou shouldst obtain.“

„I, of nought stand in need; yet, if seriously
Thou a boon, oh, my Sovereign! wouldst grant unto me;
Vouchsafe me that proof of munificence now: —
On our reverend Abbot, thy pardon bestow!“ —

„Ah bravo! By lessons which thou dost impart,
Thou reformest the head, — thou allurest the heart!
To the pardon thine Emperor freely accords,
One Clause will he add, in the following words:“ —

„By our letters imperial, henceforth we command,
That Hans Bender, no more ’tend the sheep, on thy land,
But, by thee shall be nourished gratuitously,
Till, in Death’s calm sleep the brave shepherd doth lie.“

THE SON OF THE MUSES.

Through wood and vale I wander,
And, on my sonnets ponder,
At morn and eventime.
Oh, what internal pleasure,
My thoughts to write, in measure,
And all reduce to rhyme!

I wait no opening flower,
That decks field — garden — bower, —
No buds that hidden lie.
Spring-flowerets haste to greet me:
When Winter's tempests meet me,
I sing of joys, flown by.

I sing of frozen fountain,
Of Alps — of polar mountain, —
Of avalanche — of snow!
When Winter's charms are over,
New themes I still discover,
From wood — hill — valley, flow.

Youth's votaries of pleasure,
At my enlivening measure,
 Flock to the linden-tree.
The shepherd is excited,
The shepherdess delighted;
 They dance with heart-felt glee.

Thy Favourite doth revere thee,
Thy heavenly wing doth steer me
 O'er mountain, vale, and plain.
Muse! — when shall I behold thee,
And, to my bosom fold thee,
 Never to part again?

THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST.

In the forest, I ramble,
Devoid of thought,
Why thither I'm wandering,
And seek for nought.

'Neath cool, shady foliage,
A Flower I view,
As a star, brightly glowing,
Or eye of blue.

When, to pluck it, I hasten,
The Floweret cries:
„If thou hence, shouldst convey me,
My beauty dies!“ —

The root soon is transplanted,
With that sweet Flower,
And removed to my garden's
Sheltering bower.

When in solitude, fostered,
And 'tended there,
New buds soon embellish
That Floweret fair.

PRESERVATION FROM DEATH.

Unfaithful was the Nymph I loved,
Terrestrial joy was flown from me,
And towards a river's bank I roved;
There rushed deep waters, rapidly. —

I stand with dark, bewildered soul,
And, to despairing thoughts, a prey;
Th'impulsion barely I control,
To plunge beneath the foaming spray! —

List! — tones melodious echo near, —
I start, — I anxiously gaze round; —
A silvery voice salutes mine ear:
„Beware! the river is profound!“ —

A tremor agitates my frame,
A beauteous maiden greets mine eye; —
Who art thou? — „Charlotte is my name.“
„How good, fair Charlotte!“ I reply.

„From Death have I been saved, by thee,
To thee — Existence do I owe;
Yet, valueless is life, to me,
Unless thou, happiness bestow!“

My griefs, to Charlotte I impart,
She lists, with modest down-cast eye:
I press the maiden to my heart,
And scorn, by suicide, to die.



JOHN LEWIS UHLAND.

John Lewis Uhland was born the 26. April, 1787, at Tübingen. His grand-father Lewis Joseph Uhland who was born in the year 1722, and died in 1803, was a celebrated theologian in the above city. In a highly respectable school at Tübingen, Uhland received a classical education, and, as early as 1802, he was enabled at the age of fifteen, to register himself at the University, in order to assist at the preparatory studies of Jurisprudence, to which he began to apply himself seriously in the year 1805.

His first poetical effusions, of which we have any knowledge, date from 1804. In 1808 Uhland had finished his studies in jurisprudence, and was received amid the number of royal solicitors, and in February 1810, after having publicly discussed a dissertation he had written on the subject of jurisprudence, he obtained the title of Dr. of Laws. Soon afterwards he went to Paris, in order to study French literature,

and at the Royal Library of that city, he particularly devoted his attention to French poetry, and the manuscripts of the middle ages. In the spring of 1811 he returned to Tübingen, and applied himself to various kinds of intellectual pursuits; in 1812 he went to Stuttgart; here he practised as an attorney; he was also employed, during a short period, in the Ministry of Justice, at Würtemberg.

In Leo v. Seckendorf's „*Musen Almanach*“ of 1806 and 1807, Uhland gave publicity to himself, as a poet, under the name of Volker. In 1811, in conjunction with Justinus Kerner and other young friends and poets of the time, he published the „*Poetical Almanach*“ („*Poetischen Almanach*.“) of 1812, which appeared at Heidelberg. In 1813, with the same friends, he published at Tübingen the („*Deutschen Dichterwald*.“)

Uhland was unsuccessful in obtaining an editor till the year 1841, at this epoch a complete collection of his „*Poems*“ was published by Cotta. In 1820 a second edition appeared, considerably augmented, partly by a fragment entitled: „*Fortunatus and his Sons*“, and partly by patriotic effusions, composed in the year 1815, the period in which the late King Frederic of Würtemberg convoked the States, in order to hold consultations respecting forming a Constitution. In consequence of this Convocation, the country obtained the

privilege of a Constitution, and the Muse of Uhland had the satisfaction of publicly proclaiming the grateful expression of the people's feelings which was addressed to the throne.

In the year 1816, having become member of the National-assembly, at Würtemberg, Uhland was, at the same time, appointed member of one of the commissions. Since the year 1829 he occupied himself as Professor of German literature and of ancient and modern languages at Tübingen, and gave his dismission in 1833, because the government refused him the leave of absence which he demanded, to go and occupy his place in the above assembly, but he devoted himself, with renewed assiduity, to the affairs of legislation.

Nearly fifteen years had passed away, when, in April, 1848, Uhland charged by the Ministry of Würtemberg, accepted his nomination as surveillant of the Commission of seventeen confidential individuals (*Vertrauensmänner*) who were adjoined to the Germanic Confederation at Frankfort. A short time afterward, in quality of member of the soi-disant German Rump-parliament, he took his place on the left hand in St. Paul's church, Frankfort, and in the month of June, following, he accompanied that Parliament to Stuttgart.

In July 1850, in quality of member of the states, having been appointed one of the commissioners of the

court of Justice, at Würtemberg, he gave his vote against the Minister of foreign affairs, who had been put in accusation by the States of Würtemberg. Uhland now resides as a private individual, in Tübingen, his native city.

Uhland's principal Works are:

LYRIC POEMS. Stuttgart and Tübingen 1814. 19th edition 1852. 9th miniature edition 1850.

TREATISE ON THE POETRY of the north of France Berlin, 1812.

PATRIOTIC POEMS. Tübingen, 1817.

ERNEST DUKE of SUABIA. A Tragedy in 5 acts. Heidelberg 1818.
New edition 1839.

DRAMATIC POEMS. (Ernest Louis) Heidelberg, 1848.

POEMS. Characteristic of Der Vogelweide.

TREATISE on the History of public shooting. Tübingen 1828.

MYTHOLOGICAL RESEARCHES respecting the God Thor. Published from northern mythological History.

ANCIENT POPULAR SONGS. Published with notes and historical Remarks. 2 Volumes. Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1845.

THE PILGRIM.

Upon Galicia's rocky shore,
Is built a Sanctuary renowned,
There doth Christ's holy Mother pour
A balm for every mortal wound.
The 'desert's wanderer forlorn,
Beholds a golden star arise, —
For pilots, o'er wild ocean, borne,
Lo! there a friendly harbour lies.

When chime the solemn evening bells,
The tone, melodious and clear,
Through city, and through cloister, swells,
Reverberating far and near.
Then calmed is the tumultuous sea
Whose late wild waves, in ripples flow,
And at the rudder, on his knee,
The pilot saith his Avè now.

That day on which the Holy One
 Ascended towards his realm, on high, —
When Mary, in her earthly Son,
 Acknowledged a Divinity, —
That day to honor, she reveals,
 Within her beauteous sanctuary,
Such wonders, that each mortal feels
 Her presence, as in times, gone by!

In valley and umbrageous wood,
 What variegated pennons fly!
From flower-crowned vessels, on the flood,
 Flags wave, beneath a smiling sky.
O'er mountain-paths, from far and near,
 The pilgrims haste, in vesture gay,
A ladder toward the Heavens appear
 The crowds who mount that rugged way!

Yet, other pilgrims follow there,
 Bare-footed, and with dust o'erspread;
Coarse, sackcloth garments do they wear,
 And sprinkle ashes on their head;
These, with the pious Christian, dare
 To hold communion, no more,
The church they enter not; — their prayer
 They utter at the sacred door.

One, with expression of despair,
Is wandering slowly on the way,
Dishevelled is his waving hair,
The pilgrim's beard is long and grey,
An iron band, with rust o'erspread,
Encircleth his trembling form,
With difficulty doth he tread,
For chains surround each foot, and arm!

A sword, raised by a brother's hand,
Once, caused a brother's blood to flow;
Yet, melted, it became that band,
Which, o'er the wanderer, twineth now.
No rest of spirit will he feel,
Till, by a miracle of Heaven,
The fatal ring — th'encircling steel,
From the lone penitent, is riven!

As, on his pilgrimage, he goes,
Coarse, iron sandals doth he wear,
Yet, from benignant Heaven flows
No solace for his keen despair.
From realm to region doth he stray,
And shrines unnumbered hath he found;
To countless statues doth he pray; —
No balm has healed his rankling wound!

The chapel, on the mountain-brow,
 He gains, and, at the portal kneels;
The vesper-bell is chiming now,
 And, o'er the throng, deep silence steals.
He dares not o'er the threshold tread;
 The Virgin, there, may all survey;
The setting sun, around her head,
 Diffuseth a celestial ray.

A galaxy of golden light
 Spreads o'er earth — ocean — ether blue!
Heaven's golden portal is in sight;
 Doth man immortal Beings view?
From yonder cloud, of roseate dye,
 Is not her star-gemmed foot-path seen? —
From yon clear azure canopy,
 Doth Mary smile, with placid mien? —

The pilgrims hasten to their homes,
 Consoled; — yet, one, with broken heart,
Still, near the hallowed threshold, roams,
 And thence refuseth to depart. —
With Death's firm grasp, his heavy chains
 Encircle chill Mortality,
Yet, the enfranchised Spirit reigns
 In Light's unfathomable sea!

THE RING.

One morn, to a valley green
Doth a gallant Knight repair:
He muses, with pensive mien,
On his absent Lady fair. —

„Gold Ring! so precious, and bright,
Bestowed by my Lady-love,
Oh say! — to her loyal Knight,
Doth her heart, still faithful prove?“ —

As he views the golden Ring,
With a contemplative soul,
From his finger doth it spring,
And along the meadow roll.

The Ring he hastes to regain,
Alas! — it is lost to view,
'Mid tangled grass, on the plain,
And 'mid field-flowers, gemmed with dew.

From the bough of a linden-tree,
Doth a hawk, with piercing eyes,
Descend with rapidity,
And, in triumph, wins the prize.

As with pinion swift, through air,
Doth the joyous hawk ascend,
Behold! his brethren there,
For the golden Ring contend!

None hath gained the Ring, though all,
Would the brilliant gem obtain,
And the Knight beholds it fall
In the billowy restless main. —

To seize the bright Ring of gold
How swiftly the fishes glide,
Amid the waves, when, behold,
It sinks in th'unfathomed tide! —

„Oh Ring! on the grassy plain,
Thou enchantest the spring-flowers fair,
Oh Ring! — dost thou not enchain
The birds, as they rove through air?“

„The fish that, in ocean dwell,
Enamoured, swim after thee. —
Ring! — gift of my Charmer — tell;
Is it thus, with her love towards me?“

THE YOUNG KING AND THE SHEPHERDESS.

A BALLAD.

C A N T O I.

'Mid blooming valleys gay,
On the flower-bespangled plain,
'Neath golden skies of May,
To what theme devote my strain?

Bright, clouds serenely glide,
O'er the rippling waters blue,
And gallant courtiers ride
O'er the meads, begemmed with dew.

Light, vernal branches move,
Fanning Spring's opening flowers,
And shepherdesses rove
'Mid the perfumed, rural bowers.

With courtiers at his side,
And, with silken mantle on,
Young Goldemar doth ride,
And he wears a golden crown.

The graceful King, with speed
Alights, and in pensive mood,
To a tree he binds his steed
And wanders through the wood.

In cool, refreshing bowers,
From clustering spray to spray,
'Mid odoriferous flowers,
Sings many a songster gay.

Why bloom the flowerets? — Why
Do the warblers sweetly sing? —
A shepherdess doth lie
By yon cool, refreshing spring! —

Goldemar, moving near,
Through the linden-trees doth glide.
The timid lambs, in fear,
Flock to the shepherdess' side. —

„Welcome! — welcome to thee,
Oh, thou courteous, beauteous maid!
Afflicted shall I be,
If thou, dost feel afraid!“ —

„That I am not afraid,
Do I pledge my sacred word;
Methought, amid the shade,
Fluttered a volatile bird.“

„Fair maid! — if thou wouldst give
A refreshing draught to me,
The flask would I receive,
As a valued gift from thee.“ —

„Of water, from my flask,
That from yonder well I bring,
All may partake who ask,
Yes — e'en the mightiest King!“ —

For water, from the brook,
Doth the beauteous maiden haste,
How tender is his look,
As the draught the Knight doth taste!

He saith, by love o'ercome:

„How beautiful art thou!

Thou art fair as flowers that bloom,

On the verdure round thee now.“

„Such fascination flows

O'er each look, and word of thine,

That all would thee suppose,

Sprung from a royal line.“ —

„My shepherd-sire can tell,

If a monarch he were born;

My mother knows, full well,

If a crown her brow adorn.“ —

Around her form, so fair,

Is Goldemar's mantle placed,

And, the Maiden's nut-brown hair

Is with regal chaplet graced!

She crieth proudly: „Now,

Ye trees, and ye flowerets, all,

Ye sheep, and lambkins bow,

And, humbly before me fall!“

That vest and golden crown,
She returns with playful look,
By Goldemar are thrown
In the crystal murmuring, brook. —

„Yon crown, a true love's token,
Will I demand again,
When many a lance I've broken,
On a distant battle-plain.“

„Full sixteen years, or more,
Has my King, in chains been lying,
While, on my native shore,
Is a foeman's pennon flying.“

„I'll free my King's domains,
By the aid of gallant knights;
I'll break the Captive's chains,
He shall, yet, feel Spring's delights!“

„I haste to the battle-plain; —
When achieved the victory,
Say! — from yon brook again,
Cool draughts may I ask of thee?“ —

„Long as the stream doth flow,
Thee, water refreshing I'll give,
And brilliant as now,
Thou again that crown shalt receive.“ —

My first song all have heard,
And my last I soon shall sing;
From the arbour flies a bird,
Whither doth glide his wing!

C A N T O II.

I'll sing, in my final lay,
 Of trumpet, sword, and spear,
While resoundeth music gay,
 And larks' notes greet mine ear.

To thee I'll relate and sing,
 Of warfare — slaughter — death,
Though I see flowers — trees — that Spring
 Awakes with fostering breath.

Young Goldemar, — who saith nay?
 The victor's laurels gains,
And is first, in circles gay,
 Where peerless Beauty reigns.

The castle is bravely, won
His pennon floateth there;
From the tower, so drear and lone,
His Monarch doth he bear! —

„Oh, thou sun, enthroned in glory!
Thou mountain, tinged with gold!
Ye are youthful still! How hoary,
Am I become, and old!“ —

To festivities and ball,
The champions repair,
Yet, who enumerate all
The guests assembled there!

If, to sit amid that throng,
The honour had been mine,
Forgotten had been guests — song,
Where flowed such luscious wine!

„A tournament will I give,“
The King, to Goldemar cries;
„What guerdon shall receive
The Champion, as a prize?“

„Illustrious King!“ he replies,
„Not spur — not helmet bright,
But grant that the victor's prize,
Be a Crook and Lambkin white!“ —

A prize that, in days of old,
Strove shepherds to obtain,
Now, a host of heroes bold,
With sword and lance would gain.

Lo! Goldemar, the Renowned,
Proves the victorious knight,
And wins by the trumpet's sound,
The Crook and Lambkin white! —

„I would, oh, thou gallant knight,“
The aged Monarch cries,
„That, at tournament, thou fight
For a far more costly prize.“

„Not of trifling worth, or mean,
The prize that may be won!
By the hand of Beauty's Queen, —
My own — my golden Crown!“ —

As the trumpets' echoes sound,
What ardour fires each breast!
Yet, is Goldemar victor found,
Though each performs his best.

While many a gallant knight,
And lady fair stand nigh,
Doth the courteous King invite
The Flower of Chivalry.

Brave Goldemar forth doth ride,
With shepherd's Crook, in hand, —
With a Lambkin at his side,
Led by a rosy band.

Saith the Monarch: „All will own,
Thy prize is far from mean;
I award my golden crown,
From the hand of Beauty's Queen!“ —

He moves, with emotion gay,
The veil that the Queen doth hide,
Ah! Goldemar's glance doth stray,
His eye is turned aside.

„By no crown's imposing glare, —
By no queen my love is won;
A Shepherdess, young and fair,
Reigns o'er this heart alone!“ —

„To a Maid that far hence doth dwell
I'll give Crook, Lamb, and heart;
God preserve thee! — Fare thee well!
To the vale I now depart!“ —

Hark! — what harmonious strain
Salutes his ravished ear,
Like birds, on th'enamelled plain,
Warbling near brooklets clear!

His eye doth Goldemar raise,
Before him, — who doth stand? —
A Shepherdess meets his gaze,
With golden Crown, in hand! —

„To the palace of my father,
A welcome thee I give!
Or, say! — would Goldemar rather,
In yonder valley live?“

„I confer this Crown on thee,
Once, placed within my hands;
And I pay, with usury,
The Sovereign of two lands!“ —

Soon, mutually is plighted
Love's everlasting vow. —
The Lovers are united;
My song is finished now.

HARALD.

In sombre wood, at eventide,
By Luna's silvery light,
Brave Harald, the Renowned, doth ride,
With many a valiant knight,

Who proudly, hard-earned pennons bring,
That through the forest wave:
The echoing war-songs that they sing
Sound through each mountain-cave. —

What glides, by stealth, from yonder bush?
What flutters in yon tree?
What, from the clouds, doth hither rush
Amid the foaming sea?

Who mounts our steeds, and o'er us, fair
And odorous garlands flings?
What Beings sing 'neath moon-beams there,
And dance in dizzy rings?

Who amorously thus doth play,
And nestle on our breast?
Who gently takes our sword away,
And leaves us, void of rest? —

The Elfin-race their charm have spread,
Their power can none withstand;
The celebrated Knights are led,
Captives in Fairy-land! —

'Gainst one — the Flower-of-chivalry,
Their fascinations fail;
Impreguably incased is he
In stalworth coat of mail.

His comrades are the Fairies' prey,
Despoiled of sword and shield!
Their horses wildly dart away,
O'er mountain, wood, and field. —

In melancholy, pensive mood,
Rides Harald, the proud Knight;
Brave Harald roves through yon wide wood,
'Neath Luna's mournful light.

From an o'erhanging rock doth flow
A crystal streamlet fair;
He takes his helmet from his brow,
And quaffs with ardour there.

Barely is feverish thirst suppressed,
When cramped feel arm and knee,
And, on the rock doth Harald rest,
O'erpowered by lethargy!

Hundreds of years doth Harald rest
On that cold marble-stone;
His head reclines upon his breast,
Grey, beard and hair are grown. —

When, o'er that rock doth thunder roll, —
When vivid lightning gleams,
He grasps his sword — still brave of soul,
'Mid troubled fairy-dreams.

THE ROSY GARLAND.

In the luxuriant meadow bright,
Adorned with loveliest gifts of May,
Strive many an illustrious knight
To win Spring's rosy chaplet gay.
Flowers odoriferous, on the plain
The knights refrain to gather there;
May's blooming Prize would each obtain,
As gallant knight, from lady fair.

Within the foliage of a bower,
In tranquil beauty, sitteth *one*
Who seemeth an expanding flower,
Opening her petals to the sun.
Bright, full-blown roses there entwine,
In fragrant garlands, o'er her head,
Where she reposes doth the vine,
Her purple, luscious cluster spread. —

Equipped in armour, doth advance,
 Upon a time-worn steed, a Knight;
How listlessly he bears the lance!
 Doth slumber overpower his sight? —
O'er pallid cheeks, his beard doth flow,
 How feebly is the bridle pressed!
Lo! suddenly he starteth now,
 Like one, aroused from troubled rest. —

„My salutations oh, receive,
 Thou beauteous Lady! — champions bold!
If I might dare, what bliss 'twould give,
 To age — youth's pleasure to behold!
A gallant knight would I demand
 To break a sword, or lance, with me,
But ah! — how trembleth now my hand,
 And how enfeebled is my knee!“

„Mid pastimes such as those I see,
 I am grown old — to age I yield;
My coat of mail encircles me,
 Firm as a dragon's scaly shield!
By land, strife, hardship, gory wound,
 By sea, o'erwhelming storm, and wind;
Repose, — one year, alone, I found,
 When, in a dungeon drear, confined.“

„I know not, love's endearing sound,
The rapturous day — night's sacred rest;
Thou — thou right hand, by toil embrowned,
Fair woman's hand hast never pressed! —
In youth's gay season, from this vale,
Was yonder Flower of Beauty far;
To-day, her presence do I hail,
As a bright, new-created star!“

„If youth, again, to me, were given,
I would attune the golden string,
Bask 'neath joy's pinion of Heaven,
And love's gay sonnets would I sing.
At thy gay festival oh May!
Upon the flower-enamelled plain,
What energy would I display,
May's rosy Garland to obtain!“

„Too soon was life bestowed on me!
Now, now begins the golden time,
Vanished is hate and jealousy,
Fair Spring is ever in her prime.
With rosy Garland, will she bloom,
The Queen of Beauty, loved by all,
While o'er me, closes Death's cold tomb; —
Hark! — hark! — I hear the grave-stone fall!“ —

Each stands transfixed, while suddenly,
 The Knight's faint accents cease to flow.
How blanched his cheek! — Closed is that eye,
 See! — on his horse, he trembles now! —
A host of gallant knights flock round,
 And lay him on a flowery bed;
Alas! — no balsam heals the wound,
 No soothing voice awakes the dead. —

The Maiden, from her flower-crowned height,
 With rosy chaplet glideth now,
She gently kneels beside the Knight,
 And twines the Garland o'er his brow: —
„Honour to May's illustrious King!
 How far Renown thy fame hath spread!
Yet ah! May's Coronet of Spring
 Bestows no pleasure on the Dead.“

THE WORDS OF FAITH.

I will mention three Words, of sense profound,
From lip unto lip do they fly,
Yet, they live not in vague, external sound;
In each heart doth the Oracle lie:
Man's intrinsic worth is, for ever, veiled o'er,
When, in these three Words, he believes no more.

Each man is created a *Being free*,
Though born in vile slavery's chain;
May the tones of the crowd allure not thee,
E'er the voice of the fool disdain.
Tremble not at the slave who rendeth his band,
And before Freedom's son, undauntedly stand!

Virtue is not a re-echoing tone,
Virtue reins each lawless desire;
Though Life's path be arduous, rugged and lone,
To the God-like should man aspire.
What the lore of philosophers ne'er unfolds,
The pure eye of Innocence clearly beholds.

God exists: — th'Immutable and Sublime;
Man's statutes, like chaff, pass away.
God reigns o'er space, o'er eternity — time,
With omnipotent, boundless sway.
Though the spheres, in e'er changing circles, may roll,
One calm, changeless Spirit directeth the whole! —

In these Words, let thy soul have-faith profound,
May they echo from race to race!
From thy heart's recess wilt thou hear the sound,
In externals, seek not their trace.
Man's value intrinsic is ever veiled o'er,
When, the *Words of Faith*, he believes no more.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

„Take ye the World!“ cried Jove, from Heaven’s, bright
throne,

„Oh mortals! — ye are Earth’s eternal heirs!
Earth’s treasures numberless are now your own,
Yet, with fraternal love, divide the shares!“ —

Both young and aged, as a living tide,
Haste to partake of what they most desire:
The Farmer, with the fields, is satisfied,
The forest, game, and wood delight the Squire.

What stores the Merchant’s warehouses display!
The Abbot claims the Earth’s most luscious wine,
The King, on road, and bridge, doth tribute lay,
And thus proclaims: „The toll of all is mine!“ —

Long after each a liberal prize hath found,
The Poet, from afar, comes listlessly.
To claim his portion. Long he gazes round,
Alas! no heritage can he descry. —

„Ah! why should I, thy most devoted son,
Alone, have no memento of thy love?“
The Minstrel cries, with supplicating tone,
And kneels before th'Olympian throne of Jove.

The God replies: „My son! if thou hast strayed
In Fancy's land of dreams, reproach not me.
When the partition of the Earth was made,
Where wast thou?“ — „Father Jove! I was with thee!“

„Mine eye was dazzled by thy glorious light,
Mine ear enraptured by Heaven's harmony;
Forgive, if, in Olympus' region bright,
I had forgotten, Earth had charms for me.“ —

Jove saith: „No longer Earth is mine, my son;
Her harvests, forests — markets, all are given,
Yet, if, with me, thou'lt dwell beside my throne,
To thee shall ne'er be closed the gates of Heaven.“

COLUMBUS.

Steer, thou Mariner brave, and despise the satirical
critic!

Sail thou forth, though the helm fall from the
pilot's tired hand.

Onward! on towards the West! In the West must the
coast be discovered;

Now, to Intellect's eye, — now, the New World
doth appear!

Trust a protecting God, and glide o'er the billowy
ocean,


If thou perceive not the land, soon, from the
deep will it rise! —

Genius and Nature are bound in a compact, firm and
eternal;

Genius discovers the path, — Nature awardeth
the prize.

ULYSSES.

O'er profound billows he roves, but his fatherland's
shore doth not greet him,
Scylla's peril defies, steers by Charybdes' dark
gulph,
Sails o'er tempestuous seas, and, by land is, by danger,
surrounded,
E'en unto Hades' realm, Fate guides the Wan-
derer's feet. —
Now, by deep slumber o'erpowered, to his Ithica's
coast is he wafted; —
Waking, the isle he surveys, — gazes, but knows
not his home!



HENRY HEINE.

Henry Heine was born December the 12th, 1799, at Düsseldorf. His father, Sampson Heine, an Israelitish merchant, at a later period, fixed on Luneburg, as a place of residence, and still lived there in 1825. His mother, born in Geldern, was a Christian. Destined, and educated for commercial pursuits, Henry Heine was occupied, during some time, as clerk, in a mercantile house at Hamburg; however, an irresistible sentiment impelled him towards the study of the sciences, and he went to the University of Bonn, Berlin, and Göttingen, where he studied jurisprudence, more especially at the latter University, where, environed by pedantry, and crudity; and subject to a rigid devotion to antique customs, strictly observed by professors, and exposed, at the same time, to the demoralizing life of a student, Heine learned to fathom the strength of his genius, and took his degrees as Dr. of Laws.

The 29th of July, the same year, he embraced christianity, and afterwards, travelled in Italy and England, and, from that period, he alternately, resided in Munich, Berlin, and Hamburg, but, since the revolution of July 1830, he chose Paris, as a fixed residence. When, in 1835, the German Confederation interdicted the sale of all the literary publications of „*Young Germany*,“ and even menaced with grave punishment, the readers of such works, the bitterness of this prohibition first alighted on Heine, as being the chief of that literary society. He endeavoured to liberate himself from the prohibition, by a letter inserted in the „*Journal des Debats*“ January the 28th, 1836, reproduced in no. 41 of the „*Gazette d'Augsbourg*“ of the same year.

From 1836 till the dissolution of the Guizot ministry, on the 22nd February 1848, Heine obtained, from the secret funds, an annual allowance of four thousand francs. By his own declaration, dated the 15th May, 1848, he who had always acted with so much ostentation, as the champion of European liberty, endeavoured, but with little success, to defend himself against the accusation, of having sold his pen to the Orleans dynasty. In an article on the official documents, published April 1848, in the „*Revue retrospective*,“ this sum was stated to be thirty two thou-

sand francs. In the above mentioned declaration, he thus writes: „The first journalist who may chance to apply to me, is not the guardian of my honour, the only tribunal of which is the judgment-hall of literary history. The pecuniary assistance which I have received from the Guizot ministry, was not a salary, but a donation, call the gift by its right name; it was a liberal act of munificence, such as the French people have been accustomed to give to countless strangers who have, more or less, gloriously committed themselves in their own country, by an enthusiastic zeal for the Revolution, and who have sought an asylum on the hospitable soil of France.“

It may here be remarked that, the Chamber of Deputies, in the reign of Louis Philippe, voted the sum of *two hundred thousand francs*, for the benefit of refugees of all the countries of Europe; yet, the French government did not assign to each individual the sum of *thirty two thousand eight hundred francs*. The Germans cannot boast of having largely participated in these funds: one alone, Dr. T. Schuster, formerly professor at Göttingen, participated in the bounty: during five years he received thirty francs per month. Others, among whom may be enumerated, Börné, de Rochow Dr. G. Mäurer, J. Venedey, Ch. Marx etc. never received any thing, as the ministerial registers can prove.

From the winter of 1843 till 1844 Heine, for the last time, visited Germany, and he has given details respecting his journey, in a work, entitled, „*Wintermärchen*“. During the last few years, he has been subject to violent attacks of rheumatism, which, nevertheless, do not prevent him from following his occupations, and publishing books. Henry Heine's last work, „*Romanzero*,“ contains some spirited pieces, but they are chiefly remarkable for a severely cynical style.

By the Pamphlet which H. Heine wrote against Börne, he created himself as many enemies, as there are honourable men in Germany. No author has, ever before, slandered, in so cynical a manner another author who is, in point of talent, the equal of his traducer, and perchance, his superior in morality and sincerity.

It is but justice to remark that, few poets understood the art of clothing their poetical effusions with more grace, good taste and simplicity than H. Heine; but too frequently, he misapplied that talent with which Nature had so liberally endowed him.

Henry Heine's chief Works are:

LYRIC POEMS. 1822.

TRAGEDIES, containing „William Ratcliff.“ — „Almansor.“ 1823.

A VOLUME OF SONGS. 1827.

TRAVELS. 4 Volumes 1826.

A TREATISE on modern German Literature. 2 Volumes. 1833.

THE STATE OF FRANCE. 1833.

THE SALON. 2 Volumes. 1834.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL. 1836.

THE SYCOPHANT. (Written against Menzel.) 1837.

CERVANTES' DON QUIXOTE, with the Author's life. Translated from Viardot. 2 Volumes. 1837.

THE MOST REMARKABLE WOMEN IN SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS. 1837.

THE MIRROR of SUABIA. 1839.

A PAMPHLET AGAINST BÖRNE. 1840.

NEW POEMS. 1844.

ATTA TROLL. The dream of a Summer's night. 1847.

ROMANZERO. 1851.

DR. FAUST. A humorous poem. 1851.

COUNT OLAF.

CANTO I.

By yonder grey cathedral-gate,
Two men, in scarlet vests, appear;
The King doth, at the portal, wait,
His executioner stands near.

The King saith: „The priest's psalms reveal
That plighted is the marriage-vow;
Be ready, with thy sharpened steel,
To strike a firm, unerring blow!“ —

The bells now peal, in measures gay,
Dense crowds, from the cathedral glide,
And, decked in nuptial array,
Depart the Bridegroom and the Bride. —

Dejected — pale as wintery snow,
Behold the Monarch's Daughter fair;
Triumph is stamped on Olaf's brow,
Joy's glowing flush is mantling there.

He saith unto the King severe,
While rosy smiles his lip o'erspread:
„Good morning, royal Father dear;
Olaf, to-day, resigns his head!“

„To me, one boon accord, I pray!
Till midnight grant that I may live,
To celebrate my bridal-day;
A nuptial banquet would I give.“ —

Oh, let me live, I thee implore,
Till the last solemn hour of night, —
Till the last festive dance is o'er,
And emptied is each goblet bright!“ —

The stern King saith: „My kinsman's prayer,
I grant, till midnight, willingly,
Then, headsman! — hitherward repair,
And sharpened let thy weapon be!“

CANTO II.

Luscious wine, at the banquet, doth Olaf sip,
While the last sparkling vase he bears to his lip,
 With stifled tone, and tremblingly,
 His young and beauteous Wife doth cry:
„The executioner stands at the door!“

How wildly the Count, until midnight hour,
Leads his Bride through the dance, on the marble floor!
 The tapers brilliantly glow,
 In the last maze they circle now, —
The executioner stands at the door!

Violins diffuse joy's voluptuous sound,
And flutes emit sighs, plaintive, tender, profound!
 All who that youthful Pair survey,
 To keen affliction are a prey, —
The executioner stands at the door!

Through the festive hall, as the dancers still glide,
Thus whispers the Count to his pale, young Bride:
 „Thou knowest not my love to thee, —
 Sombre and cold my tomb will be!“ —
The executioner stands at the door!

CANTO III.

„Count Olaf, it is midnight now,
Thy life must thou resign!
To thee a King's Child pledged her vow,
A Princess has been thine!“ —

Monks utter long funereal prayers,
The man, in scarlet frock,
Equipped with axe of death, appears,
Beside the sombre block. —

Count Olaf moves, with brow serene, —
Mid guards, with glistening swords;
While smiles, on his proud lip, are seen,
He speaks these farewell words: —

„I bless the sun, and Luna fair,
And the stars amid Heaven's dome,
I bless the warblers of the air,
That, in realms ethereal roam.“

„I bless land, ocean, meadows gay,
And the spring-flowers, gemmed with dew.
I bless the violets, bright are they
As my young Wife's eye of blue.“

Mild azure eyes! — I bless you now,
Though, by you, I lose my life.
That tree 'neath which we pledged love's vow,
Do I bless, — oh, my beauteous Wife!“

TO MY BELOVED.

At early morn is sent by me,
The forest Violet of spring;
At twilight's gentle hour, to thee,
An odoriferous Rose I bring. —

What, emblematically say
The blushing Rose, and Violet bright? —
That thou shouldst faithful prove, by day:
And love me tenderly, by night.

CATHARINA.

A gentle star illumines my sombre night;
How vivifying that celestial light!
Existence new is promised, from afar;
Deceive not — beauteous star! —

As, towards the moon, swells the impetuous sea,
Thus my calm, joyous soul would rush to thee;
Thy ray sheds consolation, from afar;
Deceive not — beauteous star! —

BERTRAND DE BORN.

What traces deep, of thought profound,
Thine intellectual brow adorn!
Each heart hast thou, in fetters bound,
Oh, Troubadour, — Bertrand de Born!

The lions of Plantagenet
Were tamed by thy harmonious tones,
Lured was the daughter in thy net, —
Thy thrilling notes subdued the sons.

Tears dimmed the haughty father's eye,
To tenderness was changed his scorn,
By thy bewitching minstrelsy,
Thou Troubadour — Bertrand de Born!

THE YOUNG QUEEN.

Once on a time there lived a King,
 Splenic with the cares of life,
And this infirm and grey-haired King
 Espoused a youthful Wife.

A gentle Page, of graceful mien,
 With spirit light, and golden hair,
Attended on that beauteous Queen,
 Her silken train to bear. —

An ancient legend shall I tell?
 Tender, yet sad, the history! —
The Page and Lady loved too well,
 And both were doomed to die!

THE WATER-SPRITES.

Gently murmur the waves, beneath Luna's light,
Near the shore, sequestered and wild,
And there, lulled to slumber, reposes a Knight,
With romantic, gay dreams beguiled. —

Veiled in drapery light, groups of Sea-sprites fair
Rise from mystic caves, in the deep,
And glide, with rapidity, through the air,
Towards the Knight, they believe asleep.

One inspects, with intense curiosity,
His helmet, and smooths with her hand,
The feathers: — one Sprite gently nestled doth lie
On his ribbon, and martial band.

One Nymph draws, from the scabbard, his weapon bright,
And, while pleasure illumines her eye,
On the sword she reclines, and smiles on the Knight,
Who, unconsciously, seems to lie.

One, around him, playfully dancing, doth move,
With a Sea-sprite's magical grace,
And she whispers: „Oh, would I could win thy love,
Thou Flower of the human race!“

One Sea-nymph, less timorous by far, than the rest,
Has gently saluted his hand.
One hesitates; — now, lip and cheek hath she pressed,
While slumbers the Knight, on the sand. —

As the crystal waves glide, with a rippling sound,
'Neath the moon's pure, unclouded ray,
The young Knight still affecteth a slumber profound,
While fair Water-sprites homage pay.

SELF-DECEPTION.

The curtain, at my Neighbour's there,
Is fluttering to and fro;
No doubt that the suspicious fair
Is watching where I go.

Perchance she feels that jealousy
'Neath which I writhe, to-day,
And is, as now she ought to be,
To torturing doubt, a prey! —

Alas! alas! the beauteous Child
Knows nought of pangs, like these;
Yon curtain, (how am I beguiled!)
Is fanned by evening's breeze.

DECLARATION OF WAR.

Oh, would that I could now appear
As country-maidens of the land!
What pretty yellow hats they wear,
With bright, rose-coloured band!

It surely cannot be a crime,
To think that I am young and fair:
This declaration, many a time,
Hath sounded in mine ear.

Now that, on hill and sunny plain,
Luxuriate Spring flowerets gay,
The country-maidens, once again,
Each lover 'lure away.

What alteration, speedily,
In my equipment will be found!
Much longer shall the corset be,
My dresses will be round.

A rustic hat of straw I'll wear,
I'll have a 'kerchief, white as snow,
And, with the reapers I'll repair,
The meadows bright to mow.

If, in the mower's company,
A lass attractive doth appear,
Each glance of an admirer's eye
Is marked till he glides near. —

Beneath the chin he patteth me,
But ah! — my name I ne'er reveal;
Yet, when he speaks facetiously,
What tremour do I feel! —

The city-belles fierce war declare
'Gainst country lasses, now:
Ye maidens! — on the brow, most fair,
Will victory's chaplet glow!

SYMPATHETIC COMPANIONS.

A Floweret bright
In the meadow grew;
That Flower was gemmed
With Spring's glittering dew.
A youthful Bee
Inhaled honey there; —
For each other was born
That beauteous pair.

ALTERNATE SONGS FOR THE DANCE.

THE INDIFFERENT.

Oh! come to the dance, my beloved one, with me;
The dance, well, suits days of festivity.
If thou'rt not yet, my Treasure, thou mayst be, some day;
Yet, if not, we may still be happy and gay.
Haste! — oh, haste to the dance, my Charmer, with me;
Dancing honours a day of festivity.

THE TENDER.

What delight hath the dance, without thee, my love?
Without thee, — insipid each joy doth prove.
Could I dance if my Treasure were not at my side?
Be mine! — then, as festal-days, life will glide.
My Beloved! — what charms hath the dance, without thee?
Without thee — oh, what is festivity?

THE INDIFFERENT.

Let us join the gay dance, as, of love they talk!
From the dance, love's languishing votaries walk.
As we glide, to music's harmonious tone,
To the forest's deep gloom the lovers are gone.
Let us join the gay dance as, of love, they talk!
For languishing love, from the dance, doth walk.

THE TENDER.

At peace let them waltz, as we joyously rove!
Thus to stray — is the heavenly dance of love.
There, Cupid is stealthily hovering nigh,
Soon or late, — to avenge their raillery!
At peace let them waltz, as we tranquilly rove,
Thus to stray, is the heavenly dance of love!



WILLIAM GERMAN MÄURER.

Of all the modern Poets whose biography we have presented in this volume, none is more fertile in generous and elevated ideas, than the Author, respecting whose life, a few short extracts will be given. It may with justice be said that, in him are united all the pulsations that agitate the present age. If however, his works have not yet been appreciated, except by that class of the public who are distinguished for their high literary attainments, the reason is that, those individuals who are endowed by Nature, with superior minds, find with difficulty competent judges, while writers of mean and superficial abilities, acquire everywhere partisans of their own grade. The reader would be unjust in forming an opinion of G. Mäurer's talents, from the few specimens we have extracted from his „*Lyrical Effusions*.“ That author who defines the literary *Work of Art*, in the following terms: — „*It is the reflection of Nature and Life, animated by the*

glow of a noble heart, enthusiastically alive to all those sentiments which elevate and dignify Humanity:“ — that man, we repeat, who thus reasons, ought to be judged by the *ensemble* of his ideas, on institutions, states, laws, both criminal and civil, education, history, religion, philosophy, literature, arts, past and future improvements etc. G. Mäurer has expressed his opinions, on most of the above subjects, in many works, written in a language in which elegance and perspicuity are combined, and which place him on a level with the most distinguished authors of the age. His productions delineate the sentiments of a philosopher, christian, gentleman, and philanthropist. He exhibits in his works, a clearness of judgment, united to a heart, as sensitive to every refined impression, as that of J. J. Rousseau, or of John Paul Frederick Richter. There are many of G. Mäurer's poetical compositions which, for the purity and elegance of their style, would have honoured the time of Lessing, Göthe, and Schiller. „*Das Welt-drama*,“ („*The Drama of the World*“) „*Blüthen aus dem Abendland*“ („*Flowers from the West*“) and other lyrical productions, contain a great many beautiful and classical effusions. In the last-mentioned work, published in 1853, G. Mäurer has truly proved himself as Vates. A volume of Aphorisms on various subjects, profoundly philosophical, has lately been translated into

English: this work is entitled: „*Ein Buch für Leute die denken*,“ („*A Volume for Persons who think*.“)

In Paris, where G. Mäurer resided fifteen years, and in other places, I have heard families, moving in the first circles, express sentiments of the warmest friendship towards G. Mäurer, and they have publicly borne testimony of his integrity and honourable conduct, in the various relations of life. The zeal and self-devotion he has continually manifested in endeavouring to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate, whenever opportunities have occurred, prove him to be the sincere friend of humanity.

G. Mäurer has invariably entertained an enthusiastic affection for his fatherland; his most ardent desire has ever been, that Germany may become internally great, and respected and honoured by foreign nations.

William German Mäurer was born the 18th February 1815, at the castle of Bensberg, which is situated three leagues from Cologne. The ancient and celebrated castle of Bensberg is erected on a hill which commands the panoramic view of a landscape, 12 or 15 leagues in circumference. If the earliest impressions which we receive from Nature, exercise, as is generally imagined, a decisive influence on the human mind, our Poet was, in this respect, particularly favoured by destiny. Even in his childhood, were strikingly develop-

ed G. Mäurer's poetical dispositions, and these sentiments were fostered amid a luxuriant and highly-cultivated Nature and under the watchful eye of an affectionate and virtuous mother who was possessed of extraordinary intellectual acquirements, and towards whom, her son entertained the warmest filial attachment. Unfortunately, in the eleventh year of his age, death deprived the youthful Poet of this tender guardian-angel, and, during some time, he received instructions from the Reverend M. Mass, at that epoch, protestant Pastor at Gladbach. He remained, under the care of that worthy and talented preceptor, until his father, a man of great piety and integrity, sent his son to the College of Cologne, to prosecute his studies there. In 1829 he quitted that city, and repaired to Berlin, in order to frequent the University, and there, under the instructions of Hegel, Gans, and Raumer, he studied Philosophy and History, and under Bopp, Lachmann, Böckh, von der Hagen etc., he applied to the study of Philology. After having, with honour, passed his examinations, our Poet was, during some time, occupied at Berlin, as Professor of languages and literature.

In 1833 G. Mäurer decided on removing to Paris, towards which city he felt particularly attracted, on account of the new era which the Revolution of July presaged. He continued his studies in Paris, and, with

the greatest assiduity, followed the different cours at the College of France, until the year 1836. At that period, M. le Comte de Hohenthal, now H. M. the King of Saxony's Ambassador at Berlin, recommended G. Mäurer, as Preceptor to the two sons of Colonel Thorn, a gentleman of princely fortune who resided in the Rue de Varennes, and inhabited that hôtel which was afterwards, by the Provisional Government, assigned to Cavaignac, during his temporary Dictatorship. G. Mäurer resided in this family six years and a half. The hôtel of Colonel Thorn was the rendez-vous of the most celebrated statesmen, diplomatists, journalists, authors, and artists, located in Paris, and here G. Mäurer appeared to have formed a judgment, clear and penetrating, of the world, and of mankind in general.

In his writings he delineates life, in a style both masterly and piquant, and although the French distinguish themselves as critical observers, they have been in many respects, surpassed by a German, possessed of rectitude of mind, and benevolence of heart.

Madame la Baronne de Pierre, pupil of G. Mäurer, and the second daughter of Colonel Thorn, has lately been appointed, Lady of Honour to Eugenia, Empress of France.

After G. Mäurer had quitted the family of Colonel Thorn, Mr. Livingstone, an American gentleman, of

immense wealth, who was anxious to engage G. Mäurer, as Professor to his three sons, offered him a salary of six thousand francs, annually, to accompany his family to the United States. This proposition our Poet declined, and soon afterwards, undertook the education of the only son of Lieutenant-general, the Baron de Pelet, peer of France, and now Senator.

After the death of the Baron de Pelet's son, G. Mäurer contributed to several journals, especially to the „*National*.“ As a Professor of Literature and Languages, G. Mäurer was, during fifteen years, well known in Paris, among the most fashionable and aristocratic circles, both French and English, by whom he was highly honored and respected, for his integrity, talents, and for the conscientious fulfilment of his professional, literary engagements. Amid numerous families of distinction who honoured him with their confidence may be enumerated: J. Peel Esq., brother of Sir Robert Peel, Lady J. Hay, Madame Nesbet, daughter-in-law of Admiral Lord Nelson, Lord Clifford, the two Counts Berthier, M. A. Fould, banker, Madame la Baronne de Pelet de la Lozère; wife of the Minister of Finances, under Louis Philippe, etc. etc.

After the Revolution of February, in the year 1849, G. Mäurer returned to his native country, and resided at Frankfort a. M. — November 1851, on a requisition

from the Prussian Government, two domiciliary visits were made at his house, and although not a single paper was found that, in the slightest manner, implicated him, G. Mäurer was arrested, on a suspicion of belonging to a political association, and imprisoned, during nine weeks, in a narrow and unwholesome cell of the Frankfort prison. By the Senate of the city of Frankfort G. Mäurer was declared innocent of the charge brought against him; yet, by that same Senate, he was banished from Germany, as an individual, professing democratical principles. The books and manuscripts, seized at his arrestation, have never been restored by the Authorities of Frankfort. Since his exile, G. Mäurer has resided at Zürich, in Switzerland.

Mäurer's chief Works are:

- POETICAL YEARS OF APPRENTICESHIP. Paris 1837.
POLITICAL LETTERS FROM BERLIN. Paris, 1840.
LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY. Paris, 1841.
FOLIAGE AND FLOWERS. Paris, 1841.
THE DRAMA OF THE WORLD. Zürich, 1844.
MUSINGS AND POETRY. 2 Volumes. Zürich, 1844.
A BOOK FOR PERSONS WHO THINK. Zürich, 1845.
EFFUSIONS OF THE HEART. Leipzig, 1847.
ANTHROPOSOPHY. Frankfurt, 1851.
FLOWERS FROM THE WEST. Zürich, 1854.

MORNING.

As when, at the creation's earliest day,
Her veil mysterious, Nature cast aside;
I hear melodious warblers on each spray,
And roseate clouds, through eastern regions, glide.

Celestial Phoebus with his coursers bright,
Pursues a glorious course, 'mid realms on high,
And, in the West, dark spirits of the night,
Enveloped in grey, misty vesture, fly. —

In this fair world, where countless beauties glow,
Adorned, as Paradise, with charms divine,
The best terrestrial gift doth Heaven bestow, —
That Being, most beloved, on earth, is mine!

FAREWELL.

We met in bright, luxuriant May;
How often, hand in hand, we've strayed,
With hearts united — spirits gay,
O'er sunny hill, and sheltered glade!

With many a variegated flower,
What beauteous garlands have we wreathed,
As, over field, and verdant bower,
The lark, towards Heaven, his music breathed! —

Pale, mist-crowned Autumn now is come,
Chill rain and wind drift near my door;
They warn me, far from thee, to roam,
Perchance we part — to meet, no more!

EXTRACT
FROM THE
„WORLD'S DRAMA.“
(„WELTDRAMA.“)

SOLLOQUY.

Welcome to thee — beloved native shore,
Where passed the sacred days of infancy!
What bliss, that cottage to behold, once more,
Where bloomed the infant, 'neath his parents' eye!
With transport I behold mount — forest — flood, —
Still dear to memory, in my fatherland: —
How fair was Life, when cradled in the bud! —
That bud — predestined, never to expand.

Years glide, by one eternal — fixed decree,
From enterprising Youth — Age reaps a store;
Yet, Earth's best treasures would be given by me,
Childhood's luxuriant joys to taste, once more.
Would — that, with fairy-wand, I could, awhile
Re-vivify Life's withered Flower of Spring,
And contemplate the wonders of that Isle, —
Scenes — ne'r from memory chased, by Time's swift wing!

'Mid visions of the night, Youth saw, afar,
Bright landscapes, glowing 'neath benignant skies;
I saw the roseate lustre of Hope's star,
Time's wave irradiate with heavenly dyes! —
Yet — he who from that Isle's safe harbour sails,
Encounters whirlwinds near a friendly bay,
Till wrecked on rocks, 'mid overwhelming gales,
To dread abysses, Life becomes a prey! —

Vanished th'illusions, to the heart, most dear,
That heart, in vain, hopes, 'mid th'increasing gloom,
Life's Pilot, to a favouring port, may steer,
E'en midst the night of an engulfing tomb!
That night — o'er which, a veil, hath Mystery spread, —
That night — the empire of Eternity! —
Yet — wherefore shudder, o'er that path to tread? —
Trembles the soul at dread *Uncertainty*? —

Life fluctuates 'mid dread *Uncertainty* —

Fear — anguish — hope! — Why was creative power,
Maternal Nature! thus employed by thee,
To give frail Man th'existence of an hour? —
Ah! — if to me, thou, Life, hadst never given,
I ne'er should have believed, hoped, feared, or loved,
With no terrestrial grief should I have striven,
And thou, a cruel Mother, ne'er hadst proved!

THE
ROCK OF THE SEVEN SISTERS.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Illumed by sunny rays of gold,
Doth Schönberg, on the Rhine, arise.
Yon seven grey rocks dost thou behold,
Aspiring, proudly, toward the skies?

A castle there was wont to stand,
Though now we seek the trace, in vain,
A haughty Baron of the land,
There dwelt; — how vast was his domain!

Seven Daughters fair, of matchless grace,
Possessed th'illustrious Baron proud,
And many a Knight, of kingly race,
As suitors to the Damsels, bowed.

They sighed, yet, hopelessly they loved,
 Though pining 'neath a rankling dart:
Inexorably cold, still proved
 Each beauteous Maiden's flinty heart.

They were as syrens who with wile,
 And captivating witchery,
Were wont the pilot to beguile,
 With songs, while traversing the sea.

Of those who sought the Maidens fair,
 How many fell beneath love's flame!
They died, the victims of despair,
 And gained, as Werther, mournful fame. —

Yet, just, and retributive Heaven
 Forbad that faithful hearts should pine:
Have not the Powers celestial given
 To human clay, love's spark divine? —

Seven thunderbolts destructive rolled
 Upon the Sisters, and they died! —
In yon seven Rocks thou dost behold,
 They've stood, for centuries, typified!

SONG OF THE AMOUROUS PILGRIM.

A wanderer, when from thee, I part,
All pleasure I forego;
As troubled ocean is my heart,
Whose treasured Pearl art thou!

The stars' pure light, and sunny skies,
That gild the crystal spray,
Are the reflection of thine eyes,
Where lingereth Hope's mild ray.

Love's fair similitude art thou! —
From regions of the main,
What Form celestial greets me now! —
Doth Venus rise again?

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

For Peace, in foreign regions, chill and bleak,
I search in vain. — „Upon thy Fatherland
She dwells!“ I hear my throbbing heart thus speak. —
Would, I possessed a cot on that loved strand!
There Life might calmly glide. — My home I'll seek,
And thence the world survey! — I take in hand
My pilgrim's staff, and, with a joyous heart,
Towards my beloved native land, depart. —

Again I wander to th'umbrageous tree
Beneath whose boughs passed many a sunny day,
My soul enwrapped in ideality,
Gay dreams beguiling swift-winged hours away,
While the melodious lark sang anthems free;
Forsaking Earth, he sang, beneath Heaven's ray: —
Now Fancy represents, to my charmed sight,
Youth's fairy-scenes, in colours, rich and bright. —

The objects that were wont to chafe each vein,

Re-vivify me, as in days, gone by :

My first Beloved I now behold again,

Each movement, feature, glance, can I descry,

Though years, I've wandered on a distant plain. —

Yet, when my name she utters — Heaven seems nigh,

And, o'er a drear existence, brightly smile

Love's fostering ray that was eclipsed, awhile.

THE NEMESIS OF HISTORY.

Humanity! say; when will terminate
That martyrdom, so long endured by thee? —
Dare we solution clear, from Hope, await?
What consolation offers History,
When frank, impartial answer, we demand? —
With anguish deep, will History reply
That, near each noble heart, doth ever stand
A dread Avenger, with remorseless eye! —
The best, and all, of elevated soul,
The hate of their contemporaries find;
Greece intellectual hath her hemlock-bowl,
There dwells the sophist keen, of subtle mind.
The Prophet of Judea is arraigned
Before an earthly tribunal, and there,
By priests, — Seducer of the people named!
For Christ, what trammels pharisees prepare!
The victim of insidious enemies,
Nailed on a cross — the world's Deliverer dies!

To beasts ferocious, at each public game,
The followers of Christ become a prey,
And later, they who bear the christian's name,
(With what just reason, who presumes to say?)
A diabolic power to exercise,
Ensanguined, fearful orgies celebrate;
The holy Inquisition's walls arise; —
For Christians, — piles funereal await! —
As, by proud Romans, in the days, gone by,
The Heretics — that noble race, are led
To stake, and scaffold; — there condemned to die,
While persecution's flames, in volumes, spread;
For victims' blood must gush, to satiate
A vengeful Nemesis' rapacious hate!

A sanguinary Nemesis doth stand
Near all, ennobling sentiments inspire:
Martyrs and victims, e'er will she demand,
While those exist whom thoughts enlightened fire.

SOUVENIRS.

Celestial Spring a Flower bestowed,
That bright as blushing morning, glowed;
With youthful love's devoted care,
I watched that blooming Floweret fair,
 From morn's first ray
 Till close of day.

The Muse's song that fired my breast, —
Each bliss terrestrial I possessed,
I owed to the mysterious power
Of that sweet, captivating Flower,
 Which, o'er my soul
 Usurped control.

When past was fascinating May,
My Floweret, still, was fresh and gay;
She drooped beneath no withering blight,
But spread her petals to the light; —
 What odours rare
 Diffusing there! —

Fate called me to a distant shore,
That Flower shall I behold, no more! —
To thee, from morn, 'till eve's last ray, —
Till death, — I'll consecrate my lay,
Pride of my bower!
Thou beauteous Flower!

AUTUMN.

What countless flowers expand in May,
And vernal zephyrs sweet
Their blooming petals greet: —
Alas! those flowerets now decay. —

Unnumbered voices welcome May,
From morn till eventide: —
Joy's pinions swiftly glide,
Her song melodious dies away! —

Ah! — where, in Youth's bright days, flown by,
I strayed with my Beloved, —
Stern Boreas' winds have roved,
And withered leaves there scattered lie!

POPULARITY.

They who the Idols of the crowd would be,
Should never force that crowd above their sphere;
Idols they seek in mediocrity;
Chimeras all, unlike themselves, appear.

WISDOM.

When with vain talkers, if thou'rt truly wise,
Be taciturn as fish, beneath the sea;
For, wheresoe'er the tones of Wisdom rise,
There will the smallest auditory be.

BENEFITS.

The source of benefits to analyze
Ill suiteth gratitude. Since Life, alone,
Honours that God who in man's bosom lies;
From man's own heart, th'Ennobling e'er has flown.

AFFINITY.

As, in a complicated maze, mankind,
By Error's machinations deep, are led:
Should one head prove bewildered, — oft we find,
In anarchy and strife are myriads led!

TYPE.

Nature and Genius! — all that you create
Preserveth e'er its bright, intrinsic seal;
However analyzed by scorn, or hate,
That Type will e'er its Characters reveal.

IMMORTALITY OF LIFE.

They who devote Life's swiftly-pinioned day
To deeds of virtue, honour, and renown;
Midst change, and while terrestrial thrones decay,
Win Immortality's bright, star-gemmed crown.

UNSYMPATHETIC COMPANIONS.

How deeply it embitters human life,
That, the Ideal and Reality,
To form the Perfect — ne'er their powers unite!
Alas! — they dwell in everlasting strife.

THE HOSTAGE.

Lo! — As Moerus, with dagger concealed, doth stand;
In the palace of Dionys is he found,
„And, by watchful guards, in chains, is he bound.
Why lurkest thou here, with dagger, in hand?“ —
„From Tyranny's goad, would I free the land!“ —
Thy guerdon will be — on the cross to die!“
Doth the Tyrant, with haughty voice, reply. —

„I welcome my destiny, void of fear,
And, although I scorn to demand to live,
Yet, of thee, a boon would I, fain, receive: —
Three days, I beseech thee, my life to spare,
My sister's hymenial vows would I hear,
My Friend, unto thee, will a Hostage come;
Sate thy vengeance on him, if I shun my doom!“

With sarcastic, smile, the Tyrant replies:

„Haste to thy sister's hymenial feast,

But, in three days hence, be again my guest,

Oh, Moerus! — Return, or thy Hostage dies,

Ransom his life, or his blood, on thee, lies!

On the cross that is now erected for thee,

For thy crime he expires, while thou art free.“ —

To his Friend he hastes, and exclaims: „I come

To announce to thee — I'm condemn'd to die;

Stern Dionys sealeth my destiny.

I tarry three days, at my sister's home,

Her nuptials to witness, then meet my doom;

My Friend! — remain, and my Hostage be,

Till I hither return, to ransom thee!“

The Friends now embrace, and stand silently.

The Hostage surrenders, Death's willing prey; —

With anxiety, Moerus hastens away,

And ere Phoebus, thrice, gilds the eastern sky,

He has witnessed the nuptial solemnity:

Moerus bids farewell; how he fears delay!

And departs, with Aurora's first glowing ray. —

Rushing torrents of rain obscure the sky,
The wild mountain streams overflow their beds,
And, her sources, deep the swollen river spreads.
Moerus reaches the strand, and, with agony,
Views the bridge, on the waves, in fragments lie:
O'er the arches, th'impetuous waters pour,
With loud thunder's reverberating roar!

Lo! he stands, in despair: no boat is at hand,
Alas! — in vain Moerus gazes around,
And, in vain doth he call! — No responding sound
Greets his ear! — No boat quits the sheltering strand,
None will brave the storm, for the cherished land;
Each mariner seeketh security,
For the billowy flood has become a sea! —

Moerus, weeping, kneels, on the shore, in prayer:
„Oh, great Jupiter!“ the suppliant cries,
As he raiseth, towards Heaven, his weeping eyes,
„Deign to calm the fierce tempest, raging here,
Time's hand points to noon, and delay, I fear;
If the sun should set, ere hence I can flee,
Alas! — my Friend's life-blood must flow for me!“ —

With increasing rage is the storm renewed;
Billow, o'er billow, swift, rushes along;
Hour, after hour moveth, lingeringly, on:
Now despair nerves his soul; — he dives in the flood,
The chill tide cools not his feverish blood;
He ploughs the wild waves, with a nervous hand;
The Gods are propitious! — He craches the land! —

As Moerus hasteneth onward again,
Breathing to Jupiter gratitude's prayer,
Behold! — From a forest umbrageous, near,
Advanceth a troop of ferocious men,
Whose mysterious haunts lie hid, in the glen;
Lo! — they brandish their clubs, ferociously,
And exclaim: — „Halt, traveller! — Halt, or die!“ —

„I possess but my life! — No prize have ye found;
To the King, that life is devoted now:
For the sake of my Friend, compassion bestow!“ —
Moerus, wresting a club, wields it, desperately, round,
Lo! — three brigands are prostrate on the ground,
And, the Victor sees, with a joyous heart,
That, o'ercome by terror, his foes depart. —

Phoebus' noon-tide splendour darts o'er the strand;
O'erpowered by his fierce, meridian rays,
And, by thirst exhausted, thus Moerus prays:
„Great Jove! — hast thou saved me from Murder's-hand;
And, through billows impetuous, led me to land,
Of thirst, thus to perish! — Protect me, in need,
Or, my Friend, on the cross, for me, will bleed!“ —

Hark! — murmurs attract his attention keen;
Great is his ecstasy! — Water is near;
He halts, and anxiously lending an ear,
With transport, a bright, crystal brooklet is seen,
Descending o'er rocks, to the valley green;
At the silvery fountain doth Moerus sip,
And refreshed are his limbs, and his feverish lip.

Eve's sun-beams are gilding the western sky,
And the lofty forest-trees spread around,
Gigantic shades, on the neighbouring ground.
Near his path doth Moerus two travellers descry,
And approaching him with rapidity:
As one utters this sentence, how pants his breath!
„On the cross, the Hostage now suffers death!“ —

How doth the heart of the Wanderer beat! —
With frenzied excitement still hastening on,
The turrets of Syracuse, gilt by the sun,
He beholds, and Mœrus glides, still more fleet. —
Lo! Philostratus doth his master greet; —
As he, breathlessly, is advancing near,
Thus, the faithful servant exclaims, with fear:

„Too late to deliver! — Return, and flee!
To preserve thine own life, depart, with speed;
Thy Friend, at this moment, is doomed to bleed! —
As, hour after hour, he awaited thee,
How unmoved was his faith in thy constancy,
And, how vain the dread Tyrant's raillery proved,
To awaken mistrust, in thy Friend beloved!“ —

„Too late! — yet, we still shall united be,
Magnanimous Friend! — I'll resign my breath;
If, thee, have I failed to ransom from death!
No boast shall the blood-thirsty Tyrant make,
That Friend, towards a Friend, can honour forsake:
When he views the blood of two Victims flow,
Will he, still, disbelieve Friendship's sacred vow?“ —

The shadows of evening flit o'er the ground;
The fatal cross doth already appear,
A dense, anxious multitude standeth near,
And the Friend awaits death, in fetters bound.
Moeros, piercing the crowds that the cross surround,
Cries: „My Hostage, oh, Executioner! spare!“
I am Moerus! — for Moerus the cross you prepare! —

Mute, with deep surprise, the spectators appear: —
As they view, on the scaffold, the Friends embrace,
What sorrow and joy, in each breast, find place,
And all bestow sympathy's heart-felt tear! —
The truth is conveyed to the Tyrant severe,
In whose soul humanity's feelings arise: —
„Lead hither the Hostage, and Moerus!“ he cries.

He gazeth on those whom his fetters have bound; —
The Tyrant exclaims: „Ye have conquered my heart,
Live! — live! noble Friends, and in freedom, depart!
True Friendship is not a mysterious sound,
In you, living proof of its truth, have I found;
Oh, grant that the name of Dionys may be
Now, inscribed in your Compact of Amity!“

HERMANN MARGGRAFF.

Montesquieu, the celebrated author of the „*Spirit of the Laws*,“ has thus remarked: „As with riches, thus is it, with literary Fame which is not possessed by the most deserving, but is generally awarded by *caprice* or *chance*. Those whom I have known, and who had a legitimate right to have obtained the suffrage of the public, have rarely succeeded, during their life-time; it was only after their death, that critics rendered them justice, and annulled that iniquitous decree which the envy and jealousy of ignorant and narrow minded contemporaries, had pronounced against them.“ —

These words of a great Genius, we are desirous to apply to that distinguished Writer whose biography will be given in this work. If we open the infinite number of literary histories which, during the last ten years, have appeared in Germany, we find that critics have exhibited but little justice towards Marggraff, while they

extol productions that do not rise above mediocrity, and which Time will not fail to engulf, and consign to oblivion, while those same critics consecrate a few passing observations to an individual who, in so many respects, is highly worthy of a profound examination, and a more benevolent appreciation. Marggraff has successfully cultivated four kinds of literature; he is a lyric poet, a dramatic poet, a romance-writer and a critic. In each style he has exhibited himself, as an author of remarkable talent, and exquisite taste. Finally, Marggraff is one who truly comprehends the important mission of a writer, as it ought to be understood. By Art, he is desirous to enlighten, and ameliorate the condition of the human race, therefore, all his publications breathe a purity of soul, and a patriotic love, which we seek, but vainly, among many other writers, that certain literary cliques, which are numerous in Germany, place, unjustly, far above that Poet who forms the subject of these biographical memoirs.

Hermann Marggraff was born the 14th September 1809, at Zullichau. After having studied at the Gymnasium of his native city, he repaired, in 1829, to the University of Berlin, where he followed, assiduously, the cours of Lachmann, von der Hagen, Boekh, Becker, and others. He pursued his philosophical

studies under Hegel, and de Steffens. Although the latter was greatly in vogue, at Berlin, he appears to have made but a slight impression on our Poet who was endowed with faculties, of too elevated a nature, to allow himself to be attracted by a philosophy which is contented with certain sensations, the horizon of which, is lost in the clouds of fantasy and romance, unceasingly occupied with efforts, to re-vivify the past, without possessing the present.

As early as the year 1830, H. Marggraff published a volume of poems, in conjunction with his brother Rudolph, now, Professor at Munich. This collection contains many pieces which betray the genuine poet. After having terminated his studies, at the University, he passed, with honour, his examinations, having the intention of devoting himself to teaching the higher branches of classical education; but, as he loved his independence too well, to follow a pedantic life, he renounced that career, and employed his time, exclusively, with literary pursuits. In a review, entitled „Zodiacus“, edited by Dr. Mundt, and in the „*Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*“, („*Literary Conversations*“) he published a great many critiques which made so favourable an impression on the literary world, that, in the year 1836 he became editor-in-chief of the „*Berliner Konversationsblatt*“, („*Berlin literary*

conversations.“) In this position, Marggraff, not only weighed the principles of Art, but he applied those laws to his own compositions, and gave encouragement to all the young men of genius, of his time: they, invariably found in him, a benevolent and enlightened counsellor. A collection of his works at this epoch, appeared in 1837, entitled: „*Bücher und Menschen*“, („*Books and Men*.“) This publication is equally distinguished by its form, and contents.

In 1845 Marggraff was summoned to Augsburg, as collaborator of the „*Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*,“ („*Augsbourg universal Gazette*“) which is the most distinguished, and the most widely-circulated publication in all Germany. However, his liberal ideas not permitting him to enter into the politics of this Gazette, he limited himself, exclusively, to the publication of literary, and scientific articles. When, in 1847, M. Gervinus undertook to publish, at Heidelberg, a new political Journal, namely the „*Deutsche Zeitung*“, („*The German Gazette*“) H. Marggraff was associated as his co-editor. In that capacity, he acted a very honourable part, during the two stormy years of 1848 and 1849, and maintained a just medium between eccentric, and re-actionary ideas. The cherished dream of his early and mature years, had ever been, to see his Fatherland, internally free, and respected, and

honored by foreign nations. In his riper years, Marggraff preserved that integrity of disposition which, under all circumstances, had characterized him. In 1851, when the „*Deutsche Zeitung*“ had ceased to appear, Marggraff quitted Frankfort, in order to undertake the editorship of the „*Altonaer Mercur*“, („*The Altona Mercury*“) and, in 1852, he became the editor of the „*Hamburger Korrespondent*“.

In the beginning of the year 1854, Marggraff was appointed, by the librarian Brockhaus, of Leipsic, as editor-in-chief of the „*Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*“, the most celebrated critical Review, in Germany.

Marggraft's chief Works are :

POEMS (in connexion with his brother). 1830.

BERLIN LITERARY DISCUSSIONS. 1837 and 1838.

BOOKS AND MEN. Bunzlau, 1837.

THE EMPEROR HENRY THE FOURTH. A historical Tragedy. 1837.

THE NEWEST GERMAN LITERATURE. Leipsic, 1839.

THE DOVE OF AMSTERDAM. A Tragedy. Leipsic, 1839.

JUSTUS AND CHRYSOSTOMUS. Pictures of Time and Life. 2 Volumes.
Leipsic, 1840.

ELFRIDA, A TRAGEDY. 1841.

UNIVERSAL THEATRIC DICTIONARY. (Including Robert Blumm and
Charles Herlosson.) Altenburg and Leipsic, 1839—42.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN ENGLAND. In the
style of James Orchard Halliwell. Leipsic, 1842.

POLITICAL POETRY OF GERMANY, from Klopstock to the present
time, with a critical, and literary Introduction. Leipsic, 1843.

MUNICH WITH ITS TREASURES OF ART AND CURIOSITIES. (In
Connexion with his Brother Rudolph Marggraft.) Munich 1846.

BUTTERFLIES.

A MYTHOLOGICAL LEGEND.

Mild, balmy showers announce the birth of May
Who bringeth golden treasures, gemmed with dew;
Her brow is decked with rosy chaplet gay,
And 'neath May's footstep, Earth doth garlands strew.
To welcome her, birds sing, from spray to spray;
Their silent homage, blooming flowers renew;
Spring's tender plants, awaked to life, again,
Amid the forest hide, and grace the plain.

While, fanned by perfumed zephyrs, May doth lie,
With wreath of variegated flowerets crowned,
As, 'mid blue ether, feathered songsters fly,
And there, melodiously, their notes resound,
When, o'er umbrageous tombs, their harmony
Gives charms to mournful silence, reigning round, —
Thus gently whisper odorous Flowerets fair:
„We fain would be yon birds that rove through air!“

„From realm to region could we bend our way,
And there luxuriate, 'neath Heaven's sunny height!
Enraptured, 'midst blue ether, should we stray,
With soul, inebriated by delight!“
List! — tones celestial sound! — Fair as young day,
Behold! — a heavenly Being greets their sight;
Before the Flowerets doth an Angel stand,
With wand, and water-lily in his hand!

His wand, on each bright Floweret, doth repose,
Behold! light, variegated pinions rise!
Part bird, part flower, the lily and the rose,
Essay their new-born wings, 'neath vernal skies!
On Flowers, gay Butterflies sip dew that flows
From Heaven; — with Flowers have mutual
sympathies,
With buds, and blossoms reach maturity,
And Butterflies and Flowers, together, die.

KLAUS STÖRTEBECKER.

A TRADITION OF FRIESLAND.

(The society of Victuallers [in the vulgar dialect denominated Vitalien], was formerly an association of adventurers who, during the wars of the Hanse-towns, were charged, by the hostile Powers of the North, at the end of the 14th century, to furnish provisions for the belligerent German party. After the peace, these adventurers became Pirates, and acted as enemies to both parties, on the high seas. Their two Chiefs, Klaus Störtebecker, and Godfrey Michael, filled the heart of every navigator with terror. The historical termination of Klaus Störtebecker's life, is entirely different to that which is here described.

It is a well authenticated fact that, in the year 1402, Störtebecker, and seventy of his comrades, were made prisoners, on board the Hamburg vessels that had been sent from the Elbe against them. The Freebooters were conveyed to Helgoland, and thence transferred to Hamburg: there the Pirates were decapitated on the Place de Grasbrook, in the environs of that city.

Klaus Störtebecker and his companions had, on innumerable occasions, experienced the most cordial reception in Friesland, and there his fleet found a secure and favourable harbour. In Friesland has long been propagated a tradition respecting the celebrated Pirate, which tradition forms the subject of the following romance.)

Oft, with the Bremen gentry, how many a bloody fray
Was fought with Störtebecker, on ocean's boiling spray!
How oft fear's tone resounded: — „He comes with
the fresh breeze!
Who saves us? — Who delivers? — He comes, —
th'audacious Friese!“ —

Grave Magistrates and Elders, with sage, yet troubled
mind,
In state had oft assembled, for counsel, and to find
Some practicable method, that Man, of fearful name,
To capture. — Ah! — they parted, as wise as when
they came! —

The news was spread, like wild-fire, amid the town,
one day,
That Störtebecker's vessel was stranded in the bay! —
She drifted on a sand-bank, the sport of adverse
gales;
The spring-tide came, and vainly, the vessel spread
her sails. —

A thought, like flash of lightning, darts through the
burgers' minds;
If, thence she be not wafted by brisk, auspicious winds,
Klaus' vessel, richly laden, perchance, with plundered
store,
Would be their prize! — What courage the townsmen
feel, once more! —

When universal danger inspireth dire alarms,
Thus now, by general summons, the burgers seize their
arms:
Of every kind of weapon, abundant is their store,
With sword, pike, spear, and pick-axe, they march
through Bremen's door! —

Through morn's chill, vaporous twilight, while howls
the northern blast,
With frost, and fear, they battle; yet, reach the sloop
at last.
How doth the freezing life-blood, from many a cheek
depart!
How audibly resoundeth each throbbing of their heart!

They stand like mice, and listen: — the fist of Klaus
they fear.

How calm the ship! — At distance, loud breakers
wild they hear.

Behold! — on board the vessel, they climb, with
panting breath: —

Will not Klaus' glances blast them? — Beneath his
arm lurks death! —

No! — bravely move the Champions, with limbs un-
crushed, on board;

They beckon to their comrades, with many a gentle
word,

And cautiously, on ladder, and rope, the valiant troop,
O'er the ship's side ascending, — stand on the Pirate's
sloop! —

Nought stirreth in the vessel; — nought breaks the
silence there;

Save, a loud-echoing snoring that bursts upon the ear;
As, from a caverned bear's-den, when, overgorged
with food,

O'erpowered by sleep; snores Bruin, with all his shaggy,
brood. —

Thy steal into the cabin: — to 'waken Klaus, they
fear.

Surrounded by his comrades, behold the Buccanier,
By wine intoxicated, — beside his drunken crew! —
Instead of quaffing brandy — what do the Vic-
tors do!

Bravely, with rope and shackle, by night's drear mists,
are bound

That farfamed band of Pirates who, fast asleep, are
found!

Klaus turns his limbs gigantic; — he darts upon the
crowd,

Terrific, withering glances — then sleeps, and snores
aloud!

CANTO II.

Klaus stands before his Judges, within a gloomy tower,
Across the narrow window, pale, flickering light doth lower.
Long paragraphs, by thousands, the crimes of Klaus relate,
Long paragraphs, unnumbered, foretell the Pirate's fate.

Thus crieth Störtebecker: — „Bah! — why palaver thus?
Haste! — send me to the scaffold, and terminate the fuss!
I'm doomed to execution, and no dissenting voice!
Will ye behead, or hang me? — Small difference in
the choice!“

„Yet ah! — for Klaus, far better, than idly here to stay,
And gaze on you, old Grey-beards, thus, day suc-
ceeding day!“

In Jurisprudence, doubtless, your knowledge is profound:
In battle ye're courageous, with words of valiant sound!“

„Haste! — send me to the scaffold, that after durance vile,
Again Man's form may cheer me — the sun's light —
Heaven's bright smile!
On Earth's green, flowery meadow, I pant to stand,
once more
And each limb's free-born vigour to feel, as heretofore!“

The first Judge thus exclaimeth! — „Klaus, thou'rt a
knave! — by thee
Our peace hath been endangered, by ruthless piracy!
Untried, we could have doomed thee, to death, upon
the wheel:
Though judged by statutes legal; — ungrateful dost
thou feel!“ —

„Ye grave and sapient Judges!“ saith Klaus, in thrilling tone,
„Sages, to whom death, gallows, wheel, axe, so well
are known!
Knave — Pirate — have ye termed me? — What
name is given to you? —
A rookery of Swindlers! — The Bremen groveling Crew!“

„You practise favourite customs, as I have ever done;
From milk of yours, what gained I? — Superfluous
cream, alone!“ —

His manacles and fetters, Klaus rattles, 'mid the air,
With nervous arm! — His Judges shake in each
oaken chair! —

The Judge, his long beard stroking, exclaims, with
solemn voice:

„Prisoner, Klaus Störtebecker! — to thee we grant
the choice;

Wilt thou be burned — beheaded — hung — pierced
with lance-of-steel,

With red-hot pinchers tortured, or, broken on the wheel?“

„Thy choice, how kind and liberal!“ — with stern,
unfaltering breath,

Saith Klaus, — „in truth, a chaplet, of gentle kinds
of death!

'Twould please my fancy better, instead of fire —
wheel — spear, —

At home, my limbs to strengthen with jugs of froth-
ing beer!“

„Ye Judges! — Death I fear not. — Will death my
name disgrace?

How oft, the grim old Fellow I've encountered, — face
to face!

Of this my wounds bear witness; — wounds, gained
in desperate war,

By foemens' spear, and pistol! — These limbs bear
many a scar!“

„While, by my sword, I bravely won honourable
bread,

When valiant men of Bremen, beneath that sword lay
dead,

And when, 'mid deadly conflict, ye Judges! — ere
was dried

The blood of my companions, in gore, your Chiefs
were dyed!“

„For this ye might excuse me, axe — gallows —
halter — wheel!

Yet nay! — Haste and behead me! — The sword
I pant to feel:

You then may boast, with triumph, that 'mid a noble strife,
By your victorious weapon, was Klaus deprived of life!“

Contented are the Judges: this sentence stern they give:
„Since thou, by theft, and murder, hast, long been
wont to live,
Our peace hast thou endangered, at mid-day, night,
and morn;
Thou langh'st at our remonstrance — our mercy thou
dost scorn.“

„Since thou, of all art guilty, and more than this
hast dared;
Prisoner, Klaus Störtebecker! — our Laws have thus
declared,
As rightful expiation for crime, and piracy, —
That thou, and thy companions, by Justice' sword,
shall die!“ —

Klaus Störtebecker nodded — but not a word he said,
And, from the Hall of Judgment, the Pirate bold was led. —
The massive walls are trembling! — Do thunderbolts
resound?“

No? — Störtebecker's footsteps are echoing o'er the
ground!

CANTO III.

A beauteous May-day morning — the loveliest of days,
Bright flowers diffuse mild odours — from Heaven
smile sunny rays ;

A day on which would no man, death, grief, or
pain desire —

A day when all would doubly, to life — joy — love
aspire!

While Spring, with verdant carpet, adorns the perfumed
meads,

With sleeves, tucked to his elbow, prepared for
bloody deeds;

Behold the skilful Headsman! — The fatal sword he tries,
He laughs, with air sardonic. — The weapon ready lies.

The Pirate views the Headsman flourish the sword, awhile ;
On Klaus' proud lip ariseth a strange, satiric smile,
„Ye Judges!“ he exclaimeth, „undoubtedly, you'll own,
Our brave, experienced Headsman, praise-worthy zeal
hath shown!“

„To-day what glorious practice on many a carcass tough!
Oh, sharpen well thy weapon! or 'twill be blunt
enough,
Before thy work is ended, and severed is each head,
And ere the soil of Bremen is drunk with blood
that's shed!“ —

The High-chief-Justice rising, — this sage discourse
doth hold:
„Since thou, Klaus Störtebecker, art firm, courageous,
bold ;
For thee, and thy companions, now, justly doomed
to die ;
Thou mayst demand one Favour — but, ask with
modesty.“ —

Klaus thinks. — Not long he ponders. — „Since thus
you, condescend,
You, skilled in Jurisprudence! — Sage Aldermen —
attend!
How modest Klaus' petition! — Brave Judges! —
I demand
That, in one line, my Comrades, assembled, now may
stand!“

„List! — when I am beheaded, before them will I tread;
Doubt you my word, sage Judges? — I'll march,
without a head!
List! all I pass, erectly, — with head, from body,
riven, —
To all — I claim your Promise, — Life, and Freedom
shall be given!“ —

Each Magistrate bewildered, his sapient head doth shake:
They scarce refrain from laughter: — „A strange request
to make,
Oh Klaus! — A headless carcasses to move, and march
erect!
„Tis past our comprehension, — yet, — our Promise
we respect.“

Thus speaks the learned Chief-Justice: — „We hope
thou mayst succeed!
Th'exploit thou undertakest is a master-piece, indeed!
Thou Man of Works mysterious! — this Boon we
grant to thee.“
„My Word“, saith Störtebecker, „Oh Judge! will
sacred be!“

CANTO IV.

In one straight file assembled, the Pirates stand in view,
And, to their Friend — Chief—Hero, they bid a last adieu.
When shaking hands, at parting, their hardy knuckles
creak,
As when, 'mid storm and tempest, twigs of the forest
break.

Klaus saith: — „I'm free, my Comrades, with all to
speak, once more,
Ere Störtebecker saileth, to greet a distant shore.
Yet, ere we part, Companions! — shake hands, as we
have done
So oft, before a sea-fight, ere victory was won!“

„The beer betrayed. — A firkin! — a bagatelle is such;
Yet, for Klaus Störtebecker, a barrel proved too much!
Still, — to Ocean's free-born Giants, more honourable, far,
To yield to such a Victor, than to Bremeners, 'midst war!“

„They dared not to attack us on Ocean's boundless
space!

Like Men — they dared not meet us, my Comrades! —
face to face;

By yon Sun's light they dared not! — but, when Night's
dark shades were spread!

With swords they dared not greet us, but — with
twigs, and knitting-thread!“ —

„Farewell! — I now must quit you, Companions of
the wave!

I hasten to our Fathers; — illustrious Heroes brave.
My Friends! — you'll live in freedom, to prove the
words I've spoken:

Hath Störtebecker ever a sacred Promise broken?“

His last farewell still nodding — Klaus hastens toward
the block;
How creaks the fatal platform, and trembles 'neath
the shock!
Beneath Klaus' foot gigantic, the seasoned oak-planks bend,
As when, o'er reeds and rushes, fierce Boreas' gales
descend! —

Lo! — as the eye's quick twinkling, and with preci-
sion dread,
The glittering sword hath severed Klaus Störtebecker's
head!
'T was swift as flash of lightning, beneath May's sunny
skies: —
Behold! — from yonder ladder, — Klaus' headless
Corpse doth rise! —

Klaus walketh from the ladder, while flows life's
purple gore,
Headless, the Pirate marcheth, erect, as heretofore! —
As, when possessed of hawk's eye — clear, penetrating,
bright;
Thus Klaus descends the scaffold, with footstep, bold
and light!

His hands are crossed behind him! — Behold the
Pirate there,
As though, for recreation, he breathes May's quicken-
ing air.
As Störtebecker wanders, a field-stone doth he lay
Upon his path, with caution, and, o'er it bends his way.

Before th'assembled Comrades Klaus moves, triumphantly,
The third of his Companions — now — now — the
half are free!
On! — onward! — Still advancing, — he moveth o'er
the ground,
While flows the vital torrent, from the neck's wide-
opening wound! —

Th'assembled countless thousands are shuddering with
dismay,
As, the Corpse of Störtebecker they view, so brisk
and gay:
They fly in each direction, yet, wheresoe'er they roam,
A bleeding Ghost still follows — that Spectre haunts
each home! —

Fear-stricken is the Headsman: — his sword falls to
the ground,
And, on his foot alighting, inflicts a desperate wound:
That wound now disregarding, the Headsman thus
doth say:
„Ye venerable Judges — how pale are you, to-day!“

The wan, awe-stricken Judges see nought, save Klaus, alone:
As vigorously, he marches, one saith, in trembling tone:
„Yon Pirate must be Satan! Who doubteth it is he?
Who, headless, save the Devil, could walk — better
than we!“

The course is almost ended, and nearly passed are all;
The Corpse becomes more feeble — he totters, — will
he fall? —
„He falls! — His strength forsakes him!“ — a Judge
enraptured cries,
A few of yon Freebooters will yet, become our prize!“

The valiant Corpse now rallies. — As, fired by vengeance
dread,

Klaus' fist, cramped by convulsion, is, toward the Boaster
spread.

The duty to accomplish! The Corpse collects, in haste,
Each quivering fibre's vigour — he's dauntless, to the last.

He makes redoubled efforts — gigantic — yet, the last.
The Corpse of Störtebecker hath all his Comrades passed!
Once more that Corpse bounds forward, — erect doth
proudly rise:

All think, Klaus shouts with triumph! — Dead, cold,
and stiff he lies! —

Behold, another wonder! — High on the scaffold dread,
Doth rise, with gory tresses — Klaus Störtebecker's Head!
He smiles — the lips are opened — he saith: — „All
I had spoken,
Is verified, ye Judges! My Faith remains unbroken!“

THE QUEEN OF GANORE.

CANTO I.

Ganore is a youthful, widowed Queen:
Before her palace-battlements are seen
The late King's foeman, and a warlike train;
Although repulsed, unconquered they remain.

Beneath Heaven's azure dome, serenely bright,
Shine javelins, like a sparkling sea of light,
And, decked with linen, exquisitely fair,
Lo! the Chan's snow-white tent is glistening there.

War-steeds, unnumbered, traverse o'er the plain,
And elephants, a proud, colossean train;
The hordes of that Hindoo, can none count o'er, —
Hordes, from the Ganges, and from Indus' shore.

The Chan, with ecstasy, surveys the Queen :
He gazes on her, with enraptured mien,
As, on the castle-balcony reclined,
She feels refreshed by morning's quickening wind. —

Voluptuous desire inflames each vein,
And, o'er his soul, the gentler passions reign.
The Chan has yielded to the power of love,
Like swan that doth, 'mid lotus-blossoms, move:

While love ungovernable chafes his heart,
The Chief's Ambassadors, in haste, depart,
And, to the beauteous widowed Sovereign, bear
Vesture magnificent, and jewels rare.

The Envoys are commissioned, to demand,
For the Beseiger, the fair Widow's hand;
To share his throne and realm, in peace to live,
And life, unto the Monarch's life, to give. —

She summonses, around the regal throne,
Her ministers, in duty, aged grown;
On those relying, fain, the Queen would know,
If her battalions can repress the foe. —

Thus speaks the first, with tears, and sorrowing mien:
„How many, in the market-place, I've seen,
Their warm life-blood extracting from the vein!
Mothers, by hunger pressed, their babes have slain!“

Thus speaks the second Counsellor, and weeps:
„Like dread, swollen serpent, Pestilence now creeps
From house to house! — O'er Plague's victorious way,
The weakest, and the strongest are a prey!“

Thus speaks the third: „To chase the haughty foe,
Stand ramparts only! — dead their Guardians, now!
The Flower of our brave Youth was doomed to fall:
Age only guards each battlement, and wall!“ —

Amid her clustering vesture the young Queen
Conceals her brow: — she cries with troubled mien;
„The Remnant of my people will I shield
And, to an ignominious Fate, will yield!“

CANTO II.

Drums hoarsely beat, in the Queen's hall doth float
The flute's expressive, melancholy note.
Gay Bayaderes, with tresses unconfined,
Amid voluptuous, circling dances, wind.

See! — on the palace-balcony, beside
A hated Bridegroom, — stands a peerless Bride,
O'er whose pale, quivering lip, glides feverish breath,
The Queen's eye darts the withering glance of death! —

Lo! — suddenly the Chan his tunic rends,
And, at his feet, the silken vest descends;
Each limb he writhes, in speechless agony,
And, on the ground, his turban rich doth lie.

With checkerd hue the blood has tinged his eye,
So late illumined by hilarity:
His cheek convulsed, deep wrinkles now surround,
Like serpents, coiling 'mid grass-tangled ground! —

The Gods, and Demons he invokes, in prayer,
And desperately strives the vest to tear;
That robe appears, in bands, around him grown,
Inflicting deep incisions, to the bone! —

The Queen exclaims: „Forbear! — 'Tis now too late!
The Goddess Kali's*, oath has sealed thy fate.
Thy crime towards me entails a fearful doom; —
Yet, in chaste Widowhood, I greet the tomb!“

„In vain thy toil t'arrest the poisonous tide!
With serpents' venom is each garment dyed.
In vain thy toil! In vain, on Heaven, to call!
On thee, may Haraka's** dread torments fall!“ —

The Queen retires. — Life's conflict stern is o'er!
She slumbers on the Ganges' hallowed shore.
Luxuriant lotus-leaves her tomb o'erspread,
And perfumed lotus-flowers embalm the Dead.

*) Kali, the Goddess of vengeance.

***) Haraka, the Infernal regions of the Indians.

THE LOVER UNDER MANY FORMS.

How I ardently wish
That I were a fish!
To be captured by thee,
What bliss would it be!
How sincerely I wish
I now were a fish!

Oh! if I were thy steed,
I would gallop with speed!
As thy horse would I rove
To obtain thy love;
I, a courser, would be,
To be prized by thee!

Oh, I wish I were gold,
Yes! — ever thy gold,
And, whene'er thou wouldst buy,
To thee would I fly.
What delight to be gold,
Yes! — ever thy gold.

How I wish I were true
To all Charmers new !
I would love them for ever,
And part from them never.
I wish I were true
To each Fair-one new !

How I pant to be old,
Grey, wrinkled, and cold,
Then I should not complain
Of thy proud disdain,
How I pant to be old,
Grey, wrinkled, and cold !

Fain, an ape, would be,
Full of mirth, and glee,
That by frolic, and play,
Could thy frowns chase away !
Fain, an ape would I be,
Full of mirth and glee !

Lion-like I'd be bold,
Mild as lamb, in the fold,
Keen as lynx would I see,
Deep as reynard would be ; —
I'd be brave as a lion,
Yet, mild as a lamb !

Ah! — whate'er I may prove,
'Tis to win thy love.
Were I rich as a king,
Stores, to thee, would I bring,
For, whate'er I may be,
'Tis for love to thee!

As I am, I'll be thine,
If thou wilt be mine. —
Has another thy heart?
Then, fair Maiden, depart!
Rich, or poor, I'll be thine,
If thou wilt be mine!

THE GOLDSMITH'S COMPANION.

Beauteous Enchantress of my heart,
My gentle neighbour fair!
My glances, toward thy shop, e'er dart,
When thou art seated there.

When, on the ring, and golden chain,
I work with industry,
Oh Kate! — I wish, and wish, again, —
Would, they were both for thee!

When thou, at morn's awakening smile,
Dost take the shutters down,
To buy of thee, or chat awhile,
Flock neighbours from the town.

I polish; — ah! the chain of gold
Is tangled in my hands.
The master frowns with aspect cold,
My grief he understands. —

The Maiden, with alacrity,
Doth to the wheel repair;
I know what she would spin for me,
For Hope is hovering there. —

Now, pit-a-pat, with movement light,
Her foot moves rapidly; —
Do I behold the garter bright,
That Kate received from me? —

Yon tiny thread the, Maiden dear,
To that bright lip doth press;
Oh Kate beloved! — were I as near,
What bliss should I possess!

ANSWERS ON
CONVERSATION-CARDS.

L A D Y.

Say, what delighteth womankind,
Amid the world, both small and great? —
'Tis Novelty, for there we find
Garlands for all, — yet, in each state,
Fidelity most charms the mind;
At harvest-time doth she bestow
Both fruit, and flowers, that brightly glow.

THE YOUNG GALLANT.

Paris, in forest, hill, and grove,
By many a wood-nymph fair, was known,
Till, to perplex him in his love,
By Jove, three Goddesses were shown.
Was ever mortal doomed to prove,
In modern times, or days of yore,
Perplexity, like this, before?

THE EXPERIENCED.

With gentleness approach the Fair,
If e'er, her suffrage, thou wouldst gain;
They who, with courage, persevere,

Perchance, her favour, may obtain;
Yet, he who seemeth, least, to fear
To gain the witching smile of love,
The most alluring, e'er will prove.

THE SATISFIED.

Man is the prey of care, and strife,
What countless woes besiege his heart,
With deep excitement ever rife!
Yet, many a pleasure doth impart
This circling, fluctuating life;
A disposition, gay and free,
Is life's most choice felicity.

THE JOYOUS COUNSELLOR.

He who 'gainst folly doth complain,
With cynic's loud, ~~sar~~castic tone,
And, while mankind, e'er, fools remain,
By each fool — is esteemed as one, —
Like beast of burden is oppressed,
And, moveth towards the mill, with care!
As feelings actuate my breast,
The load of Life I'll ever bear.

ROBERT EDWARD PRUTZ.

Robert Edward Prutz was born the 30th May 1816 at Stettin, and, at the Gymnasium of that city, he pursued a preliminary course of education. From 1834 until 1838 he studied philology, philosophy, and history at the Universities of Berlin, Breslaw and Halle. At the termination of his academical studies, he obtained, at the latter University, the grade of Doctor. He took a very active part in the „*Annals of Halle*,“ which, at a later period, were entitled „*Deutsche Jahrbücher*“ published by A. Ruge.

In 1841, shortly after his marriage, he repaired to Jena, with the intention of residing there, as Professor, but the enthusiastic part which he had taken in that political movement which agitated Prussia, and of which his literary productions were the faithful mirror, formed insurmountable obstacles to the execution of his design. In the year 1843 M. Dahlmann was appointed, by the Prussian Government, Professor, at

the University of Bonn, and R. Prutz, at this period, addressed to him a poetical composition which occasioned his expulsion from the Grand-duchy of Saxe-Weimar. M. Dahlmann was the author of a „*History of the Revolution in England*.“

Prutz resolved on repairing to Halle, in order to capacitate himself to become Professor at the University of that city; but the Ministers, Arnim and Eichhorn would not allow him to execute his project. He subsequently devoted his time, almost exclusively, to literary productions, historical, lyrical, and especially dramatic; but these occupations did not prevent his having unceasing conflicts with the Government. His „*Maurice of Saxony*,“ after the first representation at the Theatre of Berlin, was forbidden to appear in the Prussian dominions.

On account of the publication of the „*Politische Wochenstube*,“ he was prosecuted, on a charge of high treason. In 1846, after this process had been annulled, at the express desire of the King, Prutz held a discourse respecting the German Theatre, before a numerous assembly at Berlin. His dissertation on the progress of modern German literature, which he undertook, in the same city, the following winter, was forbidden, after the delivery of the first lecture, and this circumstance gave rise to new, and unabated

persecutions, until, at Easter 1847, he was appointed as teacher of the scenic art, at Hamburg. However, this undertaking which appeared so alluring, was soon discovered to be purely a lucrative speculation on the part of the directors, and the artistic interests which Prutz was desirous to encourage, formed a secondary consideration, and for that reason, at the expiration of two months, our Poet abandoned his employment. During some time he resided, as a private individual, at Hamburg and Leipsic, principally occupied with historical works.

In 1848, when the Revolution broke out at Berlin, Prutz returned to that city, and became a very active member of the constitutional Monarchy, after having, for a long period, belonged to the democratic party. When the catastrophe of November took place at Berlin, he quitted that city, and repaired to his birth-place, Stettin, where he gave lectures on modern history. In the spring of 1849 he accepted a position as, Professor of history at the University of Halle. This employment which was conferred on him by the Prussian government, he now occupies. Since the year 1850, he has published the „*Deutsche Museum*,“ a Review for literature, art, and public life. In his prose writings, R. Prutz has manifested an extraordinary fecundity: his poetical compositions exhibit

an extreme elegance of style, and a also betray depth of feeling which flows from the warm sources of a generous and noble heart.

The chief Works of Prutz are:

A FAIRY-TALE. An allegorical Poem against Russia. Leipsic, 1841.

POEMS. Leipsic, 1841. New Edition, Zürich and Winterthur, 1843.

THE SOCIETY OF POETS AT GÖTTINGEN. A History of German Literature Leipsic, 1841.

A HISTORY OF GERMAN JOURNALISM. First Volume, Hanover, 1845.

CHARLES OF BOURBON. A Tragedy in 5 Acts. Hanover, 1845.

POLITISCHE WOCHENSTUBE. A Comedy. Zürich, 1844. 3rd Edition 1845.

MAURICE OF SAXONY. A Comedy in 5 Acts. Zürich, 1845.

DISCOURSE ON THE HISTORY OF THE GERMAN THEATRE. Berlin, 1847.

TEN YEARS OF MODERN HISTORY, (from 1840—1850) 3 Volumes Leipsic.

R. E. Prutz has written a great many other Works.

ALGIERS.

Algiers is vanquished! — On Kasaubah's wall
The Gallic pennon floats — red, blue, and white;
The drum is silent; evening shadows fall,
To notes belligerent, succeeds calm night.
The scattered fragments of a bastion lie
Where graceful palm-trees wave their branches high.

A Soldier of the foreign legion
Is there; his cheek is ruddy, blue his eye,
A Moor is nigh; the deserts' swarthy son,
A Youth, advancing towards maturity,
The German Soldier's prize, amid the spoil,
Captured 'mid war, on Afric's yellow soil.

The balmy air, to converse, doth invite;
Around the Gallic camp, bright watch-fires glow,
How brilliant is the stars' unclouded light!
No zephyr breathes — sounds, from a distance, flow:
Against the rocks, waves undulating play,
While converse doth beguile night's hours away.

One from the North, and one the desert's child;

On each young brow, rancour and grief, leave trace,
Each hears, surprised, his comrade's history wild. —

The Moor thus speaks: — „I'm of Bedouin race,
My father was a Chief, of glorious name,
His equal never lived, in deeds of fame!“

My house the desert; o'er me, as a tent,

Heaven spreads her canopy; my sole delight
Is my beloved steed. I'm early sent

The art of war to learn, where heroes fight;
When, through the plains, I chase the swift gazelle,
As horseman, all confees that I excel.“

„Youth's flower is blighted! — What, to me, remains?

Destroyed, or lost, is all that I possessed,
And, o'er these hands, entwine a captive's chains!“ —

Conflicting thoughts o'erwhelm the German's breast,
While speaking of his cherished fatherland,
And native city, on a distant strand,

Where rise stone mansions, stage, succeeding stage,

And where his honoured sire, in knowledge sound,
Commands the veneration of the age:

He speaketh of the school's contracted bound,
Where Wisdom's lore, and mirth, the time divide:
He talks of Winter's joys at eventide.

He tells students wild, with spirit free;
Now clash their glasses — now their falschions rise:
He speaks of caps they guard, mysteriously, —
Of duels, agents of police, and spies.
A fatal wound is given, 'midst deadly strife! —
Now roves a Wanderer, o'er the stage of life!

Who tells the sequel of his destiny?
What varied scenes await the Fugitive!
Those scenes, on time's e'er-circling pinion, fly,
Yet, deeply-traced; on memory's page will live!
How taciturn the desert's Son doth stand,
He seems to dream; — his eye fixed on the sand! —

The Moor's bright glance is turn'd toward Heaven's pure light:
„Fatima! — Fatima! — The gazelle see'st thou,
With agile footstep, glide o'er Atlas' height?
Her eye is brilliant as the moon's mild glow,
That smiles, unclouded, from Heaven's blue domain,
And clear as crystal rivulet, on the plain!“

„How dark her tresses! — Darker than night's ray,
And, like the beautiful anemone,
Is that warm glow which, o'er her cheek, doth play;
Her breath is perfumed, as the coffee-tree,
That Yemen's sunny, fostering rays embrown:
Fatima! — Fatima! — thou'rt the maidens' crown!“

„Distant is Ali; — Fatima sheds tears;
Ali, midst foreign foes, doth captive lie!“ —
The German starts: — before his eye appears
His own Belov'd, with cheek, of pallid die;
Behind the wood he views that verdant spot,
O'er which, at eve, he wandered to her cot!

He sees the honey-suckle-covered bowers
In which, 'neath star-lit skies, they used to meet,
And joyously beguile the summer hours.
The Soldier cries: „Stranger! — depart! — be fleet!
Behold! I rend the Captive's fetters now;
Forth! — morn's chill air is glancing on my brow.“

„Son of the Desert linger not; — thou'rt free!“ —
„Thanks!“ cries the Moor, while kneeling at his feet. —
The German leads him, in security,

'Mid sentinels; — gives him his charger fleet,
And bids him hasten homeward. — Swift as wind
He rides, while clouds of dust ascend behind. —

The German gazes, till he disappears,
Then turns, with eye, bedimmed with gushing tears.

THE MOTHER OF THE COSSACKS.

Oh! let thy tresses wave 'mid sea-winds wild:

Thou Mother desolate! — thy vesture rend.

Haste! — hasten towards thy last-surviving child;

Ah! — thither, from this strand, thy glances bend! —
'Mid distant mountains was th'ensanguined fray,

In the rebellion, — Hetman was thy Son; —
That Chieftain fell! — Behold! — o'er crystal spray,
His blood-stained Corse the waves bear slowly on! —

With her compared — what mother was so blest,

'Mid all the parents of the verdant plain?

Three Sons were hers — of all, now dispossessed, —

The traces of their grave she seeks, in vain.

The first responded to war's stern appeal;

In battle 'gainst the Turks, his fame was spread:
The Pasha, from his horse, fell 'neath his steel,
And, side by side, they found a gory bed!

What recompense! — At the convivial board,
When flushed by generous wine, the second Son,
Too hardily spoke *one* unguarded word,
On Catharina — and became undone! —
How readily a Traitor finds an ear!
That *word* flew swift as blood-hound, or the wind.
Far from celestial day — oh! doom severe:
In fetters, in a mine, was he confined! —

Her youngest still remained — the Son of sorrow,
With jetty hair, and eye of tender blue,
A gentle Child: — from him her heart doth borrow
Now gall and wormwood — now balsamic dew!
How oft, at midnight-hour had she been seen,
From sleep to start, and, by a lamp's pale light,
Gaze on th' unconscious boy, with troubled mien,
Then, near that slumbering Treasure, pass the night!

He grew: like morning sun-beam was his glance,
The world he entered, proud and joyously;
Who, as that graceful Youth, could guide the lance,
Or who restrain the fiery steed, as he? —
At evening, when he sang th' harmonious air,
Each ear was charmed — each whisper was suppressed
Applause succeeded — many a maiden fair
Concealed the struggling feeling of her breast. —

Behold! to exercise demoniac sway,
 And, as a tyrant, Justice to afford,
 Arrived Pugatschew: — gore defiled his way,
 And his official Sceptre was a sword! —
 Cries of „*To arms!*“ and „*Liberty!*“ resound,
 As arrow swift, impelled by Rancour's breath,
 And every chain that clinked upon the ground,
 Was changed to Vengeance' instrument of Death! —

War's stifled murmurs reached the Mother's ear:
 Two days she sat, immersed in thought, and lone;
 The third, 'mid night's mysterious silence drear,
 She glided, and thus whispered to her Son: —
 „Mine Elder-born, on foreign soil, doth lie!
 In mines — thine *only* Brother is confined!“ . . .
 She ends — he understands — makes no reply,
 But he commands his charger, swift as wind. —

The Parent shed no tear, when morning came,
 And when she bade that Son beloved; — „Farewell!“
 Yet, soon that noble Mother knew that Fame,
 Her wing had spread, her Son's exploits, to tell. —
 His falchion, bright as lightning from the sky,
 Bore death around! — His flag was dyed with blood!
 On! — on! — Still forward! — Flushed by victory,
 Lo! — within Moscow's sacred walls, he stood! —

Ah! — Providence a different fate ordains. —

Far 'mid the mountains was th' ensanguined fight.

Hark! — war-steeds gallop wildly o'er the plains, —

Armed Cossacks throng midst calm, mysterious night! —

„We're vanquished and dispersed! — The conflict's o'er!

In the rebellion — Hetman was thy son: —

Haste! Hasten forth! — Behold! towards yonder shore,

His blood-stained Corse—the waves bear slowly on!“ —

The Mother hears but speaks not; — yet, her eye

Like star bedimmed, is fixed upon the strand;

She rests an instant in uncertainty,

And now erect, and statue-like, doth stand.

When that dark eye is raised, in mute despair,

The traces of the Cossack troops are flown:

As thunder, tramp of war-steeds, glides through air,

At distance — but the neighbourhood is lone. —

Yes! all is tranquil, save, that Mother's heart,

Which writhes beneath unutterable throes!

The harrowing words the Cossack Chiefs impart,

Awake the echo of eternal woes! —

Unhappy Mother! — if a God had given

Thee, tones t'express the sorrows, borne by thee,

Thy griefs would move sun, moon, the stars of Heaven,

And desert's inmates, unto sympathy! —

Gay sun-beams gild that solitary spot,
Her pallid brow is turned from morn's bright ray;
The lustre of the sun she loveth not,
It 'wakes to duty; — ah! she must obey.
She forth must wander, and, on yon bleak strand,
Seek her lost Treasure, 'mid th' ensanguined spray;
What solace, if a tomb, that Mother's hand
Can form, and on Earth's breast, her Offspring lay! —

Oh, Death, imperious King! — What, thee can move'
If a lone Mother's tears affect not thee?
Still, to her woe, a solace will it prove,
At the beloved one's grave, to bend her knee!
On verdant hills, how soothing to recline!
How balmy, tears that flow, 'mid fervent prayer,
Near tombs, when angels' pinions divine
Waft melancholy consolation there! —

That balm, to her denied! — On foreign soil
Lie bleached, the relics of her elder Son:
O'er her first-born, in mines, condemned to toil,
'Mid caverns — gently weeps the humid stone! —
Convey, with tenderness, the youngest Child,
Ye waves that oft, with vigorous, nervous hand,
He ploughed, o'er breakers, and 'mid tempests wild!
Ye waves propitious! — bear him to the land! —

She sits, with hands reclined upon her knee,
The ebbing current with her vesture plays,
The water she regardeth anxiously,
Yes! — as an eagle, from her nest, doth gaze.
The tide shines brightly, with a coral dye,
As though rose-gardens bloomed beneath the flood;
'Tis not the blush — of morning's glowing sky,
There sleep the Dead! — the waves are tinged with blood.

A Column dense — confused rushes along,
With dread velocity, towards that lone shore:
As though, reluctantly, advancing on,
The waves, with melancholy echo, roar.
Lo! — arms, and standards mingle with the Dead:
Afar, there glides a quiver, crushed and leer;
Amid the torrent, broken shields are spread,
There, without rein and saddle, steeds appear.

What shoals of Dead! — From many an opening wound,
The purple, ebbing life-blood still doth flow;
That lip distorted, still, marks grief profound,
That hand is clenched for Vengeance' fatal blow!
With garments torn, and with dishevelled hair,
Like wearied rowers, lie the mangled Slain;
On! — drifting on! — the crimson waves still bear
That fearful Armament across the main!

The Mother stands transfixed. — Ne'er, on that shore,
Did fisherman feel such anxiety,
Nor diver, when he sought that treasured lore
Which, deep in ocean's mystic cave, doth lie.
How throbs her heart! — how feverish is her blood!
Her penetrating eye is opened wide,
And nought disturbs that dreary solitude,
Save, wave o'er wave, commingling on the tide.

Who, circled by the Dead, approacheth now,
To seek a tomb on that umbrageous shore?
By wounds disfigured is that haughty brow,
That Corse — a friend could recognize, no more.
By decorations, on his breast, she learns,
That once, on him, had Catharina smiled: —
The mangled Form, indignantly, she spurns;
That Russian was the foeman of her Child!

Death's ranks press on! — Eve's drapery veils the sky,
Chill night advances: — hark! — what rushing sound,
Like flapping wings! — What shrill, deep-piercing cry,
Harrowing — discordant — echoeth around! —
Raven and vulture fierce, their pinion spread,
And, towards the War-feast, greedily dart on: —
„My God! preserve the Relics of the dead;
Let not those talons desecrate my Son.“ —

On high she waves her hand; — from earth she springs,
 'Mid caverned rocks re-echoeth her tone;
The vulture fierce, and raven, clap their wings,
 In circles hover round her, — now are flown.
No sound reverberates, save, the night-winds wild,
 O'er yonder torrent smiles a star-lit sky;
Yet, as her vivid glances seek her Child,
 More bright than star's is that lone Mother's eye.

She starts! — Ah! no deceiver is that heart:
 Behold! — behold! — is yonder Form unknown?
He comes — his brow pierced by a foeman's dart;
 Compassionating Heaven! — There lies her Son,
Whose clustering locks she oft had tressed with care;
 Now, on a watery pillow, doth he rest;
While swiftly flows the tide, waves gently bear
 That Form ensanguined, towards a Mother's breast!

„Thou shalt not perish 'neath those waters wild
 To which thou wast consigned, by savage foe:
To me thou'lt not be dead, beloved Child,
 If, o'er thy grave, a Parent's tear may flow!“ —
She speaks, and rushes forth, with frenzied haste,
 And, 'mid conflicting waves, her path she bends:
How foams the tide! — it reaches to her waist,
 Now to her breast, the gurgling flood ascends.

She clasps his vesture, — now his rigid hand,
The Mother's arms enfold that stiffened Form;
Yet, steep and slippery is the rocky strand,
She stems the current, with enfeebled arm!
The relics of the Slain, in dread array,
Still drift along, a countless multitude;
They circle round her — press her toward the spray
On — farther onward, 'neath the sombre flood!

Wrestling with death, — her child she claspeth fast:
Now, toward the depths, she willingly moves on,
Her arm bestowing an embrace, — the last
The dying Mother gives her lifeless Son! —
Her hands now fall, her knee support denies,
Her clustering tresses float amid the wave;
'On the young Cossack's breast his Parent dies: —
The Son and Mother find a watery grave! —

The Slain, by heavy-laden waves, are driven,
A countless Rear-guard dread, in straggling files,
Till, pale become th'attesting stars of Heaven,
Nocturnal mists disperse, and morning smiles. —
Lo! — that which tints the flood, with roseate dye,
Is not the gore, on field-of-battle shed; —
No! — 'tis the Sun, amid the eastern sky, —
God's Messenger, midst human Vengeance dread!

BRITTANY.

(1793)

Hark! — on the shore of Brittany, what vivifies night's
silence lone!

O'er ocean's waves, and billows wild, re-echoes a melo-
dious tone.

List! — list! — a bell vibrateth there: gentle, har-
monious, and clear;

The vessel's bell resoundeth not, no sailor's joyous
voice is near. —

Upon the coast of Brittany a race of ancient manners dwell,
And, in their circle, God, Crown, King, from times
remote, were loved, full well.

Alas! the King has been condemned; the shrine, and
sanctuary door

Are now besieged by ruthless hordes with swords, de-
filed with human gore!

„Eternal peace to our loved King! — Alas! from him
we're doomed to part,
Yet, nought obliterates that Creed engrafted deeply,
in our heart!
God e'er exists in every place, in ocean-cave, and
mountain, high,
And, wheresoever we may roam, God deigns to hear
his children's cry.“ —

„List! list! Behold yon evening star! Calm night, oh,
welcome! thee we hail!
For wounds, a balsam dost thou give, to Piety, art
thou a veil!
Gently, oh, gently loose the boat; replace bait, fish-
hook, tackling, line,
Deceive each lurker, and each spy! 'Mid waves per-
form the rites divine!“ —

The oars, with rapid movement ply; — age, youth,
wives, husbands, cross the main,
And, as their forefathers prescribed, they worship, as
God's laws ordain.
One moves towards the baptismal font; some haste to
pledge the nuptial vow,
Some hear consolatory words that, from the Pastor's
lip, now flow. —

Behold! surrounded by his flock, the Cross and Host
the Priest doth, bear,
Lo! at his side, young fisher-boys, devoutly waft
sweet incense there;
From rippling waves, what murmurs clear, amid the
Choir's sweet accents blend!
How soothing that bell's silvery tone! What countless
prayers, toward Heaven, ascend! —

'Mid heaving waves, on ocean deep, the aged Pastor
blesseth all,
They sign the Cross upon their breast, and, on their
knee, devoutly fall. —
'Mid billows of the raging main their joyous, choral
voices rise,
As whirlwinds roar, hail — rain descends, and vivid
lightning cleaves the skies! —

„Our Father! — every where art thou! — on earth
and sea, 'mid calms and wind,
May billows wild a Church now prove, and here, pro-
tection may we find!“ —
Thunder reverberates through air, as choral anthems
vibrate round,
The vessel's rudder — deck — masts crash, comming-
ling with guns' echoing sound! —

Look! — look behind! — Bright watch-fires burn,
with gleaming blaze, on yonder strand.
Behold yon dauntless warriors, in boats, approaching,
from the land.

Look! — look above! — The frowning Heavens appear
a sea of fiery waves.

Death on the ocean! — Death on land! — Nought,
earthly, from destruction saves! —

„Oh Father! — every where art thou: thy dwelling-
place is land, and sea,

And they who perish 'neath the Deep, may dwell,
in endless bliss with thee!“

'Mid hurricanes' tempestuous breath — 'mid foemen's
smiles, while billows roar,

Their choral voices, by the winds, are wafted toward
the neighbouring shore. —

Farewell! — ye pious Suppliants greet ne'er your
fatherland, again:

The faithful Shepherd and his flock have died beneath
the treacherous main! —

When re-awakeneth rosy day; — 'mid fragments of
the wreck, and sand,

Glistening beneath Heaven's sunny ray, behold, the
Cross, upon the strand!

EVENING.

Written on seeing a Painting representing Sun-set.

Thou radiant God! — oh, veil thy light divine,
For evening's balmy dew doth Nature pine;
The steeds, amid yon heavenly way,
Draw, languidly, the car of day.

Who, from the crystal waves, doth gently dart
A fascinating glance? — Responds thy heart?
More rapid is the coursers' flight,
Thetis the Fair doth thee invite. —

The Charioteer, swift, towards the azure main
Hastens to Thetis — Cupid holds the rein;
The coursers of the sun allay
Their thirst on ocean's silvery spray. —

Night's mist envelopes yon celestial dome,
Lo! with aerial pinion, Love doth roam.
May peaceful sleep each eye-lid close
While ardent Phoebus takes repose!

THE IDEAL.

Faithless Spirit! — wilt thou forsake me,
With each celestial fantasy —
Each bliss and tender grief — and make me
A Wanderer lone, uncheer'd by thee? —
Hast thou abandoned me, for ever,
Thou Genius of life's golden May? —
Eternity's unfathomed river
Bears thee, remorselessly, away!

Eclipsed is Joy's bright sun! Youth's pleasures,
And fascinations now depart.
The *Ideal* is vanished, with those treasures
That, once, enthralled my sanguine heart.
That Creed enchanting, taught 'mid slumbers, —
Written with Heaven's own glowing ray, —
Attuned to harmony's sweet numbers,
To frigid Life is now a prey! —

Pygmalion once, with ardour glowing,
 Clasped to his breast the frigid stone;
On Art's fair Statue life bestowing
 Which, from the Sculptor's soul, had flown; —
I thus loved Nature — thus embraced her
 With a young Poet's fervent zeal,
Till vivified, new beauty graced her; —
 My sympathies she seemed to feel.

My rapturous enjoyment sharing,
 She learned, responses, to impart,
Bestowed the kiss of love, endearing,
 And solved each mystery of my heart.
Then flower and tree, for me were breathing,
 Each brook harmoniously flowed,
Garlands the soulless then was wreathing;
 My life, new life, on all, bestowed!

How uncontrollably was swelling
 My breast, to rend each narrow bound,
Toward Life to rush, and find a dwelling
 In form, expression, deed, and sound!
The World — how beauteous, when reposing,
 As in the Germ, that World was seen! —
How few the Blossoms, now disclosing!
 That few — how blighted, and how mean!

Ah! — how does youth, novice in sorrow,
Rush, 'mid illusive fairy-dreams,
On Life's wide stage! — Each coming morrow
Awakens, guilt with rosy beams!
His soul, on Joy's light pinion, fieth,
And basks in ether's star-gemmed height,
For Youth, no realm too distant lieth,
As darts his wing through Heaven's blue light!

How soon Joy's votaries have crowned him
With bliss, most arduous to obtain!
Th'aerial Sylphs of Life surround him,
And Life's gay, fascinating train.
Fortune allures, with golden treasures,
Glory, with crown of starry blaze,
Love, with gently-beguiling pleasures,
Truth, circled by celestial rays! —

With wounded heart, the Pilgrim seeth,
When, near the centre of Life's road,
Each traitorous Phantom swiftly fleeth
Towards a mysterious abode!
With science, though he be not weary,
Joy vanishes, with footstep light,
And Doubt's chill vapour, wild and dreary,
Involves Truth's star with clouds of night!

The sacred crown that Fame was wreathing,
I saw, o'er vulgar brows, entwined;
Love's flowers, on which young Spring was breathing,
Withered 'neath Boreas' ruthless wind!
Blasts more tempestuous still, came sweeping
O'er that drear track the Pilgrim trod;
Hope faintly smiled, as, lone and weeping,
He sought his desolate abode! —

Amid Life's concourse — who will guide me?
From whom will consolation come?
Who, faithfully, will move beside me,
Toward yon inexorable tomb? —
Thou, Friendship! — thou, my grief beguilest,
Thy hand heals many a rankling wound,
Life's woes are lightened when thou smilest;
Thee have I sought, and thee have found!

And thou who with sweet Friendship twining,
Dost calm the soul's tumultuous storms,
Employment! balm of life, combining
Atoms, to mould immortal Forms! —
Though grain, by grain, thy hand bestoweth,
Eternal Structures thou dost raise,
Effacing, while Life's river floweth,
Time's debt — the minutes, years, and days!

LEWIS THE FIRST,

KING OF BAVARIA.

Lewis Charles Augustus, son of Maximilian, King of Bavaria, and of Wilhelmina Augusta of Hesse-Darmstadt, was born the 25th of August 1786. Lewis received an excellent education, and, after having pursued his studies at Göttingen, he made a tour through the principal countries of Europe.

In the French-German wars, he fought at the head of the Bavarian troops, till the year 1809, and, on many occasions, gave signal proof of military talents which, during the period, of the soi-disant holy war, would certainly have been developed with *éclat*, if his declining health had not compelled him to abandon the seat of war. Leisure gave a renewed impulse to his desire to cultivate the Arts and Sciences, for the encouragement of the latter, he founded superb Museums, during the life-time of the illustrious Maximilian Joseph.

Lewis ascended the Bavarian throne the 18th October 1825. He was particularly careful in limiting all

unnecessary luxury in the ceremonies of his court, in economising the expenditure of the war-department, and in the salaries of public functionaries. He employed immense sums for all that accelerated the cultivation of Arts and Sciences, for all that contributed to the intellectual improvement of his subjects, and also for the due celebration of the rites of the catholic church. By these latter expenses, and by the re-establishment of several convents, many of his contemporaries have reproached this King, with having had too zealous an enthusiasm for the ceremonies of religion. However, by his attachment to the religious creed of his fathers, he has never, in any manner, injured the rights of his protestant subjects, and by his auspicious union, in 1810, with a virtuous and amiable Princess, of the protestant faith, Maria Theresa, v. Hildburghausen (now Altenburg,) he has given worthy heirs to the Bavarian throne. The Queen of Bavaria was born in 1792.

Lewis the First transferred the University of Landshut to Munich, which he rendered one of the most beautiful and flourishing cities in Germany. By the Convocation of the States, in the years 1826, and 1728, he contributed to the developement of the constitutional form of Government in Bavaria, and he exhibited himself to the German nation, in the light of a lyric, patriotic Poet. The actions of this Monarch which,

by many writers, have been ungenerously criticised, will, by a posterity more just, be fully appreciated, as the dictates of the noble and liberal heart of a King who is the enthusiastic guardian and patron of Arts and Sciences, and of all those Bavarians, as well as the artists of other nations, who pre-eminently distinguish themselves by their literary attainments.

In 1848 Lewis the First abdicated the throne, in favour of his Son. He now resides at Munich, as a private Individual, and, unencumbered by the cares of Government, he devotes his leisure to intellectual and scientific occupations, and to the developement of those arts which contribute to embellish a social state of existence. This King is beloved by every loyal Bavarian, and honoured by all Germany.

After Greece had thrown off the Ottoman yoke, and was declared an independent monarchy, the King of Bavaria had the satisfaction to see his second son raised to the regal throne of this new kingdom, under the title of Otho the First.

Works.

The Works of H. M. Lewis the First, King of Bavaria were published in two Volumes in 1829, by Cotta. Stuttgart.

TO MY DAUGHTER
MATILDA,

GRAND-DUCHESS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

That destiny, thy Father's Muse foretold,
When, slumbering in thy cradle, thou didst lie,
Was not a dream of Fancy: — we behold
Combined, th'Ideal and Reality!
Thou'rt happy: — bliss thou lovest to bestow,
Youth, grace, and female virtue thee adorn;
From thee, a Husband's joys terrestrial flow, —
In thee, again, we view thy Mother born!

THE NUN OF HIMMELSPFORTEN.

(Himmelsporten, a Convent near Würzburg.)

Alas! — the cell
Becomes a hell,
When warm the heart still glows:
Walls, chill and drear!
I perish here,
When love's young flowers disclose.

Waves swiftly glide
O'er yonder tide,
Towards ocean, far away,
And thus, with me,
How rapidly
Glides on life's joyless day!

Hence could I flee,
I'd rush to thee,
Wave that so mild dost roll!
I, Prisoner lone,
Must here disown
Each impulse of my soul!

My strength doth fail,
My cheek turns pale,
Beneath a weight of woe;
I mourn and sigh,
Yet, from mine eye,
Warm tears have ceased to flow! —

To thee I come,
Thou friendly tomb!
Death claims a youthful prey. —
Now falls the Veil! —
Him shall I hail
In regions, far away!

THE MONK OF OBERZELL.

(Oberzell, a Convent near Würzburg.)

While rapidly
The waves roll by,
Unsatisfied I feel;
As forth they rove,
Of her I love,
No tidings they reveal.

Receive these tears! —
My hopes — my fears,
In death will find relief;
Though writhes my heart,
'Neath love's keen dart,
How sacred is love's grief!

I am not far
From thee, my Star,
Yet, thou thy light dost veil; —
Veiled ever o'er? —
On earth, no more,
Bright Star! — I, thee shall hail. —

Oh! pilot me,
Thou billowy sea!
Across thy rushing spray.
Hence may I haste,
And find, at last,
A friendly, peaceful bay!

Though waves flow on,
I stand alone,
In life — already dead.
On earth reigns night!
Yet, morning-light,
O'er yon blue sky is spread.

Yon pealing bell
May tidings tell,
Of nuptials — pleasure — death.
To me, kind Heaven
Will life have given,
When I've resigned my breath!

JOHN OF PROSIDA.

(John of Proside, an Italian gentleman, Lord of the Island of Proside, was born about the year 1225, and, by his profound skill as Physician, he acquired the favour of the Emperor Frederick the Second, of Germany, Conrad the Fourth and of de Mainfroi, who bestowed on him immense riches, and elevated him to dignity and honour.

After the death of Conrad, John of Proside felt indignant, at having been deprived of his possessions by Charles of Anjou, and he formed the resolution, to transfer the crown of Sicily to the head of Peter the Third, King of Aragon, and with infinite art and trouble, he fomented an extensive Conspiracy, and was the instigator of that Massacre which is known by the name of the „*Sicilian Vespers*.“ By this tragical event, Sicily was delivered from the yoke of the French.

John of Proside afterwards became the faithful Counsellor of the Princes of Aragon, and Sicily, and he died at a very advanced age.)

Proside, seest thou rise, from yon calm sea? —

The dewy mists of morning veil the coast,
As, 'gainst the shore, waves ripple tranquilly.

Though not of boundary wide that Isle can boast,
It is renowned through one, on whom has Fame
Bestowed, in Freedom's cause, a deathless name! —

The royal Dynasty was doomed to fall,
No more the House of Hohenstaufen reigned,
A Tyrant governed in the kingly hall,
And, with Sicilian gore, his sword was stained.
Flown was the noble Conrad's youthful blood,
Upon the scaffold gushed life's purple flood! —

The foreign Despots rule upon that shore,
With arbitrary, dread severity;
They gloat on pleasure, as he gloats on gore,
Upon whose head a murderer's crown doth lie.
Like Charles of Anjou, on his blood-stained throne,
Here, the voluptuous French, each law disown!

The rights of birth, youth, age, do they defy,
To gross licentiousness are they the slaves,
They glory in each vile atrocity,
And, from indignity, no virtue saves:
To satisfy unbridled lust, they live,
And, to base passions, daily victims give. —

How keenly John of Prosida doth feel
The rankling wound the brave Sicilians bear!
He fans that spark which hatred doth reveal,
A smouldering spark, enkindled by despair.

The Patriot scorns t'expel their enemy,
By retribution just, all — all shall die! —

Long ere, from Aetna's crater, towering high,
Torrents of bright, destructive lava flow,
Deceptive calms th'irruption prophesy,
And thus a Nation veils a desperate blow.
Foreboding silence, and tranquillity
Conceal the thunderbolts that hidden lie. —

By one decisive stroke their Foes to slay,
And to avenge the tyranny, long borne,
Will the Sicilians crime by crime repay:
The word: „*Extermination!*“ all have sworn. —
Hark! — the Sicilian Vesper-bells resound: —
The French, the prey of Death, lie piled around!

THE WEEPING ROCK

AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

„Wilt thou repudiate my heart,
And break a plighted vow?
Spring's blooming roses soon depart,
And still alone art thou.“ —

„Fidelity wilt thou despise?
For change thy soul doth long:
Oh maiden! swift as west-wind flies
The gay, adoring throng!“ —

Love's constant vow delights, no more,
He quits his Love, for ever.
Of grief that blights his heart's deep core,
The youth complaineth never.

A lonesome rock is his retreat, —
A rock Sophia's heart! —
He findeth no enjoyment sweet,
E'er rankles sorrow's dart.

Far from the world's tumultuous crowd,
In drear obscurity,
By countless trials is he bowed,
And ne'er, from grief, is free.

Increasing years no peace bestow,
Still gush the trembling tears,
And, farther to augment his woe,
He thinks of former years.

How joyously then passed away
The gay, luxuriant hours,
When mutual love, in life's young May,
His path bedecked with flowers! —

A kind, compassionating God
Who views his mental strife,
Relieves him from his wearying load, —
A tearful, hated life! —

He's metamorphosed into stone;
Yet, rock and mountain prove
No barrier, for still flow on
Tears, — sacred unto love! —

A thousand years have circled by,
And still, on that lone spot,
Love's trembling tears still greet the eye,
The course arresteth not!

THE MOUNTAIN OF UNTERSBERG.

(A L E G E N D.)

Shouldst thou those strange, mysterious forms survey,
The caverns of the Untersberg reveal,
Thy soul, to terror, would become a prey,
And nameless palpitation wouldst thou feel.

Shouldst thou the towering Untersberg ascend,
And contemplate the sombre depths below,
What shrill, discordant tones thine ear would rend,
Tones that, from gulphs unfathomable, flow!

In chasms of that lofty, marble wall,
Illumed with variegated tints of light,
What countless wanderers have been doomed to fall,
Mid cheerless realms of everlasting night!

Innumerable legends have been told

Of that external, and internal sphere, —
Legends, transmitted from the days of old,
That cause resistless tremour, as we hear.

The riches piled within that Mount's recess,
Have often charmed the traveller's wondering eye,
Yet, the alluring treasure, to possess, —
Hope doth the possibility deny. —

A crowd of Dwarfs, 'neath midnight's moon-lit sky,
To yonder church, at Unterstein, repair:
Woe! — woe to all who haste not quickly by,
For he who lingers is a prisoner there!

That mystic Troop must he accompany,
For nought terrestrial dares their power withstand:
Each is inevitably doomed to die,
When lured among the Dwarfs' un pitying band! —

The Emperor Charles the Great doth captive stay
Within th'enchanted Mountain's fearful breast,
With his brave hosts! — Centuries have passed away,
Yet, torpid and benumbed, Charles still doth rest.

There, spell-bound will the Monarch lie till, round

The circling table, thrice his beard doth grow; —

Then will the hour of his deliverance sound; —

That hour will freedom, on his hosts, bestow!

The marble battlement they'll pass again,

On Walserfeld Charles' pennon will be furled;

Then o'er Earth's farthest mountain, sea, and plain,

Will toll the knell of an expiring World!

SAPPHO.

On fair Leucadia's tranquil plain,
 Illumed by moon-lit skies,
And far extending o'er the main,
 Steep, threatening rocks arise.

Far, far projecting o'er the sea,
 Love's Monument they stand;
Sappho gave immortality
 Unto Leucadia's strand. —

The Songstress, far renowned, was born
 In Lesbos' valley fair;
How soon Fame's laurel-crowns adorn
 The Maiden's flowing hair!

The Grecians hear, enraptured, long,
 Her lyre's melodious tone,
Yet, Sappho's clear, harmonious song,
 To love is tuned, alone.

Th'applause that ever circles round,
When Sappho's accents flow,
And when her golden strings resound,
Doth no delight bestow.

Though, by terrestrial luxuries, bowed,
No bliss can wealth impart;
In love, she shuns the worldly crowd,
Love triumphs o'er her heart. —

Tranquillity the Songstress finds,
Love's ray her spirit cheers:
Sappho each crown of Fame resigns
For love's luxuriant tears.

How rapidly the years glide by,
Beguiled with mutual love! —
Yet, earth's most pure felicity
Doth fluctuating prove.

An evanescent flower is love,
It blossoms — and it dies!
As clouds that 'mid blue ether move,
Thus swift the passion flies.

Phaon, a traitor to his vow,
From Sappho turns aside,
And, for the volatile he now
Resigns his tuneful bride. —

Not thus can Sappho chase away
His image from her heart;
Of keen despair she falls the prey,
And grief corrodes her heart. —

She stands upon the rocky height: —
What nameless thoughts arise! —
'Mid wild winds floats her vesture light;
'Mid waves fair Sappho dies!

L I F E.

A joyous world before me lay,
And Life, with fascination, smiled;
Stranger to care, — Hope's heavenly ray,
My path, with fairy-dreams, beguiled.

What rosy light around me shone!
All seemed integrity, and truth;
Yet ah! — in Poesy alone,
For Life and love were fresh, to youth.

Arrayed in magic veil, were spread
The glories of the Golden Age;
I saw, arising from the dead,
Th'illustrious Chiefs of history's page!

Susceptibility then found
Charms in all, Nature — Art has given;
My breast responded to the sound;
United seemed the Earth, and Heaven! —

In each impression of delight,
What rapturous bliss my spirit feels!
Existence seemeth but a flight
'Mid joys that Paradise reveals!

I'm chaffed by many a glowing sun
That sets, alas! — to rise, no more.
No man Life's circle, twice, can run:
Oh Time! — despotic is thy power!

Life's tortuous, wild, and lengthening strand
Becomes more drear — more hard my lot;
Yet, on Felicity's bright land,
Humanity arriveth not.

How sombre all that once was bright!
Joy! — thy caress we feel, no more:
Life's clouds more dark, till we alight
At Death's inevitable door! —

In chaste Presentiment's calm dream,
'Mid twilight, glows Hope's cheering ray:
We see, beyond the tomb, Joy's beam, —
The morning-star of endless day!

MIGNON.

(When Goethe was remaining at an hotel, on the frontier of Italy, he was forcibly attracted by an air, sung to the music of a cither, which he heard in the street. The Songstress was an interesting Italian child; her lay depicted in glowing colours, the beauties of Italy, and she expressed, in the most enthusiastic manner, her desire to return thither. Goethe entered into conversation with the youthful Artiste, and translated her song which forms the subject of the following ballad.)

Know'st thou the land where fragrant citrons bloom,
The golden orange glows 'neath leafy gloom,
The odorous zephyr glides 'mid Heaven's blue skies,
Sweet myrtles thrive, and laurels proudly rise?
Know'st thou the land?

Beloved! — come,
With thee, to yon bright land, I pant to roam!

Know'st thou the house? Its roof on pillars lies,
How brilliant is each hall with Art's rich dyes!
Fair marble statues, as they gaze on me,
Appear to say: „Poor child! what aileth thee?“
Know'st thou the house?

My guardian! — come,
Haste! thitherward, with thee, I pant to roam!

Know'st thou the mount, and cloud-encircled bridge?
The mule, with caution, seeks the misty ridge;
In caves still live the dragon's ancient brood;
Through crumbling rocks doth gush th'impetuous flood.
Know'st thou the mount?

My father! — come,
Behold our path! Haste, thither let us roam!

THE ERL-KING.

Who doth gallop so swiftly, 'mid night-winds wild?
Yonder, a father rides with his child:
How he fondles the boy on his guardian arm!
He is clasped to his breast, to keep him warm.

Why, my son, hide thy face? Say, what dost thou fear?—
See'st thou not, my father, the Erl-king near?
Lo! — the Erl-king with crown, and long mantle on! —
'Tis a meteor, gliding through air, my son. —

„Oh, thou peerless child! haste, oh, hasten to me!
„I'll merrily, merrily, play with thee;
„On the strand of my country bloom flowerets fair;
„Gay vests hath my mother, and jewels rare!“ —

Oh, my father, my father! — hearest not thou
What the Erl-king, whispering, promises now? —
Peace, oh, peace, my loved child, and tranquilly lie;
Amid withering leaves the keen breezes fly. —

„Wilt thou come, oh, fairest of children, to me?
„My beauteous daughters thy guardians will be;
„By my daughters, the revel nocturnal is led,
„They will foster thee, sing, and dance round thy bed!“ —

Oh! my father — my father! — in yon drear spot,
The Erl-king's daughter beholdest thou not? —
Oh, my son, my son! — there I nought can survey,
Save, th'umbrageous shade of yon willows grey. —

„How I love thee, oh, charming, angelic boy!
„If thou willingly com'st not — force I'll employ!“ —
Oh, my father, my father! he grasps me now;
The hand of the Erl-king inflicts a blow! —

With what speed does the shuddering parent dart,
As his trembling child is pressed to his heart!
He arrives at his mansion, with panting breath,
With the child on his arm, in the sleep of death!

THE MINSTREL.

„Hark! — from the bridge, and palace-wall,

What tones melodious vibrate near? —

Haste! — let that song, within our hall,

Reverberate, and enchant the ear!“ —

A page obedient swiftly flies,

The page returns — the Monarch cries:

„Bid the Minstrel enter!“ —

„May God protect each gallant knight!

May God preserve you, ladies fair!

What a refulgent Heaven of light!

Who names the stars that sparkle here? —

Be closed mine eye! — presume not thou

To rove where regal splendours glow,

Ill-timed thy contemplation!“ —

The Minstrel's eye is closed, while sound

Heart-thrilling notes of harmony;

Brave knights express their joy profound,

Fair ladies hear, with downcast eye.

The King, enraptured with the strain,
Sends to the Bard a golden chain,
To prove his approbation. —

„Sire! — not on me this chain bestow,
But rather, on that valiant knight
By whom the lances of thy foe
Shiver to atoms, in the fight;
Or, let this golden prize adorn
Thy chancellor; long be it worn,
With other burdens weighty!“

„As birds that warble on a tree,
I chant my independent lay;
An inspiration joyous — free,
Doth generously, itself repay;
Yet — dare I make thee one request? —
Bestow a draught of wine, — thy best,
In golden, sparkling goblet.“ —

He quaffs the beverage eagerly: —
„Oh, luscious nectar of the earth!
How blest that mansion where I see
Such given — yet, deemed of trifling worth!
When Fortune smiles, remember me,
And thank th'Almighty gratefully,
As I, for this, feel thankful.“

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH

Was born the 17th July 1810 at Detmold where his father was Professor at the public school of that city, and, at the Gymnasium there, Freiligrath pursued his studies under C. F. Falkmann, till the year 1825. In expectation of becoming the heir of a rich uncle, he exchanged scientific studies for the laborious duties of a counter, in a mercantile house at Soest, and occupied himself, at the same time, with the study of modern languages. In 1831 when Freiligrath had finished his apprenticeship, he found a position as clerk in a bank at Amsterdam, which engagement he retained until the year 1836. This maritime city was very favourable to the developement of his poetical talents. In the latter period of his residence in Amsterdam, he became acquainted, through correspondence, with Chamisso and Schwab who introduced him to the German public, in the „*Almanack of the Muses*.“

At Freiligrath's return to Germany, he was engaged

in a commercial establishment at Barmen, here he remained from 1837 till 1838. In the latter year his collection of Poems was published by Cotta. The universal approbation with which this Work was received by the public, occasioned Freiligrath to decide on abandoning commercial pursuits, in order to consecrate his time to the cultivation of literature. He afterwards lived, as a private individual, at Unkel on the border of the Rhine, and here he formed the acquaintance of his future wife, Ida Melos of Thüringen, this lady was employed as governess to the children of an English gentleman, residing at Unkel. Freiligrath passed the winter of 1841 in the family of his intended bride whom he espoused, in 1842, at Darmstadt.

By the intercession of Humboldt, the King of Prussia granted Freiligrath a pension of 300 thalers annually, and our Poet went to reside at St. Goar. Two years later, his „*Confession of Faith*“ appeared before the public. On former occasions he had maintained that, a Poet ought to consider himself placed in a position, to elevated, to belong to any party. By the above work, he frankly confessed that, he embraced the tenets of the Opposition, by word and action. A short time before the publication of the „*Profession of Faith*,“ he had refused the place of librarian, which, in the most honourable manner, had been offered him

by the hereditary Duke of Saxe-Weimar. At the same time, when Freiligrath published that Collection of Poems, of which the „*Confession of Faith*“ is but an introduction, he wrote to the Minister of the King of Prussia, to inform him that, from the year 1844, he considered it his duty to relinquish that pension which His Majesty of Prussia had granted him. Freiligrath then quitted Germany, and occasionally resided at Ostend, Paris, Brussels and Zürich. In the month of August, 1846 he accepted the place of correspondent, in a mercantile establishment in London. In the Spring of 1848, he resolved on accepting the invitation of a rich American Poet, Longfellow, to sojourn during some time, on the joyous shores of the Ohio; but when the new Revolution in Germany burst forth, he changed his resolution. Favoured by the amnesty of the 19th March, 1848, and sheltered at the same time from persecution, in the Autumn of this year, he came to inhabit the borders of the Rhine, and established himself at Düsseldorf. Here he placed himself at the head of of a Club of workmen, and was arrested for having published a poem entitled: „*From the Dead to the Living*.“ He was accused before the Jury, of having excited the people to hatred and insurrection against the King. On the 3rd October 1848, this Jury acquitted Freiligrath of the accusation. He then repair-

ed to Cologne, and took part in the editorship of the „*New Gazette of the Rhine*“. After this Gazette had been suppressed by the Government, Freiligrath passed the greater part of the year 1850, at Bilk, a village near Düsseldorf, where he obtained the rights of citizenship. After having published the second edition of his „*Political and social Poems*,“ he again thought it prudent to quit the country, having been apprized that, the Government would again shortly bring a new action against him.

Soon afterwards, an official order was published in the Rhenish Prussian journals, that the Police were authorized to arrest Freiligrath, in whatsoever city he might appear. He was accused of having laid a plot for the overthrow of the Government, of having excited the people to revolt, and of being a disturber of the public peace; thereby rendering himself guilty of high-treason. Fortunately for Freiligrath, when these accusations were launched forth against him, he had arrived on the free soil of England, and he is now reported to be again occupied in a commercial house in London.

F. Freiligrath is, par excellence, a descriptive Poet. His world is not like that of F. Matthison who represents to us, the dances of elves and fairies by moonlight, and other piquant fantasies. Freiligrath's imagination takes a loftier flight; he conducts us on the

mysteriously vast ocean, and amid the umbrageous recesses of the desert; in the former, he vividly exhibits to our view, the Dead that the profound depths have engulfed, 'midst whirlwinds and tempests, and in the latter, he represents carnivorous animals, in deadly and ensanguined combat with their more peaceful victims. In pictures of this description, calculated principally for the eye, Freiligrath is perfectly successful. It is however different when the Poet desires to elevate himself in the infinite sphere of ideas, and in the depths of the human heart. Then the magic power of leading the spirit captive, and of raising us above ourselves, evidently fails him. In these Specimens we pass over those compositions in which his Muse has been less propitious, and we extract such effusions as are truly distinguished by their originality, and display the seal of genius.

Freiligrath's chief Works are:

- POEMS.** Stuttgart and Tübingen 1838. 11th Edition. 1848
SOUVENIRS OF CHARLES IMMERMANN. Stuttgart, 1842.
VENUS AND ADONIS. Translated from Shakespeare. Düsseldorf, 1843.
CONFESSION OF FAITH. Mayence, 1844.
MODERN ENGLISH POETRY. Containing Translations from Felicia Hemans, F. Landon, Robert Southey, Alfred Tennyson, Henry W. Longfellow, and other Poets. Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1847.
BEHIND THE SHEAVES. Stuttgart, 1847.
ÇA IRA. Six Poems. Herisau, 1847.
POLITICAL AND SOCIAL POEMS. 1848.
THE ODES OF VICTOR HUGO. Translated from the French. Frankfurt, 1836.
SONGS OF CREPUSCULUM. Stuttgart, 1836. Sixth Edition. 1843.
COMPLETE WORKS OF MOLIÈRE. In Connection with E. Duller, Leipzig, 1837.
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THE
HUNTING-GROUND OF THE LION.

The Forest-king, through his domains
Delights to hunt, at liberty,
He loves to rove around the lake,
And 'neath umbrageous rushes lie;
Where the Gazelle and the Giraffe
Drink, timorously beside the shore,
While tremble o'er the Monarch's head
The branches of the sycamore.

At eve, when brilliant fires illumine
The cottage of the Hottentot,
When, on the Table-mountain high,
Eve's varying light appeareth not,
When through umbrageous forest-shades,
The wandering Kaffir done doth tread,
While sleeps the Gnu by rushing floods,
And Antelope, on leafy beds.

Lo! — the majestic, mild Giraffe,
 'Mid labyrinths, doth a circuit make,
And cools her feverish, burning tongue
 With draughts refreshing from the lake.
Oppressed by keen, devouring thirst,
 Through barren regions doth she glide;
She kneels, and far her graceful neck
 Extendeth o'er th'impetuous tide. —

From sombre reeds the Lion springs
 On the Giraffe, with deafening roar!
A charger of such peerless mould,
 What rider e'er possessed before!
A courser of such matchless grace,
 Did mighty Emperor ever own?
What Knight can boast of such a steed,
 As that the Lion rides upon?

Swift, on the fibres of her neck
 His teeth he fixes greedily,
The kingly Rider's yellow mane,
 O'er the Giraffe doth waving fly. —
As lightning, from the lake she starts,
 Deep groans she utters, 'midst her flight,
The leopard's skin — the camel's speed,
 In that forlorn Giraffe unite.

Across the desert, moon-lit plain,
Doth the Giraffe, in terror dart;
Her eye that torturing woe reveals,
Forth, from the socket, seems to start!
Around her graceful, spotted neck
Dark, purple streams of life-blood flow,
The throbbings of her trembling heart,
'Mid forest-wilds, re-echo now. —

As, 'mid the wilderness, a cloud
The Isrælitish wanderers led,
Now, like a Spirit of the Wilds,
Lo! — from that boundless desert's bed,
A Pillar dense, by whirlwinds raised,
Mounts heavenward, from the sandy sea;
That yellow Column drifts where'er
The fugitive Giraffe may flee. —

The Vulture hovers in the trace,
Her piercing tones, through ether rise,
The dread profaner of the tomb,
The fierce Hyena, thither flies:
There prowls the Panther to whose rage
The Capo-town flocks become a prey;
A track ensanguined indicates
The Forest-monarch's gory way! —

Lo! — on a palpitating throne,
The ruthless Forest-king is there,
With ravenous claws, defiled with blood,
The regal cushion doth he tear.
That Rider the Giraffe must bear
Till vital energy doth fail;
'Gainst Monarch, of tyrannic power,
Resistance — struggles — ne'er avail. —

The Giraffe staggers: — lo! she falls,
Moans, and expireth, bathed in blood.
Defiled by dust and foam, the Steed
Becomes the Forest-sovereign's food! —
In Madagascar, in the East,
Mid deserts wild, 'neath Luna's ray,
Thus, through the boundary of his realm,
The royal Lion hunts his prey.

THE DEAD IN THE SEA.

Deep — deep, 'neath ocean's briny wave,
On shelly bank, and sand,
Is slumbering many a sailor brave,
Who bade, farewell, to land.

The sea engulphs its fragile prey: —
Death's knell — wild tempests sound,
And he who, late, was fresh and gay,
An early tomb has found!

On sand — weed — shell-bank — tranquilly,
How many others sleep,
Who were not, early, doomed to die,
Through storms upon the deep!

In cabin, frigid and confined,
The Wanderer yields his breath:
They cast him overboard, entwined
Within the shroud of Death.

How deep a tomb the sea's vast ground,
 Beneath the watery sphere!
Wild waves eternally roll round
 That church-yard, lone and drear! —

If ocean's billows glide away,
 And her hid depths unfold,
The Sleepers there, in dread array,
 Aghast, might we behold;
The polypus a web-work, red,
Around the Skeletons have spread!

On mossy pillow, 'neath the spray,
 They calmly rest, awhile;
As ocean's inmates round them play,
 How ghastly do they smile!

How skilfully the saw-fish there
 Has polished every bone!
Fair mermaids, with assiduous care,
 Gay ornaments place on.

Lo! some anoint the flowing hair,
 And braid each tangled tress;
The gaunt cheek-bones, to paint with care,
 The purple fish they press.

One sings a melancholy strain,
Shell-bracelets some arrange;
The Skeletons, beneath the main,
Are decked with jewels strange!

Bright yellow amber doth each hand,
And fleshless joint surround;
That skull, reposing on the sand,
With coral-wreath is crowned.

Within the sockets of the eye,
Are pearls of beauty rare,
In the white bones sea-insects lie,
And gnaw the marrow there.

Yon mast, once, braved the tide profound, —
Defied the whirlwind's shock;
On that tall mast the Dead are bound,
'Tis wedged amid the rock.

By fish, and worms, the silent Dead
Are rooted in the sand;
Ah! dream the Slumberers they have sped
To their loved fatherland? —

Beneath the green, mysterious wave,
Where pearls their lustre hide,
Reposeth many a sailor brave,
Who sank amid the tide!

He sleepeth, far from house and home,
No flower bedecks his grave,
And thither Friendship ne'er doth roam,
With tears his tomb to lave.

Where sleep his relics peacefully,
No perfumed rosemary grows,
No cypress waves — no zephyrs fly, —
There blooms no fragrant rose. —

If, never glistens, on that spot,
The tear of Sympathy, —
Why murmur? — It afflicteth not
The Dead beneath the sea!

THE REVENGE OF THE FLOWERS.

Lulled in refreshing, sweet repose,
* The Maiden slumbers tranquilly;
On that fair cheek, where blooms the rose,
Her jetty, silken lashes lie.

A stool of reeds stands at her side,
There lies a vase of fragrant flowers,
Bright, freshly-plucked, the garden's pride,
More lovely ne'er adorned the bowers.

Around that little chamber fair,
Oppressive exhalations rise,
For summer shuns refreshing air,
And firmly closed the window lies.

No voice disturbs the midnight hours. —
List! — what soft-murmuring tones are nigh?
List! from the branches, foliage, flowers,
Burst mingled notes of revelry.

Lo! from each perfumed chalice now,
Aerial, odorous Spirits fly,
Equipped with shields, crowns deck their brow,
And clad in vaporous drapery.

Forth from the purple, blushing rose,
Ascends a graceful Being fair,
Whose clustering hair dishevelled flows,
And pearls, as dew-drops, glisten there.

From th'helmet-flower, of brilliant dye,
And foliage of umbrageous green;
With sword in hand, avengingly,
Doth rush a Knight, of hardy mien.

Upon his helmet waves, 'mid air,
The heron's feather, silvery-grey.
Swift from the modest lily fair,
A Maiden glides, in light array.

Upon the tiger-lily bright,
Lo! — an imperious Moor is seen;
A crescent of celestial light,
Is glittering on his turban green.

On the imperial hily's breast
A Sceptre-bearer proud appears,
And from the iris' azure vest,
Dart Sportsmen, armed with hunting-spears.

From the narcissus gay ascends
A Youth, with melancholy eye;
O'er the fair Maiden's couch he bends,
To kiss her lip, of coral dya. —

Around the bed they form a ring:
The Spirits dance, in circles wild, —
In dizzy mazes dance, and sing
To the unconscious, slumbering Child: —

„Maiden! — by thee, from earth's cool shade,
Have we been torn, remorselessly.
We languish, wither, pine, and fade,
And, in this vase, must, captives, die!“

„How joyously were passed life's days
On earth's maternal, guardian breast!
Through verdant foliage, sunny rays
Our variegated forms caressed.“

„When, 'neath cool zephyrs of the glade,
Our slender, pliant stems were bent,
As fairies gay, by night we played
Around our leafy tenement.“

„We then sipped rain, and dew-drops sweet;
In stagnant fluid now we lie;
Yet, vengeance, in this lone retreat,
Thee strikes, oh Maiden! ere we die!“ —

The Spirits bend upon the bed
On which reclines that beauteous one. —
Now followeth a silence dread; —
Now echoes many a mystic tone.

What whispering in that elfin wreath!
How glows her cheek with feverish dyes!
The Spirits, on the Maiden, breathe; —
What suffocating odours rise! —

When beams the sun's first ray of gold,
The fairy Spirits flit away. —
Lo! on a downy couch, behold
The loveliest Form of mortal clay!

How like a blighted, vernal flower!

Her cheek retains a roseate glow.

Perfumes the vital spark, o'erpower;

She sleeps beside her Sisters, now!

FLOWERS.

Ye foster-children of the sun,
Flowers of the meadow gay,
Favourites of Nature, ever young,
Her gems of purest ray!
How rich your silver-spangled vest!
Your graceful forms hath Flora dressed
In Heaven's own colours bright;
Yet — weep, Spring's children! — Though you live,
To you, no *Soul* does Flora give,
And ah! — ye bloom 'mid night.

To you, the lark and nightingale
Sing love-songs, while they fly,
And amorous sylphs, from wood, and vale,
Caress you, hovering nigh.
Has not the Queen Idalian spread
Your perfumed chalice, as a bed,
For the delights of love? —
Children of Spring! — your tears should flow,
Alas! — to *Love's* celestial glow,
Insensible ye prove! —

Yet, when a mother's stern decree,
From Nina, bids me part,
The Flowers I send reveal to thee
The secret of my heart. —
In you, mute Messengers, combined
Life, language, soul, and heart, I find,
Each feeling you disclose,
And, in your leaves, of brilliant dye,
The mightiest Divinity
Doth silently repose!

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

A BALLAD.

(Henry, Count of Toggenburg, suspected that the Countess Ida, his wife, entertained a secret affection for one of his vassals, and actuated by jealousy, he commanded her to be thrown from the summit of a lofty rock. Those who were commissioned to perform this cruel order, moved by compassion, spared her life, and the Countess resided some time, in a neighbouring forest, as a female hermit.

The Count having afterwards been fully convinced that, his suspicions had been groundless, was stung with the most poignant remorse, he was then informed that, his innocent Wife still lived, and he ardently sought reconciliation and forgiveness. The latter was granted, but the Countess had formed the resolution to take the veil. In the convent to which she retired, she was remarkable for her piety, and exemplary virtues, and after her death, she was acknowledged as a saint.

Schiller commences this ballad with the Countess Ida's reply to her repentant Lord.)

„Sir Knight! for thee a sister's love,
Within this breast shall glow,
Demand no other, lest it prove
A source of future woe;
I see thee enter tranquilly,
And tranquilly depart,
In secret wherefore weep? — Oh! why
Thus palpitates thy heart?“ —

This sentence, earthly peace has chased;
How doth his heart now bleed!
In silence is his Wife embraced,
He mounts his noble steed,
From Switzerland, without delay,
He starts with a Swiss band;
With Cross on breast, he bends his way
Unto the Holy Land.

Where'er the deadliest strife appears,
Rushes the Champion brave,
And 'midst the Turkish, glittering spears,
His banner proud doth wave.
Lo! Toggenburg inspires dismay
Among the Prophet's race,
Yet, from his heart, Fame's brilliant ray
Has failed, deep grief to chase.

One lingering year his tortured mind
Endures affliction's scar,
No consolation can he find,
And bids farewell to war;
He views a ship, on Joppa's strand,
Awaiting favouring gales,
His Ida's cherished fatherland,
Count Toggenburg soon hails. —

The Pilgrim knocks, 'mid hopes, and fears,
At Ida's castle-gate;
As thunderbolts are tones he hears,
Those words have sealed his fate: —
„The Lady whom thou seekest, now
Becomes the Bride of Heaven;
She proffered, yesterday, her vow,
Each earthly tie is riven!“ —

Despairingly, the Knight quits ever
His Fathers' Swiss domain;
His Arab steed he seeth never,
Nor glistening arms, again!
From Toggenburg, in search of rest,
The Wanderer roves, unknown;
O'er that proud Form a sack-cloth vest
He, mournfully, has thrown. —

'Mid linden-boughs' umbrageous shade,
A Convent-roof appears,
And near, within a sombre glade,
A hut the Mourner rears.
From morning's bright, awakening smiles,
Till evening's moon-lit ray,
Alone he sits; — Hope's star beguiles
The lingering hours away.

On that grey Convent how unmoved
Is riveted his gaze,
Until his Ida — his beloved,
The Hermit lone surveys! —
The Nun appears with tranquil mien,
Still graceful, young, and fair;
While musing on the valley green,
She seems an angel there!

Cheered by that sacred Vision bright,
How joyously he sleeps!
He rises, welcomes morning light,
And silent vigil keeps.
Days — years roll on: he murmurs not,
He grieves not. From afar,
He contemplates, from that drear cot,
The Convent lattice-bar.

The Nun appears with tranquil mien,
Still graceful, young and fair;
While musing on the valley green,
She seems an angel there! —
One morn, still gazing stedfastly,
Toggenburg yields his breath;
Yet, on that window rests his eye,
When slumbering in death!

FREDERICK RÜCKERT.

Frederick Rückert the son of a Bavarian officer in the exchequer, was born the 16th May 1789 at Schweinfurt in Franconia. After having terminated his studies at the Gymnasium of his native city, he repaired to Jena, in order to study jurisprudence; however his time was chiefly occupied with languages and literature, and he became under Professor of that University in 1811.

As early as the year 1814, when he commenced his poetical career, under the name of Freimund Raimar, he quitted the University of Jena, and after having several times changed his place of residence, he undertook at Stuttgart, the editorship of the „*Morgenblatt*,“ „*Morning Journal*,“ which employment occupied his time from 1816 till 1817. In the autumn of the latter year he went to Rome.

When he returned to his native country, he resided, during some time, at Ebern at the house of his parents;

he afterwards removed to Cobourg where he was married in the year 1829. In this city he published the „*Frauentaschenbuch*,“ the „*Ladies' Almanack*,“ until the year 1823, and, at the same time, applied to the study of the oriental languages and literature, until the year 1826, when he obtained a Professorship at the University of Erlangen.

In 1840 William the Fourth King of Prussia, summoned F. Rückert to Berlin, and appointed him Privy-counsellor of the Government. He took up his residence in the Prussian capital, and in the summer months he retires to his beautiful country villa „*Freudensfrohburg*,“ at Neusess, situated near Cobourg.

Frederick Rückert is a very talented didactic Poet who, in German literature, has distinguished himself far more by his translations from Oriental languages, than by his own creations. No person could treat the language more as a virtuoso than this Poet, however, the extreme facility which he possesses in the art of rhyming, has on many occasions, betrayed him into the error of treating Poetry as a bagatelle. It is evident that F. Rückert has been sensible of the license which he has allowed himself in the poetic Art, for he has published a „*Select Collection of Poems*“: this Work comprehends the Poet's best compositions.

Rückert's chief Works are:

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF ABU SEID VON SERUG, or the Makmas of Harari; a free Imitation from the Original. 2 Volumes. Stuttgart, 1826; 3rd Edition. 1844.

NAL AND DAMAJANTI. An Indian History. (An Episode of the grand epic Poem of Mahā-bharata.) Frankfort a. M. 1828. 2nd Edition. 1845.

SIHI-KING. A Collection of Chinese Songs, collected by Confucius, adapted to the German tongue. Altona 1833.

POEMS OF RÜCKERT. (A choice Collection by the Author.) One Volume. Frankfort. 1847.

THE SCIENCE OF THE BRAHMINS. A didactic Poem in Fragments. 1 Volume. Leipzig. 1841.

ORIENTAL MYTHOLOGICAL HISTORY. 2 Volumes. Stuttgart. 1837.

ROSTEM AND SURAB. An epic Poem. (An Episode of the Book of Iran; translated from the Persian.) Stuttgart. 1846.

BRAMINICAL ANECDOTES. Leipzig. 1839.

AMRILKAIS, THE POET AND KING. His Life represented in his Songs; translated from the Arabic. Stuttgart. 1843.

SAUL AND DAVID, A Drama from sacred History. Stuttgart. 1844.

THE SPRING-TIME OF LOVE. (Poems.) Frankfort. 1844.

THE EMPEROR HENRY THE FOURTH. (1st Part. The Emperor's Coronation. 2nd Part. The Emperor's Interment.) Frankfort. 1844.

HAMASA. The most ancient Arabian Songs, collected by Abu Temmāim. Translated in two Parts, with explanatory Notes. Stuttgart. 1846.

Besides the above Works, F. Rückert has published several others, less important.

BARBAROSSA.

The aged Barbarossa,
Emperor of Germany,
Dwells in a house enchanted,
That underground doth lie.

He is not dead — but liveth
Within that castle deep;
The Monarch brave retireth,
There, tranquilly, to sleep.

The Emperor has transported
The stores he most doth prize,
When strikes the hour, he'll 'waken
And gloriously arise!

The Emperor reclineth
On chair of ivory,
Of marble is the table
On which his head doth lie.

The clustering beard of Frederick
Is fire, of vivid glow,
And rooted in the table
On which reclines his brow.

He nods, like one who dreameth,
Half opened is his eye,
At intervals, he whispers
To a Page who standeth nigh:

In sleep, thus speaketh Frederick:
„Haste to the castle-gate,
Oh Dwarf! On yonder mountain,
Do Ravens yet await?“

When, daily o'er yon mountain,
The ancient Ravens fly;
Spell-bound, I still must slumber
Another century?“

THE FAVOURITE OF THE
MOORISH KING.

The Moorish King quaffs at the feast,
Rich wine exhilarates his soul;
While near stands many a high-born guest,
He gives his Chamberlain the bowl: —

„Oh! quaff the bright, luxuriant wine,
And wish thy King prosperity!
Of that which give the Powers divine,
My slaves participate with me!“ —

„Long live the King!“ loud echoes round; —
So humbly doth the slave incline,
That, from the goblet, on the ground,
Flows the exhilarating wine.

With smile sarcastic in his eye,
The King exclaims, in drunken mood:
„Bend not with such humility,
For wine, thus shed, betokens blood!“ —

He turns from him who trembling, kneels,
Oppressed by royal clemency.
Loud through each antichamber peals
The Monarch's voice: — he thus doth cry:

„Forth from the castle's hidden walls,
The tuneful Songstress hither bring!
Her silvery voice, amid these halls,
Inspires delight, as she doth sing.“ —

„How sweet her intonations clear,
Behind yon curtain's clustering folds!
There all, with ecstasy, will hear
A Nightingale that none beholds.“ —

That Nightingale's clear warblings flow
Like zephyrous wind, through evening skies;
Within each hearer's bosom now
What transports undefined arise!

As though to *see* the magic tone,
Upon the curtain rests each eye;
Melody's charm the goblets own; —
In notes vibrating they reply! —

The King, enchanted, hears the strain,
And fills his goblet, o'er and o'er:
Who tells what feels the Chamberlain,
Trembling 'neath music's thrilling power!

A magic charm o'erwhelms his mind,
He comes and goes, with footstep light;
The curtains waved by gentle wind,
Approach, alluringly invite. —

That veil is raised! — With frenzied eye,
Inebriated doth he gaze! —
As tempest bursting through the sky,
The King, the sacrilege surveys! —

„Who dares to gaze audaciously
On her whom I, alone, should see?
Thou shalt behold the Songstress nigh,
And contemplate her leisurely!“ —

The executioner, at hand,
Awaiteth near the corridor.
The Monarch whispers a command;
Shuddering, he quits the marble floor. —

The slave returns, swift, as on wings,
He has performed a mission dread;
On sparkling, golden vase, he brings
The beauteous Songstress' gory head!

At the King's feet the head is placed,
The Chamberlain there trembling lies: —
„At leisure may she be embraced,
Her song contents thee not!“ he cries.

„Embrace the Songstress, fear no more!
Impatiently behold thou here,
With sword, already stained with gore,
My executioner is near!“ —

He grasps that head — warm blood doth stain,
The cheek he kisses, and expires! —
The Moorish Monarch's Chamberlain
No executioner requires. —

The Moorish Sovereign looks around,
With keenly-scrutinizing eye:
The noble Moors, bend to the ground
With trembling awe, and silently. —

The King exclaims, in thrilling tone:
„Hence take yon relics speedily!
Within one grave may they be thrown. —
Who, Chamberlain elect, will be?“

THE GOLDEN NUPTIALS.

„Haste! break the rock, and bring to light
That which the mines enfold;
Extract, from sombre shades of night,
The Prize entombed, of gold!
Haste! penetrate the dark retreat,
That Treasure, there concealed
So long, each ravished eye will greet,
When, from Earth's tomb, revealed!“ — —

„Hark! — hear you, from the mountain-height,
Harmonious accents flow?
Tones of the Genius' lyre invite
To yon deep mine below.
Haste! — let your instruments resound;
Your tools, with vigour ply:
Oh! may the Prize concealed, when found,
‘Like gold, shine brilliantly!“ —

With joy, th'excited miner-throng
Convey axe, mattock, spade:
The workmen's tools reverberate long,
Mid cavern, forest, glade; —
Till lo! triumphant are their blows
O'er the firm, stony shield:
That Prize they sacredly enclose;
The metal coverings yield. —

Alas! — the mystery revealed
Beneath the sun, is not
A golden treasure, long concealed
In that sepulchral spot.
Behold! a miracle is seen; —
All, with suspended breath,
Gaze on a Youth, of beauteous mien,
Who sleeps the sleep of death! —

They contemplate, with silent air;
Awe-stricken is the crowd.
That Youth, pale as a lily there,
Lies in a peerless shroud.
He seems the offspring of a God,
In heavenly array,
Yet, decked, in Earth's retired abode,
As, for the bridal-day!

Embroidered are the shoes with gold,
Gold tissue is his vest
Which twines, in many a graceful fold,
As o'er a high-born guest.
Rings, of the purest polished gold,
Adorn the Sleeper's hand;
Around his clustering hair, behold
Is Wreathed a golden band! —

Explain! — could wonder-working Earth,
In deep recesses lone,
Mid dreams, — to such a form give birth,
From human blood — dust — bone? —
Behold! a group of flowerets fair
That grace his couch of rest,
To gold are metamorphosed there,
And sparkle on his breast. —

Say! — who unveils the mystery;
Why, here he found a tomb?
Unfold your chronicles, and see,
If they reveal his doom! —
Read: „*By the rock which fell to-day,*
Was a young Miner slain.“ —
Here, fifty years, these records say,
Entombed, the Youth has lain.

Relationship, doth no man claim?
Doth no loved friend stand near?
None call him by a brother's name?
To no man is he dear?
Say! — does the Genius, in vain
Hither, with lyre, invite? —
Lo! — yonder Being may explain;
Strange forms salute our sight. —

Piercing th'astonished crowd, is seen
Advancing towards the spot,
A Female, old, of haggard mien: —
„Disturb — molest her not!“ —
She gazes on the Youth, and there,
While tears gush o'er her cheeks,
She kneels by him, in fervent prayer,
Then stands erect, and speaks: —

„Though, in your Volume, open spread,
No history may appear;
Yet, a memorial of the Dead
Is plainly written here.
True — underneath the rock he lay,
As yonder lines impart;
He thus hath lain — yes, from that day,
Entombed within my heart!“

„The trembling Being you survey,
Whose locks dishevelled flow,
Was gaily decked in Bride's array,
Yes! — fifty years ago!
The Inmate of this lone abode,
In golden vesture bright,
Should, at th'hymeneal shrine, have stood,
A Bridegroom's vow to plight.“

„Our house was furnished and all smiled
On our gay wedding-day. —
Ah! — the rock fell, with echoes wild,
And buried there he lay. —
Oh, cruel Fate! — upon mine ear
His death-groan sounded not;
Instead of nuptial bliss — how drear
Was my terrestrial lot!“

„Ah! — five and twenty years, — how long
To those who count, as I!
How lingeringly those years rolled on,
While twenty-five passed by!
As tresses long, of silvery grey,
Around my temples fell,
Neither of dance, nor nuptials gay,
The tidings could I tell.“

„Yet ah! — full five-and-twenty more
Long years were doomed to glide,
Now I, grey, crippled, chill and poor,
Stand at my Bridegroom's side.
What miracle do we behold
Unveiled 'neath Heaven's pure light!
The Bridegroom, decked in vest of gold,
The Bride does now invite!“

„Alas! with love's caresses, say,
To greet thee, should I dare?
Of dazzling gold is thine array, —
And thou art young and fair.
If the calm twilight of the tomb
From Time's hand shielded thee, —
How has an inauspicious doom,
Now metamorphosed me!“

„The Powers celestial raise him now,
From realms of death and night,
To ratify the nuptial vow,
In golden vesture bright.
Yet, what avails it — Powers above!
Chilled is life's ebbing tide:
Our kiss — unlike the kiss of love
Of bridegroom, and of bride!“ —

She bends, and, on that Form, her eye,
With piercing glance doth rest:
On the Youth's lip, of coral dye,
Her withered lip is pressed. —
Again a miracle is seen:
Arrayed in vesture fair,
Behold! — transformed, like Beauty's Queen,
A Maiden standeth there! —

Her gold-embroidered, rich attire
Doth round the Maiden twine,
Her eye appears a mystic fire,
Emitting rays divine,
Her cheek is tinged with roseate glow,
And, on the bridal-day,
Her golden locks that clustering flow,
'Mid odorous zephyrs play!

As she surveys the Youth awhile,
With look benign and meek,
She trembles — a delusive smile
Is mantling o'er his cheek! —
She uttereth a piercing cry,
And yields the vital breath! —
The Bride and Bridegroom peacefully,
Sleep, side by side, in death. —

Encircled by th'astonished throng
Are Bridegroom and his Bride;
Stricken in years, but ah! — how young,
To earthly joys, they died! —
Hark! — from yon distant mountain-brow,
Resounds the Genius' lyre; —
What awe, what deep impression, now
His miracles inspire!

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

Towards towering precipices, lo!
The Huntsman bends his way,
Thirsting for blood, o'er mountain-brow
And glen, he bends his way;
O'er craggy rock, and barren waste,
Th'affrighted chamois swift doth haste.

Above, drear Alpine barriers rise,
Unfathomed depths below,
No path that Huntsman lone descries,
How droops his spirit now!
He views the icy barricade,
And Hope's last flickering rays now fade.

The Wanderer's despair — who tells?
That solitary one
Invokes the Genius who dwells
In mountain-castle lone;
Yet, ere he terminates the prayer,
Insensibly he falleth there. —

The Genius hears. Like zephyrous wind
He glideth o'er the wild;
His warm, protecting arm is twined
Around Earth's wandering child:
The Spirit, with a guardian hand,
The Huntsman bears to verdant land.

Beside a crystal, murmuring brook
He 'wakes, in deep amaze;
Towards the majestic Alps doth look,
Yet, dubious is his gaze. —
„With Fortune be contented now,
The Genius thank, and stay below!“ —

Grasping his weapons from the ground
Where, bloodless they had lain:—
„Ignoble to be homeward-bound,
Uncharged with chamois slain!“ —
By ardour fired, with panting heart,
He hastens forth with bow and dart. —

'Mid Alpine realms doth he explore,
And, on the snow-decked plain,
Midst treacherous labyrinths, as before,
Behold him lost again!
Forlorn, he standeth in despair,
Alps, piled on Alps, enclose him there.

To that good Genius doth he cry
When plunged again in woe: —
„He who relieved when Death was nigh,
Compassion will bestow!
Thou guardian Genius! — hither come
And shield me from th'impending doom!“ —

With dread, reverberating crash,
The rocky gate unfolds,
And the intrusive Huntsman rash
The Genius stern beholds;
In hope and fear he trembling stands,
With clasped and supplicating hands.

Yet, ere th'indignant Genius' tone
Imparts the wrath he feels,
He grasps the shuddering Huntsman lone,
Who, supplicating, kneels,
And his tempestuous, withering breath
Hurls him to Alpine realms of death! —

Fools! — not for the unlistening ear,
But, for the gulph profound,
Vibrate the Genius' tones severe;
By laws they ne'er were bound:
Spirits save wanderers from the grave;
Spirits kill those they ought to save.

THE FIRST NIGHT OF WALPURGIS.

CANTATA.

(The German legend that, Witches, and evil Spirits assembled, the night of the first of May, (Walpurgisnacht,) on the summit of the Harz Mountain, is said to have originated in the heathen times, when the Christians endeavoured, by force, to prevent the Druids from observing their devotional rites, of sacrificing in the open air, and on the lofty hills, and mountains.

The Druids were accustomed to place around their mountains, sentinels who, with their terrific appearance, hovering round their fires, and clashing their weapons, frightened the enemy, and, by this stratagem, the druidical ceremonies were performed in security.

On this tradition Göthe has composed the following poem.)

DRUID.

Thy smile, oh, May!
 Has chassed away
 The icicles from forest-boughs;
 Snow veileth o'er
 The fields, no more,
 And, through gay bowers, Spring's music flows.
 Brightly doth glow
 The mountain-snow,
 Haste! — toward yon sacred hills repair!

We'll honour, with each hallowed rite,
The Father Universal there.

Rise, Flame divine, toward Heaven's blue height!
Thus pure may rise our heart-felt prayer!

CHOIR OF DRUIDS.

From smoke, may sacred Flames arise!
Perform the ancient sacrifice!
Haste! — toward yon mountain-height repair;
Th'Eternal Father, honour there!

A VOICE FROM THE PEOPLE.

Be silent! — oh, presumptuous breath;
Ah! — dare you rush to certain death?
Have you not heard that law severe
Our barbarous victors promulgate? —
For heathen, and for sinner — there
Ambush, and lurking snare await.
They massacre, on yon high wall,
Wives — children — those we most revere!
The Druids — all
Will die by murderous sword, and spear!

CHOIR OF WOMEN.

On yon high battlement, and wall,
The sanguinary victor's sword,
Our babes, already, hath devoured!
We rush — all — all
To perish where our children fall! —

DRUID.

Who trembles now
To pay his vow,
Deserves the conqueror's chain to wear!
'Neath forest-tree
Are we not free? —
The wood is dry — the fire prepare.
Till evening-hour,
'Midst wood, and bower,
We'll linger, till declining day;
Our sentinels shall move around,
As guardians of the forest-way.
Chaffed with new zeal may all be found,
And, their accustomed homage, pay!

CHOIR OF SENTINELS.

Brave guardians! separately move,
And o'er the forest-boundaries rove,
While, 'mid auspicious, mystic night,
The Druids solemnize each rite.

SENTINEL.

With consternation we'll inspire
Yon sombre Monks — that priestly choir!
Haste! — with that devil they have formed,
Those christians might we terrify,
Come! — with pike, — rattle — pitchfork armed,

And let our torches, raised on high,
Illume the rocks with lurid gleam,
And, roused by the nocturnal light,
Owls will commingle their wild scream,
Amid our revels of the night!

CHOIR OF SENTINELS.

Haste! with pitchfork, like that devil
Monks have pictured to their flock;
Let harsh rattles, 'mid our revel,
Echo through each cavern'd rock,
And, roused by our unearthly gleam,
In chorus wild, may night-owls scream! —

DRUID.

Father of Light!
'Mid shades of night,
We're now compelled Thy praise to sing;
Yet, when morn's ray
Wafts gloom away,
Unsullied hearts, to Thee, we bring.
Though, as before,
Hast Thou the power
To crush us 'neath a vengeful foe, —
As, from yon smoke, pure Flames arise,
Thus purely may our Faith still glow!
Though chassed, our Rites, — what enemies
Eclipse that Light — Thou dost bestow!

CHRISTIAN SENTINEL.

Companions haste! — sound an alarm!
 Hell is unchained! — Hell's legions arm!
 See! — by their torches' lurid glare,
 Yon fearful, diabolic forms,
 Part wolf — part man! — She-dragons there,
 Commingling, in dread, fiendish swarms.
 List! — hear ye that infernal tone?
 Haste, oh, my comrades! — Haste away!
 Mid flames, behold the Evil One,
 And, lit by a sulphureous ray,
 Vapours of Hell rush swiftly on!

CHOIR OF CHRISTIAN SENTINELS.

Part man — part wolf! — Dragon-like forms
 Commingle there, in fiendish swarms!
 While bursts a subterraneous tone,
 Mid flames appears the Evil One! —
 Lo! — from the ground —
 Hell's vapours rush, in torrents, round! —

CHOIR OF DRUIDS.

From smoke, toward Heaven, pure Flames arise, —
 Oh, grant, thus pure our Faith may be!
 Foes banish rite, and sacrifice;
 Yet — who veils Light, bestowed by Thee!



JOHN GAUDENZ von SALIS-SEEWIS.

The name of the Poet, John Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis is well known in every country in which the pure language of a noble and elevated heart is known and appreciated. Born on the extreme western frontier of Switzerland, where the German language ceases to be spoken, he was considered, as a Poet, an extraordinary apparition in the Canton of the Grisons, where civilization and intellectual cultivation are far from being at their apogee.

Salis has given a bright example to his countrymen, and the sweet and chaste tones of his rural Muse will long vibrate amid the snow-covered Alps, and the smiling valleys of his fatherland. May the lovers of the Muses in Switzerland, listen to the notes, and respond to their vibrations!

J. G. Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis was descended from an ancient and noble family, belonging to the canton of the Grisons. He was born the 26th December, 1762, at the castle of Bodmar, at Malans. He re-

ceived a preliminary course of education in the paternal house, under German preceptors, one of whom, M. Hilmer, was, at a later period, during the reign of Frederick the Second, named superior Counsellor of the ecclesiastical Court of Berlin, and, in that capacity, he exercised considerable influence over public education in Prussia. v. Salis pursued his other studies at Lausanne.

In 1779 he entered, as officer, in the Swiss French Guards, and in the year 1786 assumed the rank of captain of a regiment of infantry, under the command of von Salis-Samaden. At this epoch he familiarized himself with French literature, and Florian became his favourite author. It was not until the year 1788 that v. Salis became personally acquainted with those authors who formed a new era in German literature, and were the most brilliant Geniuses of the German Parnassus, at Jena and Weimar; namely, Goethe, Wieland, Herder and Schiller etc. etc. At a later period, there were very few German poets, and writers of the first grade, who would not have honoured, in him, the noble friend, and the votary of the Muses. He was on terms of the strictest intimacy with Matthison who, in his poems, has celebrated the virtues of his Rhaetian friend, and has, on many occasions, long resided under the same roof with our Poet.

From the commencement of the French Revolution, he had abandoned the service in the Guards, and during the Reign of Terror which preceded the overthrow of the regal throne of France, and the destruction of its most brave defenders, who belonged to the Swiss Guards, he returned to Paris where he had an opportunity of saving the life of one of his countrymen.

In the year 1792 he was named Captain, by the staff of General Montesquiou, and, in quality of colleague of that General, he accompanied him during the campagne in Savoy.

In 1793 v. Salis returned to his fatherland, and, at Coire was married to Mademoiselle Ursina Pestalozzi. In his poems he has celebrated this lady, under the name of „Bernice.“

After the return of v. Salis, began his political career. In the year 1796, when general Buonaparte, and his victorious army appeared in the Milanese, on the frontier of Switzerland, v. Salis was one of the most active members of that congress which, by energetic representations, endeavoured to prevent an invasion, projected by the French, in Velteline and Rhaetia.

In 1798 discord arose in the Republic of the Grisons; one party anxiously desired an intimate union with the Helvetic Confederation, and this union of interests, the other party obstinately endeavoured to

prevent. Von Salis, superior to all considerations, of an inferior nature, when a great undertaking is at stake, involving liberty and high interests, favoured the union with the Helvetic Confederation, and, before the arrival of the Austrian troops, whose assistance had been demanded, v. Salis and his family were obliged to leave the country for some time. V. Salis went to Zürich and to Berne, and, in the Canton of Zürich, he obtained the post of Inspector-general of the Helvetic troops, and, at a later period, he was invested by General Massena, with the rank of General-aide-de-camp of the staff, which position he maintained till the end of the campaign.

In 1801 after the union of the Canton of the Grisons with the Helvetic Republic, v. Salis returned to his native country where he was nominated, Member of the Legislative Assembly, and some time later, Member of the Superior Court of Justice. After the act of Mediation, v. Salis was appointed, Member of the Inferior Council of the Canton, and, in all the duties attached to these functions, he exhibited himself as the true friend of his Fatherland.

As Colonel of the Canton, and President of the military Commission, he had had, since the year 1814, the command of the militia of the Canton of the Grisons, and afterwards v. Salis was appointed Colonel of the

Helvetic Confederation. During the latter period of his life, the venerable Poet and Patriot, ever serene and complaisant, lived in a calm retreat, and refused all public functions, except that of Member of the Schools of Coire. In education and in public instruction v. Salis perceived the morning-rays of a brighter future for Switzerland, and mankind in general.

His intimate friend Matthison remarked of him, with truth: „The rural Muse of Salis accompanied him from the garden and salon of Versailles to the shades of the solitary forest; from the humid soil of Flanders, to the picturesque borders of the Seine; amid the valleys of the Alps of Rhaetia, and amid the pealing thunderbolts of war, his Muse was his inseparable companion.“

J. G. von Salis-Seewis expired at the Castle of Malans, in the year 1834. He was respected and regretted, not only by an extensive circle of relatives and friends, to whom he was justly endeared, but by every Swiss of cultivated mind, and whose heart is loyally attached to his Fatherland.

Works.

Many Editions of the complete Works of J. G. von Salis-Seewis have appeared at Orell Füssli's and Co. Zürich.

MORNING.

Nature is veiled in twilight's mystic dyes;
As lamp within a temple, thus doth glow
Yon morning-star: the beech-tree's branches rise,
As from a vapourous cupola below.
Sols' ray illumines the rocky turrets nigh,
Resembling roses that on ruins lie. —

For whom are offerings of the dew-gemmed fields?
Perfumes that high, toward silvery vapour rove!
Incense are ye, luxuriant Nature yields
To God, from treasures fair, in wood and grove.
Heaven is God's altar: morning-star divine!
Thou'rt but a spark from that celestial shrine.

In Morning's blush that casts a roseate light
O'er oceans, and o'er glaciers' icy walls,
That lustre of God's throne which fades from sight,
Cheers man, and brightly on the grave-stone falls;
It hallows pious hope, and through Death's gloom,
Eternity's clear sun-beams pierce the tomb. —

We pilgrims rove beneath the matin-ray
Of Immortality, our polar-star.

The time when Innocence goes not astray

Dawneth beyond the tomb, and is not far. —
Redeemer, and Almighty God! — thy light
Dispels Death's gloom, and Error's shades of night!

EVENING.

When evening pale
Greets wood, and vale,
Wafting cooling zephyrs round,
When golden rays, o'er Heaven, are spread,
And when the bleating sheep are led
Towards the brook, with rushes crowned;

When timidly,
The hare glides by,
Mid the dewy herbage green,
When stags forsake their lone retreat,
And, fearlessly the roebuck fleet
On the mountain-path, is seen;

When, with flowers fair,
Bound o'er the hair,
Scythe and rake, on shoulder, borne,
While echoes many a festive strain,
Homeward repairs the mowers' train,
And the reapers gay return;

What dreams of joy
My soul employ,
What calm pleasure chafes my heart!
When Earth I view, with charms o'erspread,
Nought, save the rapturous tears I shed,
Tell of bliss, no words impart.

I listen long
To that sweet song,
Blackbirds sing, in sheltered groves;
I listen to the nightingale,
The alder-tree's thick branches veil,
While, toward reeds, the lapwing, roves;

I listen till,
O'er wood and hill,
Chirps the grasshopper, alone,
While homeward husbandmen repair,
And whistling a harvest-air,
Whet their scythe upon a stone. —

Lo! now doth move
The star of love,
Mid the glowing western sky.
While the celestial rosy dome
Is gently veiled in misty gloom,
Stars gem Heaves's blue canopy.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

By the Fisherman's duty
 What courage we gain,
We possess, as our birth-right,
 The stores of the main.
We plough not — we seek not
 For treasures untold,
'Mid wild waves is our harvest,
 We angle for gold.

We deposit our baskets
 'Mid reeds, near the tide,
While we haste to the flood-gate,
 Our fish to divide.
Golden willows o'ershadow
 Our moss-covered shed,
We repose in cool chambers,
 And mats are our bed.

Decked are ceiling and pannel
With coral-spray red;
Silvery sand, on th'apartment
Is, bounteously spread.
Our retired, rural garden
That stands near the sea,
Is fenced round with neat palings
Of bark from the tree.

Our brave boys, in each feature,
Firm courage display;
Their straw mats they quit gaily,
At dawning of day.
Now they dive 'mid seas icy,
Now, swimming, they go,
Now, they bare-foot climb mountains,
Enveloped with snow.

Our daughters, at evening,
With pleasure and care,
Are employed at their knitting,
Or nets they repair.
Peals of heart-felt, gay laughter
The villagers greet,
As the mother arranges
Our bright fire of peat.

In our boats, on the ocean,
 How oft do we row,
While the stars smile benignly,
 And solace bestow!
The moon in Heaven's, region —
 The moon on the main,
Leads us quickly o'er billows,
 And homeward again.

We confide to the weather's
 Impetuous breath,
In frail vessels that hardly
 Secure us from death.
To wild winds and to billows
 Our boat we confide,
And we scorn rocks, and dangers
 That lurk 'neath the tide.

God who, 'mid night's dread tempest,
 Guides lightning — wind — storm,
Is our Guardian through breakers,
 And shields us from harm.
The wide wings of Jehovah
 Eternally glide
O'er the verdure-decked mountain,
 And tomb in the tide.

SONG.

To yonder peaceful Land! —

What guide directs the way?

Shades ominous obscure the evening sky,

And, on the shore, augmenting ruins lie.

Who, with compassionating hand, is nigh,

To guide, without delay,

To yonder peaceful land?

To yonder peaceful land!

In you, oh, regions fair,

Perfection dwells! Chaste morning-visions bright

Give pledges sure of future pure delight.

He who courageously has fought life's fight,

The germs of Hope will bear

To yonder peaceful land. —

Oh land! oh, peaceful land

For all, 'mid tempests dread!

The tenderest Messenger of Fate doth stand,

And beckons, with his Torch reversed, in hand:

He gently guides to that mysterious strand,

Where dwells th'illustrious Dead;

To yonder peaceful land!

THE FESTIVAL OF VICTORY.

Fallen were the towers of Ilion,
In ashes Priam's palace lay,
The Grecians, flushed by victories won,
Beheld, triumphantly, their prey,
As, near the Hellespontine strand,
On their majestic ships reclined,
They mused on Greece — that beauteous land,
While waiting an auspicious wind.
Tune the lyre to joyous measures!
Borne by favouring winds, we glide,
Swiftly, o'er the silvery tide,
Towards fair Greece, and home's best treasures

Yet, a pale, Trojan group sat weeping,
Heart-broken were those captives fair,
They beat their breast, as winds were sweeping
Through their dishevelled, waving hair.
O'er joy's exuberance unbounded,
Arose their agonizing cry,
Their wail for ruined Troy resounded
Amid the songs of Victory.
Fare thee well — land, ever cherished!
Forced by Grecian lords, we rove
Far from sacred homes, we love;
Enviably they who perished!

Calchas now offers sacrifice
To each protecting Deity,
To Palas by whom cities rise,
And, at whose word, in dust they lie,
To Neptune who surrounds the land
With waves that roll eternally,
To Jove from whose Olympian hand,
Dread thunderbolts, and lightning fly.
Now the deadly strife is ended,
Circling Time has marked the hour;
Crushed is lofty Ilion's power,
Lo! in dust is Troy descended!

Atreus' son, first in command,
Had led a countless multitude,
And, with th'enthusiastic band,
Sailed o'er renowned Scamander's flood;
Yet, grief o'erclouds the Monarch's brow,
As, with a melancholy eye,
He views, how small a portion now
Remains of that brave company.
Sing, oh sing, ye joyous-hearted
Who hail Grecia's distant shore!
Many here will greet, no more,
Those loved Homes from which they parted! —

„All will not pleasure's votaries be,
When they have reached our fatherland,
Within home's sacred boundary,
How often dread Assassins stand!
By a Friend's treason many die,
When they have braved th'ensanguined fight.“
Thus speaks Ulysses, while his eye
Glows with Minerva's mystic light.
Happy is the man who never,
At his hearth, found treachery!
Guile, in woman's heart, doth lie;
Novelty delights her ever!

Atrides' joyous glances rest
On his young, beauteous, captured bride,
He clasps her on his throbbing breast,
With an elated conqueror's pride.
From actions base, misfortunes rise,
And punishment, to crime succeeds:
Olympians, from th'avenging skies,
Will recompense a traitor's deeds.
Evil e'er with evil endeth,
The fierce ire of mighty Jove,
Will the violator prove,
When his hand the God extendeth.

„Well may the Conqueror, and the Free,“
Exclaims Oileus' valiant son,
„Vaunt each omnipotent decree,
Proceeding from th'Olympian throne!
The Gods shower honours, without merit,
Joy and misfortune, Hazard gives,
The tomb, Patroclus doth inherit,
And, prosperously, Thersites lives!“
When Fate scattereth her treasures,
She is ever fickle — blind;
If, to-day, her gifts ye find,
Hasten, and enjoy life's pleasures!

„War ever preys upon the best!
Oh brother! — at the festal-hour,
Should Memory hail thee as her guest,
In war wast thou a refuge-tower.
When flame 'midst Grecian vessels spread,
Our safety, in thy judgment, lay;
Yet, where is Fortune's favour shed? —
Her prize hath Cunning borne away.“
Peaceful be thine eternal rest!
Not by foes didst thou expire;
Ajax died through Ajax' ire,
Fierce passion e'er destroys the best!

Neoptolemus pours rich wine
To the creative Deity: .
„Of all the Olympians divine,
Oh Father! — most I honour thee.
Glory's resplendent, star-gemmed crown
Is life's most valued — noblest prize,
A valorous name — deeds of renown
Live when, in dust, the Champion lies.“
Thou wilt be forgotten, never,
In the poet's tuneful lay.
Soon the Living pass away,
But the Dead exist for ever!

„As no sweet notes of minstrelsy,
For the illustrious Vanquished flow;
I'll honour,“ Tydeus' son doth cry,
„A conquered, yet a noble Foe; —
Hector, the Trojan of renown,
Died for his Gods, and Liberty,
And merits Fame's most brilliant crown;
Immortal Hector's name will be!“
Celebrate that Chief who, dying,
In his country's cause, was slain,
And, from foes, doth glory gain;
Honour *him*, in death now lying!

The jovial Nestor who hath seen
Three ages of the human race,
Brings Hecuba, the weeping Queen,
The golden vase that laurels grace: —
„Oh, quaff the rich, luxuriant wine!
Forget misfortune's poignant smart:
Balsam is Bacchus' gift divine,
Yes! — balsam for a broken heart!“
Quaff! — Earth's nectar, brightly-glowing
Lulls each pang of sorrow's dart;
Balm, to heal a wounded heart,
Liberal Bacchus is bestowing!“

„When Niobè whom wrath divine
Had plunged in dire calamity,
Tasted th'exhilarating wine,
From grief maternal was she free.
Yes! — if the vivifying draught
But touch the lip of trembling woe,
Will not Misfortune's poisoned shaft
Deep, 'neath the waves of Lethè flow?
When life's juice, thou broken-hearted,
To thy quivering lip is pressed,
Care is vanished from thy breast,
And, on Lethè's wave, departed.“ —

A Priestess whom the Gods endued
With deep, prophetic, mystic lore,
First, from the regal vessel, viewed
Smoke, circling rise from Grecia's shore. —
Like vapours that from earth arise,
Or clouds that 'mid blue ether move,
Are all terrestrial dignities;
The Changeless is above! —
O'er the rider hovers sorrow,
Ships may founder near the bay;
Seize life's fleeting joy, to-day,
We may be Death's prey, to-morrow!

FRANCIS DINGELSTEDT.

Francis Dingelstedt was born the 30th June 1814, at Halsdorf; he commenced his studies at the College of Rinteln on the Weser; in this neighbourhood his father, an ancient military Officer, had fixed his residence in the year 1822. From Easter 1831 till the expiration of the year 1834, he studied theology and philology, and applied, with great zeal, to the acquirement of ancient and modern languages and literature. He passed honourably, his examinations, with the intention of devoting himself to the instruction of youth. During a year, he occupied the place of first Master, in an Establishment for the education of the English, at Ricklingen, near Hanover. In 1836 he returned to the Electorate of Hesse, and obtained employment at the newly-organized Lyceum at Cassel.

After having published two works, one entitled: „*The new Argonauts*,“ and the other: „*Portraits of Cassel*,“ inserted in the „*Review of Europe*,“ the Go-

vernment expelled Dingelstedt in 1838, from Cassel, and stationed him at the College of Fulda, where he occupied the place of Professor, till Michaelmas 1841.

At this epoch, the editor of the „*Watchman's Songs*,“ gave his dismissal, and quitted the service of the Electorate of Hesse, in order to apply entirely, to literature and journalism. He addressed himself to M. Cotta, at Augsburg; that gentleman sent him to London and Paris, as correspondent of his „*Gazette of Augsburg*;“ some time later he was, in the same capacity, sent to Vienna.

In 1843, while Dingelstedt was at Vienna, he received a summons from the King of Württemberg who named him, his private librarian, and aulic Counsellor, and, in 1846 our Poet was appointed, Counsellor of the Legation, and Teacher of the scenic Art, at the court Theatre. In 1844 Dingelstedt married the talented songstress, Jenny Leitzer. In the month of February 1851, he was named, by the King Maximilian, Superintendent of the national Theatre of the Count of Munich, which position he now occupies.

The lyric Poems of Dingelstedt are invariably distinguished by an extreme elegance of form, and are the effusions of a deep and observing mind. In reading this Poet's compositions, it is easy to perceive that, he has moved in the higher circles; unfortunately,

in that artificial atmosphere, it frequently happens that, philanthropic affection gradually diminishes until it degenerates into satire and disgust. Here, it may justly be remarked that, Dingelstedt never renounced the cultivation of all which is ennobling in the poetic Art. Through party-spirit, his tragedy: „*The House of Barneveldt*,” failed to have that success which it merited, although this Piece one of the best creations of modern German dramatic literature.

Dingelstedt's chief Works are:

- POEMS. Kassel and Leipsic, 1853.
 LIGHT AND SHADE IN LOVE. A Novel. Cassel. 1838.
 WOMAN'S MIRROR. A Novel. Nürnberg, 1838.
 THE ALBUM OF HESSE. Cassel, 1838.
 THE NEW ARGONAUTES. A comic Romance. Fulda, 1839.
 THE PILGRIM'S BOOK. 2 Volumes. Leipsic, 1839.
 THE SPECTRE OF HONOUR. 1840.
 THE SUBTERRANEAN. A Memento for the Living. 2 Vol. Leipsic, 1840.
 SIX CENTURIES OF THE LIFE OF GUTENBERG. Poems published at the anniversary of Gutenberg, with Engravings and Vignettes. Cassel, 1840.
 SONGS OF A COSMOPOLITICAL WATCHMAN. Hamburg, 1840. 2nd Edition. 1842.
 THE HEPTUMERON. A miscellaneous Collection. 2 Volumes. Magdeburg, 1841.
 SEVEN AMUSING HISTORIES. 2 Volumes. Stuttgart, 1844.
 POEMS. Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1845,
 THE SEA-SIDE. Souvenirs of Holland.
 THE HOUSE OF BARNEVELDT. A Tragedy, in 5 Acts. Dresden, 1850.
 NIGHT AND MORNING. New Poems for the Age. Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1851.
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THE MOUNTAIN OF SCHARFENSTEIN.

A POPULAR HESSIAN LEGEND.

At Scharfenstein, at midnight hour,
Are mystic tones revealed,
Like tramp of war-steeds: hark! within
Clash javelin, sword, and shield.
What clang of armour! Who, the doors
Assail tumultuously,
Till Scharfenstein moves circling round,
And caverns open fly?

From every sombre cavity
Forth rush an armed band,
Who, 'neath the moon's unclouded light,
In martial order stand.
The tuba echoes, helmets gleam,
And banners wave through air,
The dark, cadaverous regiment
A Chief commandeth there.

They dart across th'umbrageous vale,
Bright sparks, ascend on high;
They gallop forth, as though on tempest's
Pinion swift they fly: —
„Our Fatherland! The Tiberstrand!
Now strikes the destined hour!
If Victory now we fail to gain,
We'll never venture more!“ —

That Mount commemorates brave deeds,
In Roman days, gone by;
At Scharfenstein's wide base was won
A glorious victory.
The purple soil there drank the blood
Of countless Romans slain;
Their Eagle proud, once glory-crowned,
In German dust has lain!

Barbarians here — barbarians there,
Like mushrooms, strewed the ground;
Dread foes — rocks threatening, on each side,
The Romans viewed around.
What execution dealt each blow!
In piles their cohorts lay,
Like corn beneath the reaper's scythe,
On harvest's sultry day! —

In tribulation and despair,
 Alighting from his steed,
The Roman Emperor kneels on earth,
 And thus, to Heaven, doth plead:
„Oh Jove! protect us from disgrace,
 By thine Olympian hand!
Thou Mountain! — mayst thou prove our tomb,
 In the Barbarians' land!“ —

Reverberating thunder peals,
 Jupiter's lightning flies;
The Mount is rent with deafening crash,
 Each cavern open lies.
Lo! — friends and foemen are engulfed
 Within a mountain-tomb,
And Scharfenstein's dark portals close,
 In silence, and in gloom! —

At midnight's solitary hour
 Mysterious tones burst forth;
Th'Italians, from th'umbrageous tombs,
 Must wander from the north:
Towards southern realms, swift gallop forth
 That pale, cadaverous train;
On — on they gallop, yet, e'er fail
 The Roman States to gain. —

At morning, when the cock first crows,
Th'assembled martial band,
To Scharfenstein direct their course
And entrance there demand.
As heretofore, the Mount is rent
While flames are circling round:—
The caves enclose the Roman troops,
With Death's sepulchral sound.

THE EXILES.

Six men has Fate together cast,
A frugal meal is spread;
Th'ingredients of their repast,
Wine, sallad, salt, and bread.
The clock, with melancholy sound,
Tick — tick! — a warning makes;
The Exiles wildly gaze around,
Till one the silence breaks:

„When the Magnanimous unite,
They talk of the World's weal,
Of tarif-union, — and delight
In arms of glistening steel, —
In sovereignty — dominion —
In kingdoms, old and new,
In ancestry, in pennons won,
And in their subjects true!“

„Ah! since together we are cast,
We — beggars of the street, —
Chaff that the wind of Fate, in haste,
Drifts on; — as thus we meet,
Courage! — we'll reason, frank and free,
Like those on yonder strand,
Of that despotic tyranny,
Borne by our Fatherland!“

„I, oldest of the company,
Will speak, — then list to you:
Death to the Regent! do I cry,
Death to the Cortes too!
I now exclaim, as heretofore,
Near th'Ebro and Duero,
I cried, — and, as I'll cry, once more:
Death to thee — Espartero!“

„My father, a Guerilla came
From fertile, bright Navarre,
Read, in th'immortal page of Fame,
Of his exploits, in war!
Like him — Guerilla was the son,
He played Guerilla's part,
Long, in Navarre, and Aragon,
With carbine, bow, and dart!“

„We fought, at Nava, the last fight,
Death stalked beneath my gun;
Our Pennon waved 'mid shades of night,
And glowed 'neath morning's sun; —
It fell! — Wounded, and bathed in gore,
By foes we were pursued;
Driven from our sacred native shore,
On foreign soil we stood.“

„Accursed be the hour of flight!
Can I forget that day? —
O'er rugged Pyrenean height,
And gorge, our safety lay!
Behind us death, and death before,
And death within each breast;
When morn illumines Gallia's shore,
In blouses French we're dressed!“ —

„Hispania! — thou, to me, art dead;
Hispania is lost,
Thine orphans, disinherited,
Rove, friendless, o'er thy coast!
My fathers' God my foes despise,
And treat my King with scorn;
Spain is despised by enemies, —
Hispania — strangers scorn!“

„As die these embers that are thrown
On earth, from my cigar;
Thus, shrouded in oblivion,
Will be thy name — Navarre!
And what remains, I scatter forth,
As now this dust is thrown.
Frank! — Briton! — foes from South, and North,
Hispania is your own!“ —

He ends; — his Neighbour takes the glass,
And cries in bitter tone:
„A health to thee, Czar Nicholas!
Long life unto thy son!
The folk and fatherland, I scorn,
May to the devil go!
A Jew am I, in Poland born,
As you, my friends, well know!“

„Parbleu! — I took an oath, and fought,
Sang with the Lagienka,
At last, but it availeth nought,
I fell at Ostralenka! —
A game of cards or nine-pins! Play,
The vilest 'neath the sun!
Three balls, within my body, lay,
One would the work have done!“

„Equipped with beggar's bag, I roved,
And fought by day, and night;
From Warsow to gay France, I moved,
That was the bravest fight! —
Oh Germany! — thou land most dear,
What luscious fare is thine!
What valorous words enchant the ear!
How plenteous food, and wine!“

„The chaff of laurels have I won,
With empty purse, and brain,
Yea, sapient Melech Solomon,
All earthly joys are vain!
The boundless World is nought to me,
And nought Czar Nicholai;
I'm slave — I'm Ahasver to thee,
Jehovah Adonai!“ —

His humid beard was smoothed and pressed,
Cross-knee'd reclined the Jew,
As, with both hands, he smote his breast,
As Jews are wont to do, —
Till the third Wanderer began
A theme on Turkish war;
A brave Corinthian was the man,
O'er Greece his fame spread far.

With emphasis did he relate,
How, though they bravely fought,
The Grecians were opposed, by Fate,
In all they hoped, and thought.
How, 'gainst Bavaria, he conspired,
And fought on Hydra's strand; —
How Basilaus, with vengeance fired,
Expelled him from the land! —

The fourth Aspirant after fame,
A Lombard, rose to tell,
At Spielberg — honoured was his name;
His tale he told full well.
The fifth, a patriotic Swiss,
Was eloquent awhile
On Romaniro's avarice, —
The propaganda's guile. —

Midst volumes of cigar-smoke grey
That towards the ceiling rove,
Glow scenes of outrage. In array
Of war, brave Chieftains move! —
Now glideth on the dead of night
Amid the banished throng,
And laughter, curses, drink excite
Each Exile's heart, and tongue. —

One Youth, apart, is sitting there,
Pale, melancholy, lone,
In ringlets waves his golden hair,
How timid is his tone! —
„Brave little man! we fain would know,“
The Exiles, laughing cry,
„A homeless Wanderer, why art thou, .
Doomed, young, to misery?“ —

„A Word had I expressed, in haste,
In the Circassians' cause; —
When long imprisoned, was I chassed
My country, by her laws!“ —
Deep blushes mantle o'er his cheeks,
How tortured feels his soul! —
Coarse laughter echoes as he speaks,
There thunder seems to roll. —

All shout in chorus: „More than we
Thou knowest, all must own!
The gall and vinegar for thee; —
For thee a thorny crown!
Come German, take thy glass in hand,
Rise! — do as we have done; —
Curse thy degenerate Fatherland,
The Traitor of her Son!“ —

What tumult wild! — With dignity
 The German rises now;
 Lightning seems flashing from his eye,
 Pride animates his brow. —
 The proffered glass he spurneth there,
 The fragments strew the ground;
 His youthful hand is raised 'mid air,
 His tone reverberates round: —

„Forbid! — forbid! oh, God of Heaven,
 That traitor I should prove!
 They, to whom German hearts are given,
 Must e'er their Country love;
 And if, till death, an Exile cast
 From thee, my native strand, —
 Be this my dying prayer — my last: —
 God bless my Fatherland!“ —

The Youth's heart-felt, long-struggling tones
 Find vent in many a tear: —
 He seemeth to those banished ones,
 A Guardian-angel near! —
 The clock strikes twelve: — the Exiles start,
 The sounds, — how chill and hoarse! —
 Lo! when the Wanderers depart,
 Each takes a different course.

MY FAVOURITE FLOWER.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE COUNT.

COUNT.

I know a Flower, of beauty rare,
I pant to call the prize mine own;
I fain would pluck that Floweret fair,
But ah! — I'm here a captive lone;
When I enjoyed sweet liberty,
That Flower was ever near to me.
My destiny — how bitter!

Mine eye, from this drear, lofty tower,
Oft roves to seek that Floweret bright;
Alas! how vainly I explore,
The Flower greets not my piercing sight;
He who that Floweret brings to me,
If chevalier, or page, he be,
Shall feel my deathless friendship. —

ROSE.

Beneath thy prison-bars am I,
On thee, can I bestow delight?
For me, the Rose, dost thou not sigh,
Oh, captive, yet, illustrious Knight? —
Thou sensitive, unhappy one!
Who doubts, the Queen of Flowers, alone,
O'er thy lone heart reigns sovereign?

COUNT.

Sweet, blushing Flower, in vesture green,
The palm of beauty is thine own!
Maidens adore the Flowers' bright Queen,
As diamond, gold, or precious stone.
Thy tint adorns the fairest cheek,
Yet, lovely Queen! the flower I seek,
Is not the Rose, so peerless.

LILY.

Proud and ambitious is the Rose,
And e'er aspiring after fame;
Whoe'er with gentle feeling glows,
The Lily's sympathy will claim.
Lovers those whose hearts beat faithfully, —
They who are pure of soul, as I,
Will estimate my value.

COUNT.

Deeds ignominious I disown, —
From all dishonour am I free,
Yet, here, am I a prisoner lone,
And pining in captivity!
Although thou'rt a similitude
Of countless maidens, fair and good,
I know a Flower, more lovely.

PINK.

Perchance that I may prove that Flower,
And, in thy jailor's garden grow,
Or, why, at morn, and evening hour,
On me, such care should he bestow? —
Exhaling perfumes rich, behold,
Luxuriantly, my leaves unfold,
In countless brilliant colours!

COUNT.

The fragrant Pink bestows delight,
The Pink the gardener's love has won,
Now, foliage veils her from the sight,
And now he plants her 'neath the sun;
Yet, ah, that Flower which, to my heart,
Doth calm felicity impart,
Is modest and retiring.

VIOLET.

Although mine accents rarely sound,
And, in seclusion, though I live,
My silence, lengthened and profound,
I'll break, if solace thee it give.
Brave Knight! — am I thy favourite Flower?
I grieve that, towards thy prison-tower,
My fragrance ne'er is wafted!

COUNT.

Bright, modest Flower! I honour thee,
What grateful sweets thy charms impart!
Yet, gentle Violet, sympathy
Heals not the Captive's tortured heart.
Far from this rock-built prison drear,
Blooms that fair Flower which I revere,
By memory — dearly cherished.

By yonder streamlet, silently,
Wanders my youthful Wife, alone,
There, daily will she weep, and sigh
Till sacred liberty I've won. —
When, a blue Flower, from that lone spot,
She ulls, and says: „*Forget me not!*“
Her accents vibrate hither.

At distance, Love's magnetic power,
O'er faithful hearts, holds mystic sway,
This dreary cell, at midnight-hour,
Is cheered by Love's celestial ray.
When writhes my soul o'er Fate's stern lot, —
These thrilling words: „*Forget me not!*“
Bear solace vivifying.



Augustus, Count of Platen-Hallermunde.

Augustus, Count of Platen-Hallermunde, was born the 24th October 1796 at Ansbach, where his father filled the office of High-warden of the forest, in the service of Prussia. In consequence of changes which took place in the Government, in 1806, he entered the School for cadets, and in 1810 he was sent to an Institution for the education of pages, at Munich. In 1814 he entered the army as lieutenant, in the Guards of the king Maximilian of Bavaria, and served in the campaign against France. In 1816 he made excursions in Switzerland, and passed a considerable portion of the following year among the Bavarian mountains.

In the month of April 1818, excited by an irresistible thirst for science, he frequented the University of Würzburg, and in September 1819 he repaired to the University of Erlangen: here he deeply studied Schelling's philosophy, and, by this pursuit, having his imagination inflamed with an enthusiastic love for

poetry, he applied, with indefatigable zeal, to the ancient, Oriental classics, and to modern literature, and his industry produced the most auspicious results. At this period he formed the acquaintance of Rückert, and the most cordial friendship sprang up between these Poets. During a short visit which Platen made at Jena, he was introduced to Goethe: at Baireuth he received the most hospitable reception from Jean Paul, and in Suabia, Uhland and Schwab welcomed him with every demonstration of respect. In 1824 he travelled through Italy and Switzerland, and remained some time at Venice. At this epoch he still belonged to the army, and, at his return, he was condemned to several weeks' severe arrest at Nürnberg, for having, in the city of the Doge, exceeded his leave of absence.

After having published the „*Verhängnissvolle Gabel*,“ „*The fatal Fork*,“ and when he had liberated himself from all his military engagements, Platen, feeling discontented with the political position of his fatherland, on the 3rd September 1826, he took his departure, and directed his course towards Italy where he remained six years, chiefly residing at Rome, Venice, and Naples, and devoting himself, almost exclusively, to the Muses. In 1823 the Royal Academy at Munich named him Member extraordinary, this produced a trif-

ling annual emolument. Platen's father died in 1832, and, by the request of his mother, he returned to Germany. In 1833 Platen was animated by a desire to breathe the mild air of Italy: he repaired to Venice, but frequently visited Munich and Augsburg, to superintend the publication of the second edition of his „*Poems*.“

In April, 1834 he again felt lingering desires to repair to Italy, yet, not foreseeing that this determination would eternally separate him from his friends and his country! December 5th 1835 the Count of Platen died of a violent fever, at Syracuse, whither he had gone to escape the cholera which then raged violently at Naples. The relics of this Poet lie near Syracuse, in the solitary garden of the Sicilian, Landolina who being a man of elevated mind, and feeling heart, had a monument erected to his memory, on which was engraved the following inscription: „*Ingenio Germanus, forma Graecus, novissimum posteritatis exemplum.*“

No other German poet, perhaps, has studied the form of his composition so much as Platen. The Greek metres in which Klopstock first wrote his sublime odes, have been still more successfully employed by Platen. We must not however, for that reason, believe, he is superior to the great Reformer of modern German literature. One of Klopstock's distinguished disciples

only, is Platen who, after having initiated himself in the art of his Master, looks down on him, from his proud eminence, and criticises him in the most ungenerous manner. In thus acting, in all probability, Platen has mentally felt the vast distance which exists between men of genius, and men of talent. Platen belongs to the latter class. In his complete Collection, we occasionally find admirable specimens of poetry, but they are rare. This Poet, too frequently fails in that sacred fire which involuntarily chafes the imagination: however, his thoughts and sentiments are, as pure gold, always genuine and original, although they may not be very powerful. Justice should be rendered him, for no man can produce that which he possesses not internally. The pieces which are admitted in this Collection, have long been considered, by the German critique, the best compositions which have emanated from the pen of the Count of Platen.

The Count v. Platen's chief Works are:

- LYRICAL EFFUSIONS. Leipzig, 1821.
 GHASELIS. Erlangen, 1821.
 MISCELLANEOUS PRODUCTIONS. Leipzig, 1822.
 NEW GHASELIS. Leipzig, 1824.
 DRAMAS. (Containing: The glass Slipper. — Berenger.) Leipzig, 1824.
 ODES: (addressed to King Lewis.) Leipzig, 1825.
 SONNETS WRITTEN AT VENICE. Leipzig, 1825.
 THE FATAL FORK. A Comedy in 5 Acts. (Written against Müllner and the Writers of fatalist Tragedies.) Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1826.
 DRAMAS. (Containing: The Treasures of Rhampsinit, a Comedy. — The Tower with seven Doors, a Comedy. — Fidelity for Fidelity, a Comedy. —) Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1828.
 THE ROMANTIC OEDIPUS. A Comedy in 5 Acts. (Written against H. Heine.) Stuttgart, 1829.
 HISTORIES OF THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES. From 1414 to 1443. Frankfort, 1833.
 THE LEAGUE OF CAMBRAI. A historical Drama in 3 Acts. Stuttgart, 1833.
 THE ABRASIDES. A Poem in 5 Cantos. Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1835.
 POEMS. Posthumous Works. Strasburg, 1839.
 COMPLETE WORKS, in one Volume. Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1842.
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ZOBIR.

Abdallah, blood-thirsty, and ravenous for gain,
His cohorts conducts o'er th'Arabian plain;
On Tripoli's strand,
How soon the adventurous combatants stand!

Long before they besiege rampart — battery,
From Byzantium sent, Gregory meets their eye;
As th'Arabians draw near,
The Governor, flushed by success, doth appear.

As the troops fanatic he animates there,
To his side hastes his Daughter with golden hair,
A spear in her hand,
And, in bright coat of mail incased, doth she stand.

The Maiden had acted a warrior's part,
The lance could she wield, she could shoot with the dart;
'Mid desperate fight
Lo! in her, Cythera and Pallas unite! —

Regarding his champions keenly, her Sire,
With courage redoubled, each bosom to fire,
Cries: „Aspirants to Fame!
At Abdallah your weapons, unceasingly, aim!“

„On him who the head of our Foeman shall bear,
I'll bestow Maria, the youthful and fair,
With riches untold,
And magnificent presents of jewels and gold!“ —

What courage redoubled the Christians display!
The Mahometans feel their valour decay,
In his tent's lone gloom
Abdallah avoideth a perilous doom. —

Behold! 'mid the combatants rideth, from far
Zobir; — he's a thunderbolt fearful, in war:
Warm life-blood doth stain
His spur, as he rides o'er the wide battle-plain.

To the Chief-in-Command, as lightning, he flies:
„As a child dost thou act, Abdallah!“ he cries,
„In thy tent remain!
'Tis thy duty the World, for the Caliph, to gain!“

„May the artifice, Christians 'gainst us create,
Be a weapon destructive to seal their fate!
With their Coin let us pay,
And prove we're as wealthy, and valourous as they!“

„Arouse thee! — Let this Proclamation be spread: —
On him who here brings our chief Enemy's head,
On him — yes, e'en now,
As Bride — I'll the beauteous Maria bestow!“ —

The words of Zobir doth Abdallah impart,
New zeal chafes his warriors, inspired is each heart:
In front is Zobir,
'Mid the Christians, dread slaughter lurks 'neath his
bright spear! —

In the Christians' entrenchments, what dire dismay,
When the Prophet's believers their banner display!
Their pennons, through air,
On the four Castle-turrets are hovering there! —

Maria now stands 'mid an insolent crowd,
With accents victorious, insulting, and loud.
With eye dimmed by tears,
Before proud Zobir, the fair Captive appears. —

A Chief, 'mid the concourse, exultingly cries:

„We bring the most precious, the loveliest Prize,
Each, fain, would have won:

The Captive, oh, Saracen brave, is thine own!“ —

The Victor replies with ironical smile:

„Who corrupts a brave heart? — Mine, who dares
to beguile?

My Sword will I draw

For my God, and the Prophet's eternal law!“

„Not as you, I aspire Christian women's heart

To subdue! — Thou art free: oh Maiden! depart!

O'er thy Sire shed a tear

And, for ever, detest his foeman, Zobir!“

THE PILGRIM BEFORE THE MONASTERY OF ST. JUSTUS.

(Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, and King of Spain, after having abdicated the throne, retired to the Monastery of St. Justus, and became a monk.)

„Tis night, the tempest howls, dark torrents pour:
Thou Spanish monk, arise! Unbolt thy door!“

„Here let me rest till 'wakened by the chime
That calleth toward the Church, at morning-time!“

„Give all thy law monastic has allowed;
A Friar's cowl, sarcophagus, and shroud!“

„Ordain me: grant a tranquil cell, I pray;
Half of this World — nay, more, once owned my sway!“

„This head which, 'neath your scissars, bendeth down,
Has been adorned with many a jewelled crown!“

„This form o'er which the Friar's cowl is laid,
Once, with imperial ermine, was arrayed!“

„I'm like the Dead, ere Death has grasped his prey,
And, like mine Empire — crumbling to decay!“

THE SPIRIT OF COLUMBUS.

(Atlantide is an island or a vast continent which, according to ancient traditions, preserved by Plato, (in the „*Timæus*,“ and „*Crætiæ*,“) was situated in the Atlantic ocean, opposite the Pillars of Hercules. The inhabitants of Atlantide had conquered a great part of Africa and Western Europe, when their country was annihilated by earthquakes, followed by a deluge. Atlantide is perhaps only an imaginary island, yet, many persons imagine that, by Atlantide, is meant the immense American Continent.)

'Mid waves and darkness, o'er the liquid way,
The vessel navigates, with movement light:
No tempest lowers, stars shed their heavenly ray,
As tolls the knell of the departed night. —

The Emperor, recently dethroned, has now
Reclined his brow imperial on his hand,
As billow following billow, swift doth flow
Beneath the keel of the Northumberland.

He thinks of many a conquest: to his mind
Revive brave hosts, long mingled with the dead,
As waves, like coiling serpents, are entwined
Amid gigantic ruins, near him spread.

That Chief whom southern deserts ne'er subdued,
That Chief who northern ices could defy,
Now, by the billows cradled, on the flood,
Within a narrow space doth captive lie!

As memory painteth glories, passed away,
While he upbraids his God, and Destiny,
And, as warm tears commingle with the spray,
The Spirit of a Hero greets his eye: —

„Complain thou not, though pierced thy soul may be!
Complain thou not! — for thee falls balm from Heaven:
Unjustly, wrongs, like thine, were borne by me;
The name Columbus — Time, to me, has given.“

„I first steered through this wilderness of waves,
O'er which thy gushing tears of anguish pour:
I navigated, first, that sea which laves
Atlantis: — I stood, first upon her shore!“

„In morning-rays of variegated glow,
Behold the Resurrection of that land,
I found, — on Man, sweet balsam to bestow;
Not statute-labour, of a Ferdinand!“

4 „Thy Star set 'neath th'unconquerable North;
Yet those who, at thine overthrow, rejoice,
Will tremble when barbaric hordes rush forth
To quell their Jubilee's harmonious voice!“

„When comes the day of universal woe,
(And nought arrests the solemn course of Time,) —
Columbia! — on free hearts a Home bestow!
Europe's last Heroes, shield in thy free clime!“

„When executioners unsheath their glaives,
Toward Freedom's sons a welcome Guest will fly;
On flower-crowned vessels, borne o'er western waves,
Will float the star-gemmed flag of Liberty!“

„Sail westward, chafed by sunny beams of light,
That glow on silent ocean's hallowed breast!
Westward, Earth's countless nations will unite;
Thou art their Herold! — Sail thou toward the West! —

The Shadow of Columbus thus doth speak,
And disappears like an extinguished star. —
Joy's flush illumines the mighty Conqueror's cheek,
While scenes of Europe vanish from afar.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

A BALLAD.

When chariot-racing, feast, and song,
Towards Corinth, lure the joyous throng,
Of Grecia's sons who thither bend,
Speeds Ibycus, th'Olympians' friend.
Apollo's gift — Heaven's sacred glow,
Fires Ibycus' immortal lay;
From Rhegium, as he wanders now,
Sweet inspirations cheer his way.

Corinthian towers, on mountain-height,
Already greet the Minstrel's sight:
He feels a mystic, solemn thrill,
In Neptune's pine-wood, dark and still.
A flock of *Cranes* attracts his eye,
The sombre throng his footsteps trace,
Migrating towards a southern sky,
They, here have found a resting-place. —

„Welcome! — companions, kind and good!
 With Ibycus you crossed yon flood,
 Auspicious Harbingers are ye,
 How similar our destiny!
 From a far distant clime we roam,
 To seek a hospitable strand;
 Soon may the strangers find a home,
 And shelter from oppression's hand!“ —

As, rapidly, in joyous mood,
 He gains the centre of the wood,
 Two Murderers doth the Bard descry,
 Forth rushing from an ambush nigh.
 He wrestles with th'Assassins bold;
 Unequal strife! — his hands soon yield; —
 Hands formed for the lyre's strings of gold,
 Unskilled defensive arms to wield.

To Gods and men his prayers arise;
 Ah! — thither no deliverer flies,
 To his appeal, re-echoing round,
 Resounds not a human sound. —
 „In foreign land thus yield my breath! —
 Unsoothed by friendship's balmy tear! —
 Fierce Brigands strike the blow of death;
 Is no Avenger heaving near!“ —

He falls o'erpowered, and, as he lies,
 With pinion swift the *Cranes* arise;
 Their dirge-like tones burst 'mid the sky, —
 That Knell he hears, though closed his eye. —
 „Ye *Cranes*, that high, in ether move!

If none — save you — record my death,
 Murder's *Accusers* may you prove!“ —

The Poet sighs, and yields his breath. —

When, in the wood, the corpse is found,
 Though pierced with many a gory wound,
 The host Corinthian sheds the tear
 Of friendship o'er that form, — still dear. —
 „Thus, Ibycus, I find thee now! —

I hoped, with Victory's crown of pine;
 I should have decked thy honoured brow,

Chafed with the flush of Art divine!“ —

The rumour of the Poet's doom,
 O'er Neptune's Festival casts gloom;
 Each spirit throbs, in sympathy,
 Each heart is pierced — tears dim each eye.
 Swift, towards the Judgment-hall, the crowd,

With tones tumultuous repair,
 And, with excited accents loud,

Vengeance, for Murder, claiming there. —

Alas! — where find the trace of blood
 Amid this throng, this living flood,
 Assembled at the Sea-god's feast? —
 Who indicates the murderous Guest? —
 Did lurking robber strike the blow? —
 Was it a foeman's perfidy? —
 Thou *Sun*, all-piercing! — thou dost know;
 What earthly deed is veiled from thee!

Guilt daringly, with mask of peace,
 Perchance glides 'mid the sons of Greece,
 And while keen Justice near him stands,
 Eats fruit he plucked with blood-stained hands.
 Yes! — at our Temple's hallowed door,
 The Murderer may defy his God,
 Or move in pleasure's throngs that pour,
 As human waves, to Joy's abode! —

The pillars of that Hall seem bowed
 Beneath th'accumulated crowd
 Of Grecians who, from far and wide,
 Assemble. — From that living tide,
 As from swift billows on the sea,
 Tones murmuring and tumultuous roam,
 From seats o'er seats, progressively
 Ascending towards Heaven's azure dome! —

Who count the nations? — who could name
Guests numberless that hither came,
From Theseus city — Aulis' strand,
From Phocis, from the Spartan's land,
And from remotest isles that lie
Around the Asiatic coast? —
To the *Choir's* awful melody,
Listens that dense, astonished host. —

With measured pace, and solemnly,
The *Choir*, as rites of old decree,
With rigid movement, glide around,
The amphitheatre's vast ground. —
Those Women that mute throng behold,
Live not in earthly dwelling-place;
Their forms, above the human mould,
Bespeak them of gigantic race!

Vesture of sombre dye they wear,
In their pale, fleshless hand they bear
Torches of ghastly, lurid glow,
On their wan cheeks no blood doth flow. —
Bright tresses, waving with the wind,
O'er human temples brightly play; —
On theirs, poison-swollen asps are twin'd,
And serpents coil, in dread array!

As glide the *Choir*, in circles round,
They sing a Hymn, of thrilling sound;
Those measures vibrate through each heart,
And terrors dread to Guilt impart.

The fearful accents paralyze

Each soul and spirit in the throng;
No lyre's melodious tones arise

Amid the Choir's mysterious song: —

„Happy that man whose guileless soul

Is ne'er enslaved by Guilt's control!

From us — the AVENGERS, he is free;

And, o'er life's stage, moves, peacefully;

But, woe to Brigands! — With keen sight

For them — what tortuous nets we spread!

Ah! we, the DAUGHTERS OF THE NIGHT,

Lurk ever where Assassins tread!“

„By flight, would Murderers shun our eye?

Whitherso'er they hide, — We fly;

Their path, with trammels We intral

Till, in our snare, the Guilty fall!

Repentance — tears, avail no more,

We follow them remorselessly;

Not on Styx' melancholy shore,

From us, the FURIES, are they free!“ —

They sing — they dance. — Each panting breath
Is hushed, as by the wand of Death:
A solemn feeling sways each mind,
As, to the Godhead's power resigned. —
The *Choir*, as rites of old ordain,
 With measured pace, and glance severe,
Circle the Theatre again; —
 In distance, lo! they disappear. —

Truth, and Illusion, o'er each breast,
Alternately have sway possessed,
Yet, all revere that Sovereign Might
Who judges all, though veiled from sight; —
Th'Inscrutable — The Undefined
 Who Fate's mysterious web hath spun, —
That Power which rules man's heart, and mind,
 Yet, vanishes before the sun. —

Hark! — from the seats — the loftiest tier,
A voice awakeneth every ear: —
„Look yonder, oh, *Timotheus*!
Behold the Cranes of Ibycus!“ —
Gloom transient veils Heaven's canopy,
 And, o'er the Theatre, the crowd
Survey a swarm of *Cranes* that fly,
 With tones discordant, shrill, and loud. —

„Of Ibycus!“ — That name, so dear,
 Inflames the breast of all who hear.
 As wave on wave, 'mid boisterous sea,
 Each echoing voice cries eagerly:
 „Of Ibycus! — that Bard who died,
 Pierced by th'Assassin's murderous arm? —
 Yet — why his honored Name allied
 With yonder *Cranes* — that sombre swarm?“

Questions, tumultuously arise;
 Each heart, as lightning swift, replies,
 Forebodingly, yet, clear as light: —
 „EUMENIDES! — we own your might!
 Justice is near — Guilt has confessed;
 The Murderers have silence broken!
 Haste! — him who spoke those Words — arrest,
 With him to whom the Words were spoken.“ —

He who that Sentence had expressed,
 Would fain have veil'd it in his breast;
 Too late! — his fear-blanch'd cheeks reveal
 That Deed — he struggles to conceal. —
 Within the Judgment-court they stand,
 The Scene is changed to Justice' throne,
 And, ere keen Vengeance' fearful brand
 Descends — their Crime the Murderers own.

Antonio Alexander Maria Count von Auersperg.

Antonio Alexander Maria, Count von Auersperg, was born at Laibach in Carniola, the 11th of April 1806. This Poet is known, in the literary world, by the pseudo name of Anastasius Grtin. He received his preliminary education under the paternal roof, at the castle of Thurn in Carniola, near Hart; his professor was an ex-Fransiscan. In the summer of 1813 his father, Count Maria Alexander Charles von Auersperg, suddenly formed the resolution, to send the young Alexander to the College, known as the Theresianum, in Vienna, to prosecute his studies; but hardly had two years passed away, when the future Poet was pronounced to be incorrigible, by the pedagogues of the Academy of Chevaliers. Perchance that the reason for this harsh sentence was, because the germs of a man of liberal ideas, and of a poetical genius, began to develop themselves in the student, in a manner more lively than harmonized with the principles, inculcated

at the Theresianum, an Institution destined for the education of the young German nobility.

At the expiration of two years, v. Auersperg quitted the Theresianum, to frequent the Academy of Engineers. At his father's death, his chief guardians summoned him from this Academy, because they considered the military career not eligible for an only son. The Youth was afterwards sent to a private Establishment for education, but the sombre and austere spirit which reigned there, inspired the young Poet with sentiments of bitterness and disgust. Soon afterwards, during two years, he applied to the study of jurisprudence and philosophy, at the Universities of Vienna and Grätz.

In 1831 v. Auersperg quitted the imperial city, in order to take possession of the Domain of Thurn, near Hart which had lately been left him as a heritage, but he made frequent excursions to Vienna, during the year, and occasionally visited Italy. In 1837 he went to France, Belgium and England. The 11th July 1839 he married Maria, Countess of Attems, daughter of a privy Counsellor, and superior hereditary Chamberlain of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria. The father-in-law of v. Auersperg held, at the same time, the office of Governor-general of the province of Steiermark.

March 13th 1848 v. Auersperg was a witness of that great Demonstration of deliverance which took place at Vienna, and the 16th of the same month, he brought to the town of Grätz, which was in a great state of effervescence, the Patent, with the promise of a new Constitution. In April he took his place, at Frankfort a. M., in the National Assembly, where he was appointed as one of the „Committee of Fifty,“ („*Fünfziger*“). A short time after having been called to take his place in the National Assembly, he gave his vote on several important questions. In the month of August our Poet returned to his paternal mansion, because he did not believe that his sentiments could be the expression of the opinions of his electors who were, principally, Slaves. Since that period, he has chiefly resided at the family-mansion, where he devotes a considerable portion of his time to literary occupations.

The Count v. Auersperg belongs to that small number of poets, among whom the imagination and the heart are in equilibrium with reason. It is not by extravagant images, and by hollow phrases that he endeavours to make himself remarkable; without effort he is possessed of the secret of leading the heart captive by the purity, sensitiveness, and elevation of his ideas, all of which tend to the service of humanity. We cannot however say that, v. Auersperg is always

happy in the choice of his metres, he has employed many which are rather harsh, and are but little in harmony with the genius of the German language.

The chief Works of the Count of Auersperg are:

SOUVENIRS OF LOVE. Stuttgart, 1830.

THE LAST KNIGHT. A Collection of Romances. Stuttgart, 1830. 5th (miniature) Edition. 1847.

THE WALKS OF A VIENNA POET. Hamburg, 1831. 3th Edition 1844.

RUINS. Poems. Leipsic, 1835. 8th Edition. 1847.

POEMS. Leipsic, 1837. 9th Edition, 1852.

DIE NIBELUNGEN. Leipsic, 1843.

POPULAR SONGS OF CARNIOLA. Translated. Leipsic, 1850.

THE PASTOR OF KAHLENBERG. A pastoral Poem. Stuttgart, 1850.

V. Auersperg has also published;

THE POSTHUMOUS POETICAL WORKS OF R. LENAU. Leipsic, 1851.

THE UNKNOWN.

Through yonder narrow city-gate
 An aged Beggar forth doth rove;
No benedictions fond await
 On him — no farewell tone of love.

Dark clouds on Heaven's mysterious way,
 No message, from their God, revealed;
The lofty rocks of sombre grey,
 Spoke not of treasures they concealed.

Who that surveys yon leafless tree
 Which bends 'neath Winter's blighting air,
Would think that, once luxuriantly,
 Rich fruit, and blossom flourished there?

Who would believe yon Beggar, dressed
 In penury's mean garment now,
Was once attired in purple vest,
 And regal crown adorned his brow?

His purple robe and crown of gold
Alas! — became sedition's prey;
His sceptre is a staff: — behold
The Pilgrim lone on life's drear way! —

Year after year rolls circling by,
Grief-worn, unblest, unknown and poor,
Forlorn he roves with down-cast eye,
From land to land, from shore to shore!

Beneath a flower-enamelled tree,
The Wanderer's brow, on earth is pressed:
The branches lull him tranquilly,
'Mid dreams, to Death's eternal rest. —

A tribute memory still doth pay
To that heart-broken Exile poor:
„Where is the Wanderer,“ many say,
„Who, houseless, roved from door to door? —

That Pilgrim lone who slumbering lies,
Full well maternal Nature knows;
Peerless funereal obsequies,
Upon a Sovereign she bestows.

The tree's fair garland is arranged
 Around the Monarch's brow: behold!
The Beggar's staff, the sun has changed
 To sceptre of refulgent gold!

The waving flowery branches spread
 A rich, funereal canopy;
The purple vesture of the Dead
 Descends from evening's glowing sky!

THE TEARS OF MAN.

Oh Maiden! didst thou see me weep? —

To me is Woman's tear

Like dew of Heaven that flowerets keep

In odorous petals clear.

If shed by melancholy night,

Or morning's smiling ray,

Heaven's dew makes flowers of Spring more bright,

More flourishing, and gay. —

The tear that gushes from Man's eye,

Is like the gum concealed

In trees 'mid wilds of Araby,

Not willingly revealed.

The pith and marrow of the tree

The weapon must divide,

Then, unrestrained and brilliantly,

The golden juice will glide.

Though staunch'd may be life's ebbing vein,
The tree look green and fair,
And welcome many a Spring again;
Yet, still the wound is there! —

Maiden! — think of the wounded tree,
On eastern mountain steep! —
Maiden! — recall to memory
That Man thou sawest weep!

MIDNIGHT SCENE
AMID THE RUINS OF A CLOISTER.

FROM A WORK ENTITLED: „RUINS.“

Th'eternal moon illumes the dome of night,
Lamps, o'er the Cloister, shed eternal light;
Twelve tones now vibrate! — Midnight's solemn knell
Midst coffins sounds, as once in monk's lone cell!

Once at the Hora, from the sombre bier,
A darkly-vestured throng was seen t'appear: —
With pennons decked with garlands, they advance,
And bear a flower-crowned Cross on sparkling lance.

Thus now, towards yon Cathedral, silently
The solemn Choir proceed, with downcast eye; —
Hark! — hymns resound: the organ's echoing note,
Near pillar, wall, and cupola, doth float:

„Alas! — our Structure fair, in dust is cast,
The seed we sowed, keen storms destructive blast!
The fruit of all our industry, and prayer,
Men spurn, or scatter 'mid tempestuous air!“ —

The Shadows of two artists, dead, appear!
The Architect and Painter wander near;
The crumbling marble statues each surveys;
The faded altar-piece arrests their gaze: —

„Barbaric Time! — thine arm, ruthless and wild,
Our work destroyeth, like a wilful child!
Oh, dust and moss! — our winding-sheet are ye,
Corroders secret of vitality!“ —

Behold! — arising from a mystic tomb,
A Shade, with compass, rule, and square doth come;
He leans on crumbling stones that scattered lie;
O'er tower and cupola, how roves his eye!

„When ye I view, proud Columns, round me thrown!
Internally I feel bone crushed on bone.
He who, in Life's employments, fails in all,
'Mid Death's profound abysses, twice doth fall!“ —

As Luna contemplates the Shades, awhile,
Illumined is her disk with joyous smile:—
„Hither, as shadow of the Sun, I stray,
He charges me, a message, to convey:“ —

„From year to year I circle 'mid the sky,
Yet, who experiences more woe than I?
Why grieve that your terrestrial work is vain?
From my life's toil — what despicable gain!“

„I am the Light! — On earth night's shadows reign!
Freedom am I! — The world bears slavery's chain!
Love's fount am I! — Hate doth man's heart control!
Lo! I am Truth, yet, Falsehood rules man's soul!“ —

When Luna's mission ends, a zephyrus cloud
Her glowing disk celestial doth enshroud,
As though to veil emotions struggling there.
Behold! — each Phantom vanishes 'mid air. —

Th'eternal moon illumes the vault of night;
Eternal lamps diffuse expiring light;
The tomb-stones shine 'neath twilight's flickering ray,
The rosy East announces glowing day.

PRESENCE OF THE BELOVED.

I think of thee, when, o'er the sparkling sea,
The rays of Phoebus glide;
I muse on thee, when Luna's brilliancy
Illumes the silvery tide.

In foreign deserts, thou my sight dost cheer,
When clouds obscure the sky;
At midnight, wandering o'er lone mountains drear,
Thy form is hovering nigh.

Thy voice I hear, amid th'impetuous flood,
When ocean's billows rise;
For thee I list, 'mid forest, bower, and wood,
When Nature, silent lies. —

I'm at thy side. — Where'er, on earth, thou roam,
Thine image glideth near!
Eve's sun-beams vanish — stars illume Heaven's dome: —
Would my Beloved were here!

LAMENT OF HASSAN AGA'S NOBLE WIFE.

(IMITATED FROM THE MOORISH.)

In yon green wood, what shines so purely white?
Are swans reposing, or doth snow there lie? —
Should it be swans, they soon will take their flight,
If snow, t'will melt beneath the sunny sky. —
No swan — no snow-flake overspreads the ground,
The tents of Hassan Aga sparkle 'neath the sun!
There Hassan lies, disabled by a wound,
Received amid a victory, bravely won:
His mother and his sister 'tend him there,
Yet, Hassan's Wife bestows no fostering care.

No longer that he now despairs of life,
He sends this message to his faithful Wife:
„Henceforward, I demand no aid of thine;“
„Live thou, a stranger, — both to me, and mine!“ —

The letter, when that Wife doth contemplate,
Aghast she stands, o'erpowered with keen despair;
She hears a courser tramping at the gate,
And thinks her husband Hassan waiteth there:
She rushes forth, in Hassan's arms to fly,
Two beauteous daughters follow, bathed in tears:
„Oh Mother! 'tis not Hassan,“ do they cry,
„Thy brother, Pintorowich now appears!“

The Wife of Hassan hastens towards the door,
Her brother she embraces, o'er and o'er: —
„The Mother of five babes — Sister of thine,
Thus to repudiate — what a fate is mine!“ —

He nought replies, but, from beneath his vest,
Withdraws the legal Separation-deed,
In silk enclosed, to Hassan's Wife addressed,
Instructing her, thence to depart, with speed,
Unto her mother's house — with liberty
To form another matrimonial tie. —

When, on that fatal note, her glances rest, ●
The Mother kisses her sons' youthful brow;
A kiss, on each fair daughter's cheek is pressed,
And, towards the cradle moves the Parent now.
What torture feels that warm, maternal heart!
How, from the slumbering infant, can she part?

Th'impetuous Brother forceth her to part;
His Sister mounts on his Arabian steed,
And, toward their father's palace, swift they dart.
How does that Mother's heart, with anguish, bleed! —

Seven lingering days are barely passed away,
When Hassan's Widow, by grief bowed to earth,
Again is urged to pledge th'hymeneal vow,
By many a Suitor, of illustrious birth. —

Imoski's Cadi woos the Mourner fair; —
She hastens towards her Brother, pierced by woe:
„My Brother! — by the holy Prophet, swear,
Thou'lt force me not to pledge a nuptial vow!
Spare — spare a Mother for her children's sake;
My children if I see — this heart will break!“ —

Inexorably resolved her Brother proves,
Her eloquence is vain — in vain her prayer,
And she exclaims: „If nought thy spirit moves,
This letter, to Imoski's Cadi bear:

„The Widow courteously saluting thee,
Entreats that thou, a favour wouldst bestow;
Let thy Suatès bear a drapery,
Whose clustering folds may amply round her flow,
That, when near Hassan's house, a Mother's eye
May not behold her orphan family.“ —

When o'er the note, the Cadi's eye doth glide,
He summoneth the brave Suatès near,
Commissions them to guard his lovely Bride,
And, from the Bridegroom, a rich veil they bear. —

Now move the cavalcade noble and gay,
And forth conduct the Bride, triumphantly.
When Hassan Aga's house the Guards survey,
The mournful Princess hears her children cry:
„Haste to thy palace! Haste! the board is spread!
Come! — with thy children, eat the evening-bread!“ —

These tones reverberate in her heart's deep core,
And, to the Prince she cries, with mournful air:
„To my loved children, fain would I, once more
A token of my love undying bear:
This boon, deny me not! At Hassan's gate,
Awhile, command that thy Suatès wait!“ —

They halt: — her arms those little ones enfold;
Maternal presents the young Princess gives,
Each son embroidered sandals, worked with gold,
Each daughter, robes magnificent receives:
A vest — futurity's memento fair,
She gives her babe who, cradled, slumbers there. —

This scene views Hassan, from the balcony,

And he exclaims with melancholy tone:

„Return beloved children! Haste to me!

From you, poor babes! a Mother's love is flown.

Henceforth, no warm affection will she feel,

Towards you, her breast will be like ice, or steel!“ —

The words of Hassan rankle in her heart,

Her cheek is blanched: — how palpitates her breath!

But when her children from her arms depart,

She swoons: — that Mother is the prey of death.



JOSEPH CHRISTIAN BARON von ZEDLITZ.

Joseph Christian, Baron von Zedlitz was born the 28th of February 1790 at the castle of Johannisberg, near Jauernick, in the western part of Silesia. After having pursued his preliminary studies at the College of Breslaw, he entered a Hussar-regiment. In 1809 he became lieutenant, and two months later he obtained the rank of first lieutenant, and as ordnance-officer of Prince Hohenzollern, he took part in the battle of Ratisbone, Aspern, and Wagram, but shortly afterwards, for family reasons, he quitted the military service.

Since the year 1810 the Baron von Zedlitz has held the office of Chamberlain to H. M. the Emperor of Austria: he was, during a long time, private secretary to Prince Metternich. Since 1845 he has been Chargé d'affaires to the Duke of Nassau, and, towards the end of the year 1851 he exercised, at the court of Austria, the same functions for the Duke of Brunswick.

Schiller has remarked: „*Der Mensch wächst mit*

seinen Zwecken.“ („*Man grows with his Designs.*“) We may also with justice say: a man becomes great, or insignificant, according to the circle in which he lives. These words may be applied to the Poet Zedlitz. His poetry is as brilliant as that sphere in which he has moved; there is a measure, even in his sentiments, which are invariably expressed in a language, equally harmonious and pleasing.

The Baron von Zedlitz' chief Works are:

TURTURELL. A Tragedy in 5 Acts. Vienna, 1821.

TWO NIGHTS AT VALADOLID. A Tragedy in 5 Acts. Vienna, 1825.

LOVE FINDS HIS WAY. A Comedy in 4 Acts. Vienna, 1827.

THE CROWN OF DEATH. Vienna, 1831.

POEMS. Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1847. 4th Edition with Portrait and Facsimile.

THE STAR OF SEVILLE. A Tragedy. Stuttgart, 1834.

DRAMATIC WORKS. 4 Volumes. Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1836.

CHILDE HAROLD. Translated from the English of Lord Byron. In the Metre of the Original. Stuttgart, 1836.

THE WOOD-NYMPHS. A Fairy-tale. Stuttgart, 1844.

THE SOLDIER'S PAMPHLET. Dedicated to the Austrian-Italian Army Vienna, 1849.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

Lo! — by solemn midnight gloom,
The Drummer, from sleep, awakes,
And, arising from the tomb,
With his drum the rounds he makes.

On the drum, with his fleshless arm,
He announces the Review,
The Drummer sounds an alarm,
Rap! rap! — he beats the tattoo.

What reverberating tone
From the drum, around is spread!
Battalions, from church-yards lone,
Are awakened from the dead!

From the northern church-yards drear,
Where, in snow and ice, they lie,
From tombs, in the southern sphere,
'Neath a warm, Italian sky.

Warriors that sleep by the Nile,
And those 'neath Arabian sand,
Arising, stand rank and file,
And they grasp their sword in hand. —

Ere twelve at night is past,
From his tomb the Trumpeter glides,
How piercing and shrill the blast,
As to and fro, he rides!

See! — on chargers, proud and gay,
The cavalry-troops appear;
The squadrons, in war's array,
Bear ensanguined sword, and spear.

The ghastly skulls, bleached snow-white,
'Neath their brilliant helmets, glare,
'Neath the pale and hazy moon-light,
They brandish their weapons there! —

Twelve striketh: — prophetic sound!
The Commander quits his grave;
He slowly rides o'er the ground,
With his Staff — sons of the brave.

What a small, strange hat he weareth!
His vesture bespeaks not pride;
The august Commander beareth
A two-edg'd sword, by his side!

The moon's pale, nebulous rays
Illumine the extensive plain;
The Commander-in-chief surveys
The assembled, martial train.

The regiments march, rank and file,
Present arms, stand in review,
And, by the music's sound, awhile,
He rides 'mid his followers true.

Marshals and generals near
Their Commander flock around;
And he whispereth in the ear
Of one, a mysterious sound. —

„France!“ — the soul-thrilling Password,
From cohort to cohort flies. —
„Saint Helena!“ — vibrating is heard,
„St. Helena!“ — Echo replies. —

When the hour of midnight tolls
On the wide Elysian plain,
That Review, mighty Caesar holds
With his valiant, martial train!

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

O'er billows impetuous grey mists arise,
Each star has withdrawn its ray;
A pennon, 'mid night-winds tempestuous flies,
On a Ship that darts o'er the spray:
That Vessel is steered by a Phantom's hand,
Midst hurricane fierce, and storm;
She braveth each tempest — each rocky strand;
In that Ship lives no human form. —

Afar, where each billow, in silence, lies,
A lonesome Island is found;
There, a rock, toward the Heavens, doth proudly rise, —
That rock circling clouds surround.
There springeth no grass — no tree grows there,
No bird doth her offspring rear,
The eagle alone, as he roves through air,
Surveyeth that region drear. —

Around the King's tomb, on the dreary Isle,
Loud whirlwinds impetuous fly;
Sword, helmet, and sceptre of gold, awhile,
On the Monarch's coffin lie.
No mortal there dwells: the world's rushing wave,
On his wearied ear, sounds not;
No tear of affection bedews the grave
Of the Sleeper on that chill spot.

Moons change in the Heavens; — as years glide away,
The Dead, immoveably lies;
Yet, annually, on the Fifth of May,
The Shade doth awaken, and rise!
The Spirit that Night, impatient of rest,
Through terrestrial regions doth stray: —
On that Night, — of vitality possessed,
'Mid earth he directs his way. —

Near that Isle is a Ship, winds swell each sail,
For distant realms is she bound;
A Pennon there hovers amid the gale,
Golden Bees on a snow-white ground. —
On board, the lone Monarch repairs, in haste,
With an eagle's impetuous speed,
No helm guides the Ship o'er the dreary waste,
No pilot that Ship doth lead! —

The Shade of the Monarch is there alone,
His eye pierces through mists of night;
How heaveth his breast with a heart-felt moan!
His eye darts consuming light.
The Ship steers on — on towards the well-known strand;
Rejoiced, his arm he extends,
With soul enraptured, he views his land,
O'er his Land his glance he bends. —

The King leaves the Ship, and his foot doth rest
On that loved, that sunny shore;
How trembles the earth, as glides o'er her breast,
That Star whose light is veiled o'er! —
He seeketh his City: — 'tis vanished now,
His People he seeketh in vain;
When the sun-beams of Glory circled his brow,
They flocked round him like waves of the main!

He seeketh his Throne; — in dust is it hurled, —
That Throne which aspired so high;
That Throne from which he surveyed the world,
At his feet, as a footstool lie! —
The King seeks his heart's best treasure — his Child,
Whose Heritage was a throne; —
That Birthright was scattered by tempests wild,
Where, now, is the Monarch's Son? —

„Where art thou, oh Child! who, in infancy,
 With coronets used to play? —
On his breast, as a Parent fondled thee,
 Bliss terrestrial passed away!
Oh, my cherished Wife! — Oh, my offspring dear!
 Extinct is the Sovereign's race!
On the regal throne doth a menial appear,
 And the King has a menial's place!“

THE WORDS OF THE KORAN.

Hassan, the grand-son of the Prophet falls
 Upon his knee; his hands are clasped in prayer:
He rises from the carpet; toward the halls
 Of festive joy the Emir doth repair. —

A slave conveys rich viands to his lord;
 As, with unskillful hand, he lowly bends,
Lo! — that ragout, borne from the princely board,
 Upon the Emir's silken vest descends. —

The slave, before the Emir, prostrate lies,
 And thus exclaims with agony of soul:
„Emir! — th'eternal joys of Paradise
 Will those possess who passions fierce control.“

„Thee I reproach not!“ with benignant voice,
 Replyeth Hassan: — thus proceeds the slave:
„In richer gifts of Heaven will those rejoice
 Who pardon grant when suppliants pardon crave!“ —

„Thou’rt pardoned!“ — Hassan cries, in soothing tone,

The slave replies: — „In that same Law, we read: —

They shall inherit Heaven’s most lofty throne,

Who pay th’ignoble — with a noble deed!“ —

„To thee, henceforward, Freedom I accord!

Receive this gold. — Ne’er be it Hassan’s fate,

God’s hallowed statutes, or the Prophet’s word,

To disregard, offend, or violate!“

DIGNITY OF WOMAN.

Give honour to Woman! — she planteth, and twineth,
Celestial roses on earth, and combineth

Love's sacred joys, in a flowery band:
'Neath the veil of the Graces, Woman rewardeth
Th'achievements of honour, and Woman's hand guardeth,
Virtue's pure flame, with a vigilant hand.

Far from Truth's all-sacred dwelling,
Man's impetuous soul would flee;
In his spirit wild are swelling
Tides that rush from passions' sea.
Ever towards the distant moving,
Never is Man's bosom still,
E'en to stars remote is roving
Man's ungovernable will.

The charm in the glance of mild Woman enchains him,
Allures the wild Fugitive, soothes and detains him,
 Paths of reality points to his view;
A mother's affection a veil hath spread round her,
When reared in simplicity, Man has e'er found her,
 The Daughter of Nature, angelic and true.

Warfare gory Man is waging,
 With destructive hand he moves,
E'er in contest new engaging,
 As, o'er life's wide stage, he roves.
Peaceful ne'er his heart is lying,
 What he forms is quickly dead, —
Alive again! — Again is dying,
 Ever, as the Hydra's head!

In circles restricted fair Woman e'er lingers,
She culls the bright flowers that there blossom: her fingers
 Twine perfumed wreaths that to Home e'er belong.
Ah! Woman is free, in her tranquil dominion,
And richer than Man, though may dart his swift pinion
 Through realms scientific, and regions of song.

Proud of spirit, self-depending,
Man's cold bosom fails to prove
That calm bliss of hearts, when blending,
In celestial ties of love.
Gentle interchange of feeling
Ne'er exciting trembling tears;
'Mid life's war, is Man revealing
Soul more stern, with ripening years.

The wind-harp, to zephyrs, is tremblingly sighing,
The zephyr balsamic is sweetly replying;
Woman! — these tones are like accents of thine.
Thus Woman responds, when pale Grief is appealing,
When Sorrow implores, in her bright eye is stealing
The tear, as a brilliant dew-drop divine.

Fond of war, though born to labour,
Power despotic Man would crave,
Scythians govern by the sabre,
And the Persian is their slave.
Combat dread are passions waging,
Struggling in confused array;
Discord's prowling troop is raging
Where the Graces, once, held sway!

Fair Woman with tenderness, urgeth, and prayeth,
The sceptre of Virtue has charms, when she swayeth,
 Calming the soul, when fierce passions rebel.
By Woman's sweet influence foes are united,
In bonds of affection and peace, and invited,
 In Friendship's harmonious compact to dwell.

THE END.

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